THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A [illegible]rated Weekly
Fou[illegible]d 1728 by Benj. Franklin

NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this magazine, place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.
NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

NOV. 9, 1918

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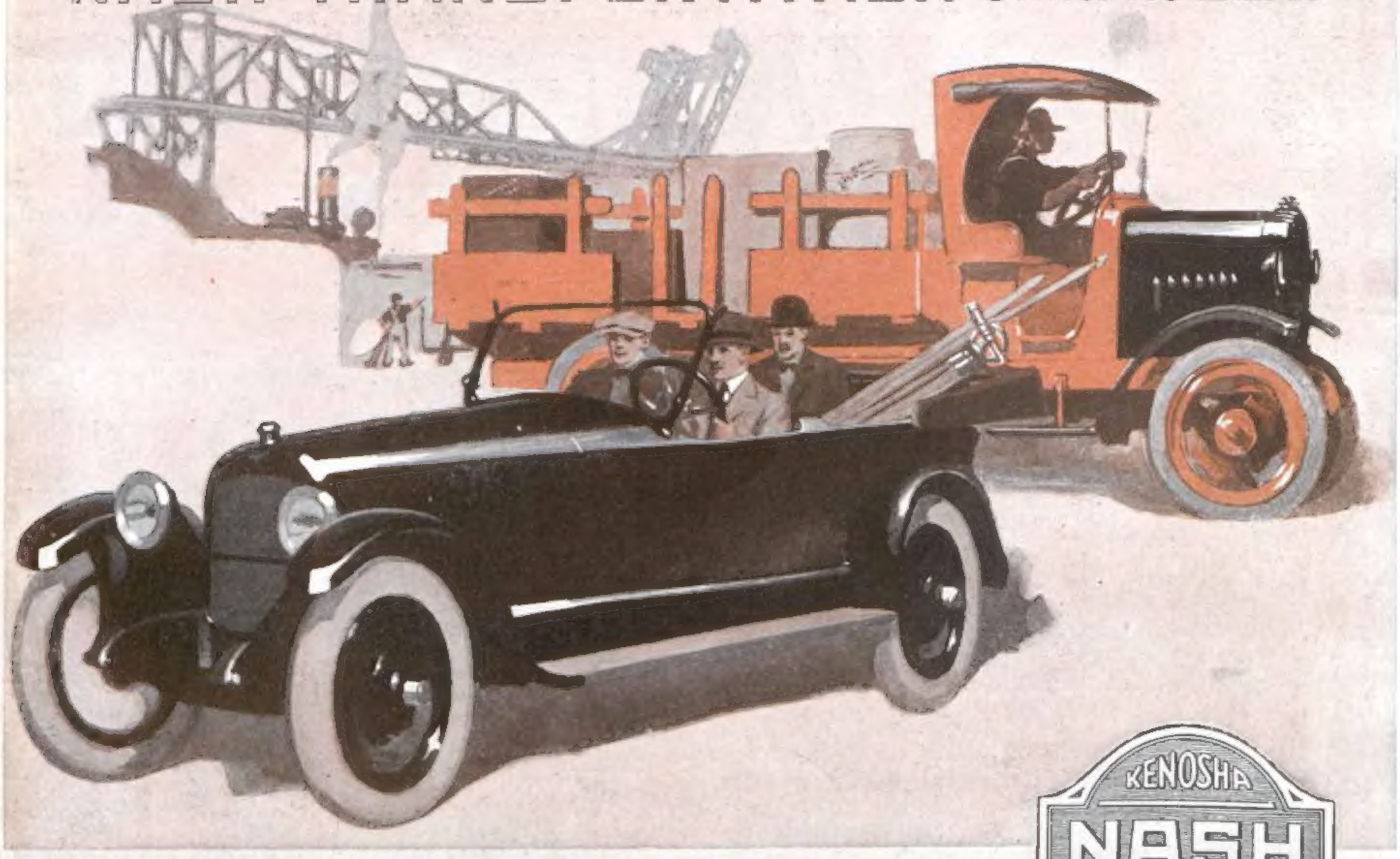
Beginning

More Precious Than Rubies – By Edwin Lefèvre

NASH TRANSPORTATION *Conserves Labor*



KENOSHA NASH WISCONSIN

THE two Nash products shown above are doing their share in solving present day transportation problems. One is the Nash 2-ton rear driven truck, equipped with the M & S automatic locking differential. The other is the powerful and economical Nash Six with perfected valve-in-head motor.

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NASH MOTORS

VALUE CARS AT VOLUME PRICES

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Ingersollite

YOU'RE like the rest of us—many's the time you've bumped your shins—your head—your elbow, when trying to find something in a dark room.

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The Ingersol-lite will protect you. It's a little unbreakable glass tube filled with a luminous substance containing real radium—exactly the same as on the dials of Ingersoll Radiolite Watches, that tell the time in the dark.

The Ingersol-lite is self-luminous and does not need to be attached to the electric current or exposed to light. It will glow for years like a little ball of fire.

It is made to hang on the electric light so you can find it at night, or you can hitch it on the gas fixture. Tie it on that pet chair that's always in the way at night. Some tie it around the door knob.

Progressive dealers sell Ingersol-lites.

Ingersoll Reliance

Master Seven Jewel Watch

As a symbol of personal taste, the Ingersoll Reliance bespeaks refinement. Its slim, graceful case, its beautifully designed dial and its artistry of finish satisfy the most critical.

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More than twenty distinct and recent improvements—most of them found in no similar time-piece—make this the Master 7 Jewel Watch.

In solid nickel case the Ingersoll Reliance sells for $5.50. In Canada $6.00. In 10 year gold-filled case the Reliance sells for $8.50.

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Don't Compel Anyone to Sit Indoors and Mend

BUY Holeproof Hosiery and you'll have to buy but seldom. As a rule one pair will outwear two of ordinary hose. If you could read the letters we receive from Holeproof users you could not be content until you tried these hose.

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More Precious Than Rubies

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

MR. ANSON WHEELER, collector of the port of New York, was one of those unfortunate accidents of politics that will vex the best of administrations—a hold-over public servant who cannot be fired. He caught more smugglers a week than any of his predecessors had captured a year. But, worse than that, he always did it in the first column, front page of the metropolitan dailies. To displace him would have amounted to depriving the great American public—who vote—of further installments of a thrilling serial in which rich people were caught red-handed by one man, who worked as though he were paid by a private firm instead of by Uncle Sam.

So the Administration perforce contented itself with giving Mr. Wheeler every opportunity to resign; and Mr. Wheeler contented himself with nabbing another millionaire smuggler in the act or with collecting back duties on seventeen years of undervaluations by aristocratic patrons of musical organizations and as such entitled to columns and columns. Every traveler learned to fear Anson Wheeler's deputies, excepting the man whom Col. Ira A. Glover called the most skillful smuggler in the world.

Mr. Cecil Caldecott remained the one man who had bested the collector. To the collector's force Mr. Caldecott was known to be a smuggler, because in no other way could his prosperity be explained. For example, there was the time he bought the Elkington pearls. The Treasury agents in London knew he did not dispose of them in England; they knew that he took them on board the Ruritania; they knew that he did not throw them away. And yet the customs inspectors in New York could not find them on him or in his luggage. What they found that was suspicious was a setting of Scotch grouse eggs, which he refused to let the collector's men break. By threatening to call the reporters and have the collector laughed out of office he succeeded in having his way, and the eggs were sent to a bonded warehouse, where a Barred Plymouth Rock sat on the eggs under the watchful eye of a skeptical inspector. After seventeen days, the eggs having refused to hatch, Caldecott told the customs men that they could keep the setting, which they had absurdly suspected of containing the thirteen Elkington pearls. The eggs were then broken: Nothing but odors the officials long remembered!

Every Traveler Learned to Fear Anson Wheeler's Deputies Excepting the Most Skillful Smuggler in the World

Cecil Caldecott was a well-built man of about five-and-thirty, with an outdoor complexion, confident movements and a remarkably steady gaze. Indeed he so seldom blinked his bluish-gray eyes that he gave an impression of fearlessness. And all the time, if you looked him in the face, you felt certain that behind the unblinking eyes a mental machine was functionating smoothly, accurately, efficiently.

That was the man who sat in his office in the Jeweler's Guild Building. It was a beautiful room. On the walls you saw panels of buckram tinted the exact gray of the sky after a rain just before the sun resumes business. The borders were slender double lines of silver—for all the world like strips of the same sky just after the same sun has got back on the job. The furniture—chairs, tables, cabinets, the safe, the desk and the blotting pad on the desk—was also gray and silver. Chains of dull silver supported an alabaster basin with electric lights, and the ceiling was done in silver-leaf dulled mistily. But on the long table in the center of the room there was a long strip of velvet of a midnight black, very rich and soft, with an amazing suggestion of depth.

The room did not open into any other. It was partitioned off from the east wall so as to make a narrow corridor, which opened into the outside hall. In the inner partition there was a door that opened into the office. There was also a small window, such as you see in Wall Street offices. The partition, however, ran up clear to the silver ceiling.

On the outer door there was the number of the room, 54, and a simple sign:

C. CALDECOTT, SPECIALTIES

A blue-uniformed, gum-chewing boy stopped before the outer door, took from his pocket his message holder, extracted from it an envelope, compared what he read on the envelope with the name on the door, masticated with self-approving conviction, opened the door and entered.

In the narrow inner corridor the boy looked about him curiously and chewed more vigorously than ever for a few seconds. Then he ceased to chew, shifted his gob from the right cheek to the left, stepped to the little window and growled lopsidedly: "Cable!"

The little window remained closed, but the inner door opened soundlessly.

The messenger boy made no motion, but looked as if, having been disappointed with respect to the window, the wrong party would now appear.

"Come in, little boy!" said a voice from behind the partition.

The messenger ceased to chew, exclaimed "Gee!" resumed his chewing and walked in.

"Well?" asked Caldecott.

"Cable fer ——" He studied the name, chewing vigorously the while. "Cable fer—fer—fer ——"

"Nobody by that name here." And Caldecott shook his head mournfully.

"Is this fer you?" And the boy held the envelope before Caldecott's eyes.

"Yes, son," answered Caldecott. "I'll sign after I've read it. There may be an answer."

The boy nodded and looked about the room curiously. He allowed his eyes to rest on the only thing that hung on the wall—a small panel by Quentin Matsys. In it a fifteenth-century jeweler was showing his wares to a man in a wonderfully painted pelisse.

The cable was from Paris. It read in French:

"Twelve hundred thousand. D. DE M."

The messenger ceased to stare at the painting by Quentin Matsys and discovered that Caldecott was frowning fiercely at the message on the desk before him. He asked sympathetically: "Somebody dead, boss?"

He proceeded to answer himself by shaking his head mournfully. He had black hair and eyes of a gemlike blue. Ten million freckles were star-scattered on his face, and he smelled of cigarettes. His name was, of course, Sweeney.

"No, thanks," answered Caldecott pleasantly; "it's just a Frenchman who wants so much for three little red pebbles that if I pay his price I won't have enough left to give quarters to nice little boys who smoke cigarettes and bring in cablegrams between crap games."

"Say," said the boy, who had heard nothing after the word "quarters"—"say, tell him to chase himself, and offer him half."

"I will!" and Caldecott wrote:

"*De Mergonrilliers*, Jockey Club, Paris.
"Six hundred. CALDECOTT."

"Here's your quarter, boy."

"T'anks, boss."

"Get right back to the office with this, will you?"

"Sure!"

"No craps until after you hand it in. Tell them to charge it to me."

On the next day the same boy brought in another cable.

"I hope this one is all right"; and he smiled in advance.

Caldecott took a quarter from his pocket, gave it to him and read the message. It said in French:

"One million. Not a sou less. DE M."

"No answer!"

"Is it all right, boss?" asked the boy anxiously.

"Not yet."

"Well, I hope I bring you one to-morrow that will suit you," said young Mr. Sweeney expectantly.

"What did you do with the quarter I gave you yesterday?"

The boy looked at Caldecott a moment. Then he replied piously: " I give it to me mudder to buy a pork chop fer de baby."

"Don't come to-morrow," said Caldecott solemnly; "you might lose your little brother if you overfeed it."

"It's a goil," returned the boy triumphantly. "I'll be round, boss." And he left the room, wagging his head.

Caldecott took a small memorandum book out of his inner coat pocket, read something in it, took up his desk telephone and told central: "Plaza 18,818, please."

It was the private telephone number of George G. Carnarvon, the railway czar of the Northwest, and the greatest private collector of unset precious stones in the world. Only a few favored friends and accomplices knew that number, which was not in the directory. They never had to wait long.

"Mr. Carnarvon please."

There was a pause. Then: "Caldecott speaking, Mr. Carnarvon. . . . Very well, thank you. Do the De Meryonvilliers rubies interest you? . . . No! You're thinking of La Croissade. . . . . Yes. Don't you remember I gave you a card to the duke? . . . Well, you have Fletcher's book. It has five or six pages about them. . . . No, only three; seventy-eight, seventy-one and sixty-eight carats—*En cabochon*. The seventy-one carat is the Akbar talisman. There is a reference to it in Barthélemy's Memoirs. . . . How could you when they've never been on the market? . . . The greatest bargain you ever saw. . . . Oh, about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. . . . No, sir-ree! As a matter of fact the reason I made you that price was that I'm hard up. . . . No, thanks. Good-by. . . . No! I said I was hard up; I didn't say starving. . . . Mr. Carnarvon, I bid two hundred thousand dollars for them regularly three times a year for twelve years, and visited the old duke every July after the races, for he was very unlucky, just to see if there was any chance. . . . No, I don't call it buying sight unseen when I've seen them hundreds of times. . . . Certainly; it is the most intelligent way for you to buy them; you know me. . . . Well, I can cheerfully state that you haven't one ruby fit to live in the same block with the poorest of these. . . . I know it because I know there is not one in America. . . . I'm sorry but . . . No, I can't do that. I shall tell Mr. Merriwether and Mr. Mount to-day and . . . What? . . . Yes, I'll listen provided you make me a white man's offer at the end of your oration."

Caldecott stopped talking and listened attentively. He stood in no more awe of his multimillionaire clients than he did of the collector of the port. They respected his independence and his knowledge.

As he listened he frowned. Presently he said: "No, I have not made a note of your offer, because it is no trouble to refuse it right off the bat. Remember how angry you got when the Spaniard sneaked the Delagoa diamond right out of your clutches? Well, I assure you that when you see the rubies you did not get . . . Your business is not to think you can bargain; it is to buy these rubies if, when and as issued. . . . What? . . . Very well. Now you do some listening, will you? Provided they prove as I've represented in weight and quality will you give me two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in Paris or two hundred and twenty-six thousand dollars delivered here, you to pay the duty? I know you are always busy, so just say yes or no."

Caldecott listened for the answer, but it must have been more than a mere yes or no, for he kept the receiver pressed against his ear fully a minute. Then he said impatiently: "My dear sir, when I say they, speaking of rubies, I mean just that. They—the Meryonvilliers collection of three. When you speak of The Night-Watch or The Surrender of Breda, do you have to say by Rembrandt or by Velasquez? And do you have to explain that it is an oil painting; a valuable old oil painting? When I speak of rubies and say they, I refer to the rubies you do not own and never dreamed of hoping to own. . . . Personally I'd rather have the three than the Black Prince. . . . No, no! It's two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. The duty is your funeral. . . . I don't see how your risk is so great. I myself have to trust to your honor. Being used to keeping my word I ask no written . . . I never lose my temper; my patience, often, for I have to deal with so many damned millionaires. . . . Deal's closed! Congratulations! . . . Pretty soon. I'll be going over in two or three weeks."

Caldecott hung up the receiver, jotted down a memorandum of the offer, dated it and put it in an inner compartment of the safe.

Then he wrote a cablegram:

"*De Meryonvilliers*, Jockey Club, Paris.

"Seven fifty including the Godefroy coffret in which your father kept them. Last offer. Must have acceptance or refusal within twenty-four hours. CALDECOTT."

In less than the twenty-four hours the answer came from Paris.

"*Caldecott*, New York.

"Nine hundred thousand. DE M."

He did not answer it, and on Saturday he received this:

"Eight hundred thousand with coffret. DE M."

Caldecott laughed as he read it. Then he called Carnarvon on the telephone.

"Caldecott speaking. Say, the duke insists upon my taking a little iron box, a miniature coffret in which the rubies have been kept since they came into the possession of the family. . . . Not so much artistically as historically. It was given by Godfrey of Bouillon to Robert Count de Meryonvilliers. . . . Absolutely! It ought to be in the Musée de Cluny. . . . They are asking me one hundred thousand francs for it. I don't deal in such things, as you know; but if I had your money I'd buy it without hesitation. First crusade; end of eleventh century. . . . No, I won't match for it, but I'll match you for half of it. If I match you you pay me twenty thousand dollars. If I don't you pay me only ten thousand dollars. . . . I'll match you. Wait a minute."

Caldecott stopped speaking, raised his eyebrows, stared at the ceiling the length of time he thought it would take him to get a coin out of his pocket. Then he said, "Heads!"

There was a pause. Then Caldecott—"Well, that will wipe out my entire profit on the . . . Do you want me to tell you to go to hell? . . . What difference does it make if I didn't see your coin? I heard your voice, didn't I? And you said tails, didn't you? I often wonder if you Wall Street men are really the square sports you are always boasting of being. . . . Well, you began it. . . . That makes two hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars with the little coffret, in New York, you to pay duties. Righto! Good-by!"

"If They Thought So Well of Your Service Why Did They Let You Go?"

He hung up the receiver and rang for a messenger, to whom he gave this cablegram:

"*De Meryonvilliers*, Jockey Club, Paris.

"Seven hundred and fifty thousand francs.

CALDECOTT."

On Monday morning when he reached his office he found three notices from the telegraph company informing him that a cablegram was held for him at the office. He did not even stop to look over his mail but went at once to the cable office.

He practically had sold the rubies to Carnarvon for two hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars which had been offered to him for one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. If the duke refused Caldecott's bid of seven hundred and fifty thousand francs and sold them to someone else, Caldecott could never make Carnarvon believe that he had played fair. This, rather than the possible loss of the profit, made Caldecott open the message eagerly. He read: "We accept. D. DE M."

He sighed with relief. Carnarvon might back out but it was not likely, and Caldecott could count on having made a profit of a trifle more than eighty-six thousand dollars. Not only that, but he had sold the most valuable rubies ever purchased by an American.

He gazed meditatively at the cablegram before him, no longer seeing the acceptance but the face of Mr. Anson Wheeler, collector of the port.

"This will do it!" he muttered, nodding to himself, after the manner of men who live alone. Then a grin came over his face. He had no time to lose; but, also, he must not be careless.

He walked briskly, not back to his own office but to that of Marcus, Son & Co., advertising agents. He nodded pleasantly to a shrewd-eyed young man behind the counter.

"I've got an ad for you, Mr. Marcus."

"Glad to hear it."

Caldecott took a blank sheet from a little stand above which was a sign:

HELP WANTED—MALE

Then he wrote slowly and carefully:

SECRETARY AND CONFIDENTIAL MAN. Must have education, refinement, tact, and the gift of seeing his employer's interest before seeing anything else. One preferred who is acquainted with the wholesale jewelry trade and, nevertheless, finds silence easier than speech. Since utter reliability and 24-carat honesty are indispensable, the highest references will be none too high. The applicant should be absolutely sure that he possesses all the needed qualifications before he applies at

ROOM 54, JEWELERS' GUILD BUILDING.

Caldecott read it over very carefully and gave it to young Mr. Marcus. "Brevier, double leaded, all the morning papers. Run it daily and Sunday until I order it discontinued."

"Very well, Mr. Caldecott."

II

CALDECOTT stood for a moment at the door of the Marcus advertising agency and stared up Broadway meditatively. Thousands upon thousands of human insects were scurrying about. Doubtless they found life a tragedy or a comedy, a grind or a farce; and between curses and smiles they hustled antlike for the day's mouthful. And by night they slept; or dreamed dreams before they slept; and on the morrow again chased food!

The monstrous futility of the mob's movements struck him more forcibly than usual. Within a few years not a handful of these thousands upon thousands who now constituted humanity would be on earth to eat, drink, sleep or dream their vain little dreams. And the world would not know that they had died because it would not know that they had ever lived!

People go to see a photoplay and they yawn and they laugh and sometimes they clench their fists at the death grapple of the human beasts or gasp at the struggle between the hero and the villain—the eternal conflict between right and wrong. But after "The End" is flashed on the screen they see nothing more. And they remember little except that there have been thrills and gaspings and convulsive grippings of hands. And there remains—the blank screen!

The life of man—a mere movie!

Suddenly his eyes took on an alert look made tolerable by a glint of humor.

"Why, of course!" he muttered. From force of habit he looked about him as he entered the Woodford Building. He took the elevator to the fifth floor, walked to the end of the south corridor, made sure that nobody followed him, went quickly down the stairs to the fourth floor, and paused a moment before the door of Room 424, on the ground-glass pane of which he read: "Kathleen Moeller, Stenography and Typewriting." Then he opened the door and walked in.

It was a busy office. A dozen young women of varying degrees of pulchritude, but all equally industrious, were pounding away on the keyboards of their machines. At one end of the room you saw a girl by a manifolding contrivance used to produce circulars that resembled individual letters. She was very young and looked amiably absorbed in her work, probably because it consisted of doing something that sounded like Dr. Samuel Johnson, cane in hand, walking past a long iron balustrade. The very air of the room conveyed a sense of exhaustion, not so much because of insufficient oxygen for all those lungs as because of nerve fag superinduced by the ceaseless clatter.

Through an open door on the right Caldecott looked into another room, where he saw a typewriter on a stand beside a small flat desk.

He took off his hat and addressed the room generally by asking: "Miss Moeller?"

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

"Do you take dictation direct on the machine?"

"Yes, sir," replied Miss Moeller.

She was tall and very slender, with a mass of pale hair that somehow seemed gilt rather than golden, and pale-blue eyes in which there was a look of chronic wonder. It came from trying to understand why all girls could not be so accurate as she and why all men were so like all other men.

"Which of the young ladies is the most rapid?" Caldecott inquired with an amazing mixture of politeness and business curiosity.

"They are all first-class, sir." Miss Moeller spoke with the kind of calmness that lady novelists invariably describe as ominous.

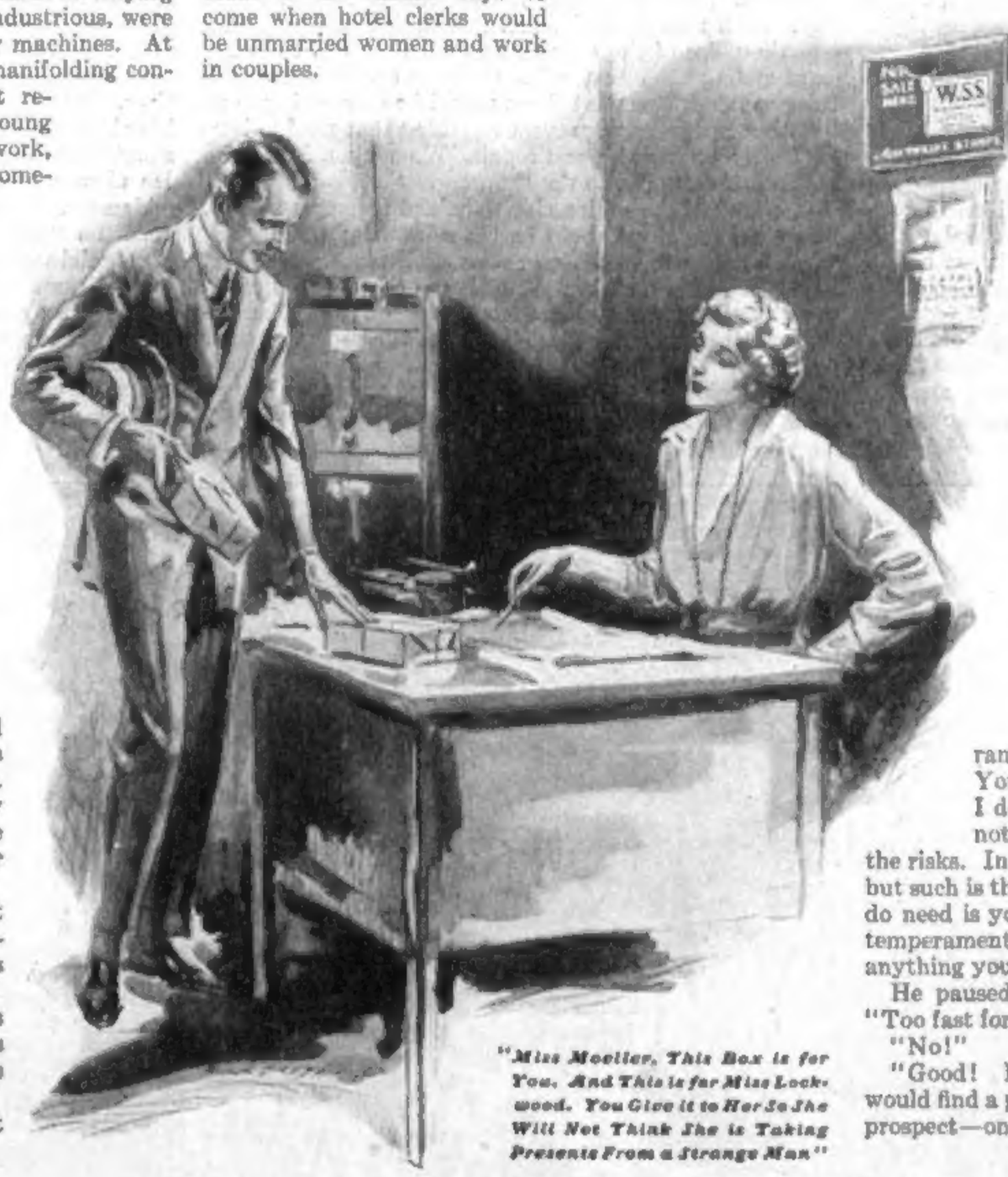
It really meant nothing more than that she was unmarried.

"Oh!" And Caldecott smiled ingratiatingly. "I suppose they are all *hors concours*."

"Sir?"

"That's French," he explained hastily, "for championship form. I have considerable work to do, and of course I should like to know which of the young ladies would best do it."

Miss Moeller said "Miss Lockwood!" in an austere tone of voice and resumed her work without once deigning to glance at her questioner. It made Caldecott think of the dismal days to come when hotel clerks would be unmarried women and work in couples.



"Miss Moeller, This Box is for You. And This is for Miss Lockwood. You Give it to Her So She Will Not Think She is Taking Presents From a Strange Man"

Miss Lockwood sat down by the typewriter. She was a tall girl of twenty-two, who carried herself superbly and had a more or less uncontrollable pompadour. But what you noticed with instant regret was that she had protruding upper teeth, so that her dry pink lips did not quite cover them. This gave to her face a sort of chronic grin.

"Miss Lockwood, you will tell me if I go too fast for you."

Miss Lockwood wiggled her fingers pianist fashion and determinedly unclenched her teeth—as people with her kind of teeth always do when they brace themselves for a mighty effort. The lower animals whose teeth by reason of their outward slant cannot hold their squirming prey starve to death. But Nature does not thus kill off humans. Instead she allows them to develop certain forms of fleetness and cunning. Caldecott knew before he began that Miss Lockwood would be fast and not very accurate. Also, that she would never do any erasing.

He took from his inside coat pocket a wallet and from the wallet a few sheets of notepaper.

"Use this, please," he told Miss Lockwood. "How fast can you write?"

"It depends on how well you dictate," answered Miss Lockwood coldly.

"Ah! I perceive you have a temper. That's bad for speed. The brown-eyed ones are the fastest, I find. No, no! I do not want a dark-eyed one, but a blue-eyed one by the name of Lockwood. Single space. Ready? '*My dear John:* In compliance with your often expressed wish I now offer you an opportunity to join me in a new venture; in fact, I assume that you have already joined me and you will kindly arrange for ten thousand dollars exchange on New York ready to mail to me on receipt of a telegram. I don't need the money but I know you would not accept any of the profits unless you shared the risks. In point of fact, there are no risks that I can see, but such is the human animal in the proud West. What I do need is your help—your imagination and your artistic temperament and your unequaled capacity for believing anything you wish!'"

He paused and when the girl had finished he asked: "Too fast for you?"

"No!"

"Good! Paragraph. 'In the meantime I wish you would find a picturesque bit of scenery containing a mining prospect—one the topography of which is not unlike that

(Continued on Page 30)

From the Romanoffs to the Bolsheviki

By Princess Cantacuzène Countess Spéransky, née Grant

IT WAS doubtless with immense relief that on Friday, February 24, 1917—Russian-Greek calendar—Nicholas II left the complications at his capital and its administrative problems to return to the quiet, ordered military life of his staff headquarters at Moghileff. This time his short stay in the north had been especially trying. He had been forced to listen patiently to all sorts of contradictory reports on the interior condition of his empire and to equally contradictory proposals for the policy he should follow in connection with them; and he wanted to do right—what was best for his people and his dynasty.

Only the day previous to his departure he had gone to the capital from the Tzarskoe Palace, and had presided in person at a council of his cabinet. He had heard many things then from men in whom he had complete faith. Of such a dramatic nature were their prophecies and so urgent was their eloquence that His Majesty had promised them he would sign two edicts before he slept that night, and in their presence he ordered his Minister of the Interior, Protopopoff, to prepare and bring these to him at Tzarskoe in the course of the evening. One was to be published in a day or two, and it granted the responsible ministry which the Duma had been long demanding, while the cabinet was to hold the other edict in reserve and publish it only in case the first concession seemed insufficient to calm public opinion. The latter was a proclamation giving Russia her long-hoped-for constitution. His cabinet—or most of it—had shown deep gratitude when thus at the eleventh hour their sovereign acted generously. The members were convinced that this noble action on his part would still avert the storm they knew to be threatening both throne and country; and they bade His Majesty adieu with a renewal of enthusiastic loyalty.

Whatever came now, they felt they had been right not to resign from their posts during the recent months of tragic occurrences. It would seem easy to face future problems, since now they could act with the people's representatives in Parliament, who would thus halve the government's responsibilities. Also, it was truly a matter for rejoicing to think what quick work the Duma would make of the occult forces in the cabinet. So these honest patriots were deeply thankful for the magnitude of the two imperial concessions, which would disarm criticism and abolish discontent as with a magic wand. They looked forward now to a new era when the Crown, the Parliament and the people, joining hands, would push the war and develop civilization and education throughout Russia.

Meantime the Emperor, sincerely pleased with what he had done, returned to Tzarskoe and told of his decisions of the afternoon, but his announcement was met by a storm of protest, persuasion and discussion. Scorn was poured on disloyal subjects who dared, in the Duma he had created, to criticize their master's acts and to demand further powers; scorn also for the weaklings who saw nonexisting dangers, and on advisers, who said it was best to demolish autocratic traditions, inherited and held by divine right. All the pride and passion, all the talents and beauty of Her Majesty came into play, and onto this scene Protopopoff walked and reënforced the Empress with conviction.

He said there really was none of the danger that had been represented during the afternoon. The masses in the empire were devoted to their sovereigns and loved the ancient, patriarchal forms. True, in the capital there were some strikes which had long been chronic; and here and there were also slight disorders, but these were local, not serious; and even should they become so he had ample police, well armed, to put down uprisings. His Majesty might order General Ivanoff and a small group of picked men to the capital if he wished to take extra precautions; and he might even name the general as dictator. The Duma was a hotbed of revolutionary propaganda and should be closed instead of being allowed to foment troubles. These liberal men of the cabinet could not be relied upon, since they were thoroughly panic-stricken. He, Protopopoff, had not wished to contradict them to-day; but he knew well that upon reflection the Emperor would realize their anxiety was entirely unwarranted, since if any danger really existed the Minister of the Interior would have warned his master long ago.

By the end of the evening the sovereign was fully persuaded that during its afternoon session his cabinet had attempted to cheat him into signing away his inheritance at the very hour when they should have reënforced his courage to defend it. Naturally he was angered by the apparent false play. Therefore he destroyed both papers prepared for his signature; and in their stead he delivered

a signed blank into Protopopoff's hands and gave him full power to conduct all home administration in consultation with the Empress, and on retrograde lines. The Emperor promised to send General Ivanoff to the capital immediately, and Protopopoff had permission to inform his colleagues of the military dictatorship planned, and also to impart to them the news of the sovereign's change of policy when he thought the time was ripe for such an announcement. Then the sovereigns went to their rest; and the following morning His Majesty departed, trusting implicitly to the devotion of his wife and her protégés, and to their capacity for handling events.

The Intrigues of the Empress

THE Empress knew only what her chosen group told her. Long ago she had separated herself from all other people, punishing with banishment those who warned her of danger. Therefore, as she sat through Friday, Saturday and Sunday at her children's bedsides or worked in her hospital and read, knit and talked with Madame Wiroboff, she was free from alarm about the continued slight troubles she heard were still occurring; and even the sight of flames on the horizon, where Petrograd lay, failed to upset her. At last, she thought, she had the right to govern; and she felt that with Protopopoff's help she could save the autocracy and the country, putting down the rebels once and for all.

In her memory she lived over the long fight she had waged to reach this point; and how, by her husband's mistaken kindness, she had seen so many false steps taken which must be retraced now; but with the Emperor at the staff in safety and attending only to his military interests she could show energy; and the first measure she planned was the closing of the Duma, definitely and permanently, since its members did not realize their debt to the Crown, but continued clamoring. Protopopoff had once been vice president of the Parliament for a short time, and he must know the situation well. What an advantage for the country that at this moment she was able to save the services of such a minister to the nation!

Meantime Protopopoff kept to himself the triumph he had had over his colleagues. He did not wish to rouse their suspicions till he had acted. Friday and Saturday passed, and the other members of the cabinet waited patiently for the first of the promised edicts to appear in the newspapers, relying on it to quiet the rising rumors in the great city. They even told some of the leaders in the Duma about the ministerial council held on Thursday, and the last session of the week in the lower house was closed by its president with a declaration that the Duma would again open on Tuesday the twenty-eighth, after the week-end recess. Officials hoped that by then the good news would be public and the responsible ministry proclaimed.

Sunday morning honest ministers must have opened their newspapers with beating hearts; certainly it was the last date possible for the publication of the imperial proclamation they expected. Could the sight that met their eyes be true? Instead of the granting of a responsible ministry they read the cold, curt words dissolving the Duma immediately.

What could it mean? Had they been mad on Thursday, and had they misunderstood? Or was this a sudden move of the Occult forces, pushing the misguided car of state over the edge of the precipice to destruction? And helpless now against the tempest these men, who had been too loyal to leave their service, must have felt despair overtake them. To their minds everything was lost. The great cause of the war, that of the monarchy, were both done for; and they themselves were trapped and crushed, cheated and sold. On top of this, which they read in the papers, they received official and individual notification that General Ivanoff would reach Petrograd "to take over all power of administration as dictator," and that they were to obey his orders "until further instructed."

To the leaders in the Duma the news might have seemed to indicate that their friends in the cabinet had given them false impressions; but it was symptomatic of the universal comprehension of our situation that this never entered anyone's head. Members of the Duma read the proclamation, jumped to the exact comprehension of what had occurred; and never was a reproach wasted in the wrong direction. There were some hurried consultations on Sunday. Such men as Rodzanko, Miliukoff and Goutchkoff had the pulse of the country in their hands and did not want a complete disaster if it could be avoided. Not the least doubt existed that there would be an uprising now; but they must try to prevent anything that would disorganize the country beyond repair. Whereupon Rodzanko sent a first telegram to the Emperor.

On Sunday the entire city remained in angry silence. Sullen crowds stood about on the sidewalks; but though there were murmurings no action took place. Monday, having digested for twenty-four hours the imperial edict, the whole Parliament spontaneously rushed to the Tauride Palace—their meeting place—to take the orders of their president. That day the city had awakened to the uproar of the revolution's birth, and Rodzanko and other leaders knew the old régime must fall.

PHOTO. FROM WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION, NEW YORK CITY. PASSED BY CHIEF MILITARY CENSOR

Cossack Cavalry on Way to East Siberia to Oppose Bolsheviki

What could replace it in the chaos of relaxed discipline? At the first moments there seemed nothing to do; yet Rodzanko and his small group were not idle. They had expected and had hoped for a change of government; but the revolution they had counted on was to have been a palace affair with an intelligent, strong, well-meaning and patriotic party supreme, whether those composing it were members of the court, the cabinet, the parliament or the army, prince or peasant.

Now, by the Emperor's own folly, at one fell stroke a most frightful catastrophe was precipitated—chaos and mob rule, unless one small group of men could stem the torrent with their persons, their influence, their words and their acts. It was a dozen men, at most, against all the elemental passions of the country; but they had on their side the fundamental good nature and the patient qualities of the people, with the latter's childish idealism and faith. And perhaps there was a chance yet of saving our national honor, the cause of the war and the life of the country, all of which hung in the balance.

So these men, with their colossal strength of heroism, seized the helm of the ship of state and clung to it. By noon on Monday Rodzanko had harangued numerous crowds of workmen, who had arrived at the Tauride, amid shooting and singing. He had brought together leaders of various parties in the Parliament and interested them in keeping the public quiet through their personal influence till events should develop further. He preached order, patriotism, organization and patience; and meantime he sent another telegram to the Emperor, to report on the acute conditions and ask for orders.

There was no reply to this or to his dispatch of the day before, though they had both been sent over the imperial private wire. Afterward it came to light that General Woyeikoff had intercepted and suppressed both. Hours had passed, bringing no news but only increased disorders about the Duma.

By Monday evening all the troops in the capital had passed over to the revolutionists, with or without their officers, many of whom had been killed; and the great Catherine Hall in the Tauride Palace was filled by a howling mob clamoring for blood and power. Workmen's and soldiers' deputations stood about, and Kerensky—leader of the Socialists—had been called into consultation. Having a name and personality well known to the masses, and a large sense of patriotism into the bargain, he had been given the mission of handling the rabble. Time after time, during fifty-two hours, pale, uncombed, unshaved, his clothes in disorder, he was pushed forward; and he shouted and gesticulated himself into a state of exhaustion. He always finally succeeded in taming those whom he addressed. Then he would collapse with fatigue and be cared for until he was sufficiently restored to go on with his special work.

The Duma was in perpetual session all day and all night, eating what could be brought to the halls from outside, while various university students of both sexes came as volunteers to serve these vague meals with the inevitable tea and cigarettes; also, to clean up in spots when it was possible. Goutchkoff was doing heavy work with reference to all the military questions. Miliukoff put his great brains to solving problems as to foreign relations and aspects of the situation. He saw the British and French ambassadors and consulted with all sorts of people in the intellectual—or intelligencia—circles. Prince Lvoff arrived from Moscow; and representing the zemstvos—the rural district organizations—he inspired everyone with courage and confidence. Young Téréschtchenko came and gave ten millions at once to help in the immediate financial difficulties.

On Tuesday Rodzanko wired twice to the apparently inert sovereign that his cabinet, helpless in the situation, had collectively resigned; that the garrison of his capital had joined the revolutionary movement; that the whole city was up in arms; and finally, that, having as yet no orders from His Majesty, he—Rodzanko—and the Duma had formed a provisional committee to do what could be done for law and order. It was too late now to do more than face events and act on the inspiration of the moment. That evening, at last, came a wire announcing the Emperor was starting for the capital.

Matters Come to a Head

WEDNESDAY morning the arrested members of the government—ex-ministers, generals, and all sorts of well-known retrograde men, as well as members of the Empress' party—were being brought into the Tauride. Also, there came, with his marines, the Grand Duke Kyril-Vladimirovitch. And as if by magic the Grand Duke Nicholas-Mihailovitch appeared from his banishment, wearing civilian clothes, offering help and advice, and saving the liberty and life of many liberal patriots of the old-régime party. He had just returned from the exile which had been meted out to him immediately after Rasputin's assassination.

By Wednesday noon Rodzanko heard that the Emperor's train was stopped at Pskof; and he communicated with General Rusaky over the latter's special wire. Two members of the Duma—Goutchkoff and Schoulgine—had been immediately sent to meet the sovereign, carrying the Duma's demand for his abdication; and the strain on the provisional committee was increased by anxiety as to what the imperial reply would be.

In the small hours of the morning the situation was relieved somewhat by the return of this deputation with the Emperor's last proclamation in their hands; and after

reading it aloud to the ever-present multitude Rodzanko published it throughout the city, and placarded it on doors and on walls. It said, freely translated:

To prevent the enslavement of our country by foreign enemies we are still fighting a war which has already been proceeding for three years; and God has now seen fit to visit a still further trial on our much-worn Russia. The indication of internal unrest among the people threatens to reflect unfavorably on this war to protect our frontiers. The fate of Russia, the honor of our heroic army, the happiness of the Fatherland, make final victory vital to us. Our cruel enemy is exerting his final efforts against us, and already the hour draws near when, thanks to our army, in company with our allies, the enemy will be brought to his knees.

At this decisive moment of the fortunes of Russia we find it our bounden duty to take such steps as will enable our people to attain the unity of purpose and power indispensable for the earliest possible conquest of the enemy; and in accordance with the advice of the imperial Duma we abdicate from the throne of Russia and renounce the high powers attached to that office. Not wishing to part with our beloved son we pass the succession to our brother, His Imperial Highness Michael-Alexandrovitch, with our blessing on his accession to the Russian throne. We command our brother to govern the country in strict accordance with the wishes of the ministers to be chosen by the people, and that he swear this oath for the sake of our dearly beloved country. We also command all true sons of the Fatherland to fulfill their sacred duty of obedience to him as Czar in this dire moment of the troubles of our nation; and to help him and the people's representatives to guide the Russian Empire to victory, happiness and success. So may God help Russia! NICOLAI.

Early on Thursday morning a committee waited on the Grand Duke Michael. In this group were Goutchkoff and Kerensky. The Grand Duke was offered the throne, as by his brother's proclamation; but it was said he declined the proffered honor under pressure from the deputation, who did not want him to reign. He said in a proclamation of his own made public that same day that he would accept the crown only if he were "elected to it by the people's vote in a constituent assembly."

The Provisional Government

IT WAS immediately decided to form a provisional government to carry on the war and the administration of the country till an assembly could be brought together and the choice of the people made known as to what form of government they desired for permanent use.

That same Thursday a mihistry was named. It included all the best liberal thinkers and theorists available. It put Prince Lvoff at the head as Prime Minister; Miliukoff took the portfolio of foreign affairs; Téréschtchenko and his millions were set to guard the finances; while Kerensky and his idealism occupied the chair of justice. Nearly all the men in this cabinet were fine and honest, and they were inspired with ambition to set the country on its feet. The American ambassador, Mr. Francis, knowing their value, was anxious to strengthen their position; and he obtained by Saturday evening the recognition of the provisional government by the United States. England and France followed the example of the United States almost at once, and by Monday evening the new chapter of Russia's history was begun.

The revolution had lasted but a week. When the old ministers had been arrested none of them had been seriously ill-treated, though a few had suffered from exposure to the cold and from the hardships of poor lodgings and other inconveniences. The ministerial meeting rooms in the Duma were used to contain all the prisoners whom the self-appointed revolutionary guards had arrested and brought in. There were an extraordinary number scattered about the rooms, where they were detained a few hours or a few days, after which they were liberated, like Bark and Kotchoubey; or turned into the Fortress of Peter and Paul for a more permanent sojourn, as were Soukhomlinoff and Protopopoff. The latter hearing himself called for by the bloodthirsty rabble below his window on the first day of the revolution had fled, and remained hidden from Monday until Thursday, when he had suddenly appeared at the Duma door, asking for Kerensky. At once he was shut up in the ministerial pavilion, but he stayed there only about thirty-six hours. During this time he was granted the desired interview with the new Minister of Justice; and I heard that in this conversation he tried to save his own life and liberty by incriminating the ex-sovereigns. But as it turned out, he went to the fortress himself, and his information was not used against his imperial ex-employers. Someone who was in the same room with him at the Tauride told me that Protopopoff wept and whined over his fate during the whole of his stay and that he showed himself as entirely selfish as ever and a disloyal and arrogant coward.

Soukhomlinoff had a trying experience at the Duma, and was threatened with immediate death by the soldier mob before his guards could bring him into the pavilion; and till he and Protopopoff were taken to the fortress it was felt their presence endangered the lives of the whole group of prisoners, as well as those of the members of Parliament. Kerensky guaranteed, however, that these men should not escape judgment for their crimes, and they were not torn to pieces, though Soukhomlinoff's epaulets were actually dragged off his uniform. Old Stürmer was brought in, tremulously begging for protection on the score of his age and ill health, and he kept asking "Who will answer to me that I shall not be beheaded here?"

Gorymékin, though somewhat infirm in body and in mind, was of a different type; and over his morning costume he had put the grand cordon of an order given him by the ex-Emperor. He remained dignified and calm, in his tragi-comic get-up. He was brave and loyal to his first principles in spite of tottering faculties. He was soon liberated. Meantime he sat smoking endlessly, patiently awaiting his fate, with the remark constantly repeated that it was natural he should be made a prisoner in case of revolution.

Senators, members of the council of the empire, members of the ex-court and the government, about two hundred of them, lived in these crowded rooms for five or six long days. The prisoners were kept constantly on the *qui vive* as each morning and evening Kerensky made a tour of the rooms, chose out a few men to be liberated, and a few more to be sent to the fortress. At one side of the impromptu prison could be heard the discussions and the movements of the Duma's members; while from the other direction came the howls of bedlam let loose.

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Field Artillery and Barricades of the Revolutionists

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A Russian Trooper, Loyal to His Country, Stops Two of His Fleeing Comrades With the Butt of His Rifle

Bark in Prison

IN THE Catherine Hall the deputations of soldiers and workmen held forth—criticizing, threatening, acclaiming, and demanding reports of all that was being done, and the right to veto or approve every measure presented. Many times the lives of all the occupants of the palace hung by a thread, and always the situation was saved by Kerensky's eloquence and his clever handling of his clients. When he accepted a portfolio in so conservative a cabinet as was the provisional he almost lost his hold on the ultra-Socialists, who feared he would no longer be their man. The first days after his nomination, as he circulated among the prisoners, he was attended by a guard of honor—one soldier and one sailor and one workman—as aids-de-camp; but he said afterward these had really been spies placed by the Catherine Hall crowd to watch his words and movements. During this time he was severe and curt in manner with the prisoners, but as soon as he became free from supervision he was quite unpretentious and human, trying to help and to liberate all those he could.

Certain prisoners had experiences that were curious and most contradictory one to the other. Bark, the ex-Minister of Finance, brought in on Wednesday morning by drunken volunteers and turned into a room with five other prisoners, was at first reviled by passing workmen and soldiers as a member of the old government "who had stolen the people's money." His friends in the Duma were greatly distressed to see him arrive, feeling it would be dangerous to offer him protection; but by degrees the guardian students and the soldiers standing about found out his name, and they announced that it was by his advice that vodka sales had been suppressed at the outbreak of war, and that thanks to him their revolution had been a success and was orderly to a degree they could be proud of. Then one student asked if he played chess and invited him to play with him. Over this they became friends, and this valuable protector allowed the minister to send home for a few necessities—linen and some books. Soon it was discovered, so his guardians told him, that "he was a man like the rest of us," and he was treated accordingly—perhaps because of his being a graduate of the university and a

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Burning Piles of Imperial Eagles and Royal Arms Torn From Government Buildings

It Isn't What You've Earned

By GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIAN KEEN WAGNER

IT LOOKS so peaceful, this street upon which my story opens, that if you had walked beneath its maples upon the pleasant day that I have in mind you would never have dreamed that the occupants of these houses were engaged in a form of warfare that had overshadowed their past, was engrossing their present and was reaching out its hungry hands to grasp their future as well.

To make the story more remarkable this street is located somewhere in America—not somewhere in France; and though you may never walk along it at least you have seen a similar street many a time, unconscious of the serio-comic battles that are being waged so close at hand—of the campaigns that are being planned, the anxious counsels of the general staffs, the work of the secret service, the surprise attacks, and all and sundry.

Not to make a mystery of the obvious any longer, the name of this warfare, which has marred more lives than any man living can count, is Neighborly Rivalry.

And its slogan, generally delivered in the whisper of elation, is "Wait till the folks next door see this!"

It really began, that morning, with the coming of Namaline. Namaline was the tall, light-colored lady who sometimes obliged the housewives of Pleasant Avenue by "coming in and helping aht for the day." On the morning in question she turned in at Number 31 Pleasant Avenue, at a quarter past eight, elegantly attired in a porous-plaster green sweater trimmed with white fur, and carrying a purple leather bag with her monogram on it in gilt letters three inches high.

You mustn't think from the sweater and fur that the season was winter. It was the middle of July. But Namaline was a fashionable maid, and in her porous-plaster green sweater and white fur she looked like an up-to-date Senegambian Venus coyly emerging from a foam-flecked wave.

"Here at last," thought Mrs. Warner, who had been watching from the kitchen window. And yet, if the truth must be told, she didn't seem displeased at the deliberation of her aid's approach. Her thoughts on the subject were probably unconscious, but if she had given them words they would probably have run a lot like this: "Well, anyhow, the folks next door will have a good chance to see her."

Nor was young Mrs. Warner the only one who was watching. In the eternal warfare of Neighborly Rivalry there are scouts on every hand—an eye in every window, an ear on every wall.

Across the street Mrs. Peck's colored girl was watching, with nostrils dilated like a runaway horse.

"Green sweater and whaht fur," she scoffed to herself. "Ah lahk that Namaline's nerve! Wait till she sees mah whaht shoes and new wrist watch at church to-morrow. She'll go raht out and get some new brass letters for her puhple do'mat; and they won't spell 'Welcome,' either!"

Other remarks and reflections ran up and down Pleasant Avenue like a wandering tidal wave.

"I'm sure that Mrs. Warner would be better employed if she did her own work."

"The idea! A quarter past eight, and only just getting there!"

"Fanny! Come and look here! This is rich!"

"Now what's she got that woman there to-day for? Did you ever hear tell of such a thing?"

As is nearly always the case, however, it took the folks next door to hit the nail the nearest on the head.

"Oh, momma! What do you think?" asked Miss Holton, of Number 33, hurrying into the kitchen as breathless as any dispatch rider who ever rode on motorcycle or aëroplane. "That awful Namaline has just gone in next door, dressed up like a circus. I'll bet that Mrs. Warner's sister—that young red-headed one—is coming to-day." And in a tone which a novelist would describe as being of "an infinite longing" she added these strange, these cryptic words: "Oh, momma! Wouldn't it be great if she got here just in time to fall down dead with her sister!"

II

WARFARE in all its forms is a curious thing, but in nothing perhaps is it more strange than in the manner in which it seems to transform the parties engaged. If a man from Mars, for instance, were to visit this earth for an hour, and spent his sixty minutes on a battlefield in France he would return to his grand canals with the conviction that we are essentially a bloodthirsty race, whose guiding characteristics are battle, murder and sudden death. And yet, if he only knew, this young soldier with his diabolical snarl and busy bayonet would a great deal rather be using a spoon in Peterson's Ice Cream Parlor with the only girl in all the world twittering her eyelashes at him just across the table. And this middle-aged artillery man with the grizzled temples, who is raining death and destruction nearly ten miles away, dreams every night of the day when he can go back home to his cottage and garden, and sit beneath the grape arbor at the back door on a Sunday morning, and talk to the dog, and shell the peas for dinner. So, too, with the Neighborly Rivalry, which forms the subject of my story.

If the ladies of Pleasant Avenue lived and died for nothing else than to try to outdo their neighbors I should leave them to the alienists and the Ibsen school of dramatists. But in reality they were at heart good friends and good neighbors, good wives and good mothers, who had by imperceptible degrees been pushed into a contest that was not of their own seeking, but that had been started and kept alive by such hoary old battle cries as "Always keep your end up"; "If they can afford it, so can we"; and "You can't take it with you when you die."

These two blue spruces on the Warners' front lawn, for instance—they hadn't been planted a week when the Holtons put in a rose hedge and a purple-leafed maple. This started Number 30 into action. They had their porch screened in and a swinging seat set out on the lawn by the side of the house. For the next month Pleasant Avenue suffered with a contagion of swinging seats—a sort of green-slatted measles breaking out on nearly every lawn.

Number 42 escaped the infection, perhaps because they had no children, but they had hardwood floors laid in the two front bedrooms and sat back easily on their honors. Whereupon Number 44 had their house painted, and Number 51 had their front lawn regraded and concrete steps built up from the sidewalk.

Mrs. Landry, of Number 66, was the next to enter the assault. She disappeared one day and the following morning this item appeared in the Bulletin under the heading "Society Briefs":

Mrs. Landry, of Pleasant Avenue, is spending the week enjoying the breezes at Atlantic City. She will visit friends in New York on her way home.

For a time, then, the battle shifted to the columns of the Bulletin, the following communiqués appearing in rapid succession:

Mrs. Andrew J. Keach, of Pleasant Avenue, is visiting friends in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Schwartz and little son Henry, of Pleasant Avenue, expect to leave shortly for the White Mountains. They will be gone about two weeks.

Mrs. J. W. Riley is in Springfield, where she will attend the State Convention of Women's Clubs.

Miss Louise Holton, of Pleasant Avenue, has returned home from her visit to Washington.

It was this last item that put the bee into young Mrs. Warner—into whose house you have just seen Namaline disappear; and after thinking over the various ways in which she could get her name in Society Briefs, and thus be as good as any of them, she finally invited her sister to come and stay a few weeks.

"She'll have a chance, too, to meet some nice young men," said Mrs. Warner to Ben, her husband; "and the day she comes, that will be one item for Society Briefs. Then I'll give a reception; that'll be two. And if she should hit it off with some nice young man—somebody, Ben, who's got something, you know—well, we might even have an October wedding and put it all over the girl next door. Wouldn't it be great!"

Ben didn't say much—I will tell you later about Ben and his habit of silence—but just before he went to bed that night he wound his watch as though he were winding up his courage, and then he bent over to unlace his shoes.

"Do you think we can afford it, Maude?" he asked from the seclusion thus obtained.

"Of course we can afford it!" she cried, guessing what he meant in a moment. "If the neighbors can go away and have company come I'd like to know why we can't too! The idea! I'd like to see myself when I couldn't keep my end up with the people I live among! Why, Ben, if they thought we were the least bit under they'd walk right over us; you know right well they would! And anyhow," she continued, "I think they ought to pay you more down at the office."

Ben sweated a little at this, and frowned at himself for having started a topic in which he might have known that he would get the worst of it before he ever opened his mouth.

"I've thought so for a long time," continued Maude with spirit. "Didn't you say yourself the other day that you had men working for you who were getting fifty dollars a week?"

"They're mechanics—on piecework," said Ben, straightening up at last and blowing the air out of his cheeks. "They're not paying anybody in the office like that."

"Well, they ought to!" cried Maude. "That's all I say!"

Ben didn't say anything—his habit of silence falling on him again; but uneasily he became conscious of the wedge that lately had been driving deeper and deeper between himself and this brisk little woman who was waiting for him to lock the back door before she turned out the light.

"Thirty dollars a week—yes," he thought, driving the wedge deeper. "And the old gentleman never made more than twelve a week, and mother brought up her family and saved money out of that."

The light snapped out, and as he followed Maude up the dark stairs she lifted the sledge hammer of thought herself and took a good hard crack at the wedge aforesaid.

"Oh, if I only had a husband like some women!" she thought. "Wouldn't I make this town sit up and take notice!"

"Coal bill, eighty-five dollars," thought Ben, unconsciously taking the sledge over; "Calkins & Mitchell,

"That's What They've Been Feeling Round in the Barn for Lately," She Mourned; "and All the Time I Thought They Were Going to Keep Chickens"

seventy-six. Wiring the house for electricity, thirty-seven ——"

"I'll fix the front room more private," thought Maude; "so if Mary does get a beau —— I ought to have someone to help me with the rugs, though."

"Deeper in the hole every year," sighed Ben as he hung his coat over the back of a chair.

"I know," thought Maude, her hands busy at the back of her waist; "I'll get Namaline!"

And so it happened, on the morning when my story opens, Mrs. Warner sat near her kitchen window finishing her breakfast and watching for her dusky handmaid. She was a brisk little woman, was Ben's wife. Though she was nearly thirty years old she had the pert nose and the quick manner of a girl; and when I add that in certain lights her hair had a glint of red in it you will follow me better perhaps when I say that her spark of life was a bright affair and she didn't take any small change from neighbors while holding her end up on Pleasant Avenue.

"Here at last," she sighed with relief as the Senegambian Venus slowly surged up the path on the crest of her foam-flecked wave. "And now, first of all, I'll get her to whip the rugs and then we'll hang the new curtains."

Now as they worked together—the mistress and the maid—they also talked together; for in some subtle manner, which I can never hope to define, Namaline always gave her visit the air of a social call.

"Ah was helping Mis' Prudden aht yesterday," she began. "She'd been after me so often that Ah began to feel real ashamed ——"

"Ye-es?"

"Yas, Mis' Warner. They have a new dinner service—real genu-wine china that cost nearly th'ee hund'ed dollars!"

Whereupon Namaline rolled her eyes, and whether or not she enjoyed the slight frown of concentration that clouded Maude's expressive countenance for a moment she almost smacked her lips as she brought out her next item.

"They say the Wilkinsons are going to the Whaht Mountains next week."

"Won't that be nice!" said Maude, smiling very well indeed.

"Oh, yas'm," said the other in a flat, mournful voice. "It's all raht, Ah s'pose, if yo' can afford it. But as Ah was saying to a friend of mine last night, 'Eve,' Ah said, 'a poor person's got no raht to live on top of the earth any longer.'"

Maude couldn't help wondering whether this was a sly shot meant for the Warners.

"Mr. Warner and I were going away next week ourselves," she said with dignity, "but my sister is coming to visit us; so of course we have to stay at home and entertain her."

Again the pleasing fancy entered Maude's active mind. If Mary could only get ahead of the girl next door wouldn't it even up a long line of old scores?

"Putting in their rose hedge just because we planted our blue spruces. And painting their barn just because I enameled those wicker chairs. And playing Narcissus every time I start the Black Hawk Waltz. And always so pleasant to Ben and yet so snippy to me!"

Her imagination working freely she already saw the preparations for Mary's wedding.

"And of course I'd invite them," she dreamed, "that Great Shanghai, and her mother, and her fat-faced father too. And when they saw Mary walking up the aisle with the bridegroom by her side—well, anyhow it would be a lesson to them, and I'll bet they'd never bother me any more."

Thus Maude dreamed and talked to herself—those vague dreams and conversations that sometimes seem to be part of life. For though the thoughts of some of us may be as precise as a page of Petrarch, and our conversations as formal as a Latin inscription by old Doctor Johnson—at least we all know how Petrarch mooned over Laura, and how Johnson liked to drink his tea, and chat his chats and dream the years away.

Namaline had been working in silence for a time, but she didn't like this, for even as the chorus seldom dances much while it sings so Namaline never worked much when she talked. "How d'yo' like my new sweater, Mis' Warner?" she asked.

"I think it's very striking," said Maude.

"Well, now, Ah'll tell yo' how Ah come to get it," said Namaline, preening herself with satisfaction. "The lady who lives next do' to me, she bought herself a crushed raspberry sweater. Paid seven-fifty for it. Oh, lawsy, the airs that woman gives herself just because she does the washing for some of the best families on the Plains! So Ah didn't say anything, but last Monday Ah took mah twelve dollars and fifty cents and bought that sweater you saw me come in and—lawsy sakes alive!—the woman next door, she nearly died! Her eyes came right out, inch by inch, till they looked like two clothespins, and Lawdy Nevven only knows what she's gwineter do when she sees the gold monogram on mah new bag!"

Now perhaps you'll think this a trivial thing to report, but just for a second, just for one dim flash, Maude caught a glimpse of Neighborly Rivalry in a new light—a light that wasn't exactly complimentary to the persons concerned—a light that was to appear before her later, as you are soon to see. One dim flash for the present, however, and it was gone; and half an hour later when Maude's sister Mary came rolling up to the door in Gene Haskell's livery car you might have thought that the moment of revelation had gone beyond recall.

"There!" thought Maude, silently apostrophizing the folks next door. "What do you think of that?"

But the folks next door remained strangely silent. "I'll bet they've got their eyes glued to a window somewhere," gloated Maude; and after Mary had changed her dress and the two sisters had gone out on the veranda to wait for Ben, Maude's every action and every laugh was partly for Mary's benefit and partly for the eyes and ears of the folks next door.

She was a bright, fresh-colored girl, was Mary, as short as Maude, and having the same eager spark of life; and it didn't take her long to learn of the rivalries of Pleasant Avenue.

"But the folks next door—oh, oh!" concluded Maude. "What I've had to stand from those people, and the way I've had to put them in their place! They wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't for that overgrown daughter of theirs—a great, tall Shanghai who must be older than I am. Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Maude aloud.

But still the folks next door remained strangely silent.

"She generally comes out and fools round the lawn, all dressed up, when I have company," whispered Maude. "I'd love to have you see her. Ha, ha, ha!" she laughed aloud again.

But still the folks next door preserved that silence which is generally associated with oysters and clams.

"I'm going to have this veranda screened in as soon as we can afford it," whispered Maude. "Gloucester hammock, nice cretonne lamp and wicker furniture. Then when we have friends call in the evening we can sit out here and talk and play cards and nearly send them crazy."

Her diction was slightly confused, but I think you will know what she meant, and she was just on the point of laughing again when her attention was attracted by the sight of a brand-new car slowly approaching down the street.

"Who is it?" asked Mary with interest. "Somebody calling here?"

"No," said Maude, a dreadful fear at her heart, "it it's our next-door neighbor."

"The Folks Next Door Have Got a Brand-New Car—a Big One. They Went Out for a Ride Just Before You Came Home"

The new car stopped in front of Number 33 and one of the neighbors who was passing by paused to admire it.

"You've certainly picked a good one," was his verdict.

"Well, Jim, I always try to," said the proud possessor at the wheel.

Poor Maude.

"It's theirs, all right," she thought; and her heart went heavy as she realized that there was no earthly chance of their being able to counter-attack against this new, this utterly unexpected thrust for Neighborly Supremacy. "That's what they've been fooling round in the barn for lately," she mourned; "and all the time I thought they were going to keep chickens. Chickens! And now look there!"

From the house next door a comfortable-looking matron appeared, followed by a tall girl in amber-colored goggles. This last, as you have doubtless guessed, was the Great Shanghai fulfilling her previously expressed ambition of "making them both fall dead." She climbed into the waiting car by the side of her mother, and just before the father threw in the clutch she leaned over and whispered something into his ear. Father smiled back and blew the horn.

"Ha, ha, ha!" crowed the Great Shanghai—every note a knife in poor Maude's heart. "Ha, ha, ha!" crowed she.

III

WHEN Ben came home he couldn't make it out at all. He had expected to find a scene of jollity and that atmosphere of suppressed excitement which generally prevails when company comes. Instead, he found Maude talking in hollow tones, and when she smiled she reminded him of the lady in the song who "would break her heart to-morrow, but would be all smiles to-night."

They didn't tell him at first, though.

"Time enough for that," Maude had said to Mary. "We'll let him have his supper, anyway."

(Continued on Page 37)

A. W. O. L.

By GEORGE PATTULLO

DECORATION BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

MISS MACK, of the Salvation Army, was dozing in the kitchen of the canteen. The artillery was sullenly muttering somewhere; but that surf-like sound had grown to be almost a lullaby to her.

It was very early in the morning, about the hour that city folks take a peep at the clock, turn over in bed and snuggle down for another forty winks; and Miss Mack had been up until two A. M. frying eggs for soldiers just in from the front line. She was still frying eggs, in her sleep. Her two helpers had not yet appeared for the day's work; neither had the old Frenchwoman who washed the dishes. She had gone on strike, two days before, for the ninth time, and had not yet recovered from her grouch.

The canteen was deserted, except for a doughboy at a table, who was snoring, with his head on his arms. His uniform was smeared with clay and he was very dirty; but then he had just come out. The roof of the canteen consisted of a sheet of canvas stretched from one wall to another, and there was a hole in the center to give light and ventilation. Through this hole the sun's rays penetrated in a broad shaft; they played upon the sleeping soldier like a spotlight.

All the rest of the canteen was in gloom. It was located in an ancient ruined house whose roof had fallen in; the foreground held tables for the men's use and the back portion was the kitchen, fenced off by a counter at which they received their food and hot coffee and chocolate.

The door opened and a couple of soldiers breezed in.

"Shut the door!" one of them cautioned in a hoarse voice. "Where was you raised, anyhow?"

Miss Mack heard them, got up wearily, and was ready at the counter when the pair bellied up there. The foremost placed a bag on the board and said:

"Cook 'em up!"

"How many are there?"

"Three dozen."

"Do you want them all?"

"Sure, we want them all, ma'am! Me and Wally ain't had nothing to eat for thirty-six hours."

The Only Way to Cook Eggs

MISS MACK had frequently seen one of her customers put a dozen eggs under his belt at a sitting; so she was not surprised. Neither was it any novelty for her to hear that they had been thirty-six hours without food. When the average soldier misses his dinner he will swear by all that's holy that he hasn't touched a morsel in a couple of days.

"How do you want them done?" she inquired from the kitchen.

"There's only one way to cook aigge—just fry 'em, straight up."

"And tootasweet, please, ma'am," put in Wally. "Tootasweet," he explained kindly, "means to get a hustle on."

"Sometimes it means right now," added his comrade. "And then again it may mean next week."

Miss Mack laughed.

"You're getting on with your French, I see."

"*Oo, là là*—yes," answered Wally. "*Oo, là là* means Oh, my Gawd! in our language. Don't it, Hardtack?"

But Hardtack's sense of chivalry was hurt.

"You'd ought to say 'Goodness gracious!' to a lady," he said reprovingly.

By this time the eggs were in the pan.

"You boys'll have to wash your own dishes. I have nobody here to help me this morning."

"Sure!" agreed Hardtack. "Wally's awful handy round the house. He'll make somebody a fine wife one of these days—hey, Old-timer?"

Having finished eighteen eggs each and lamented that there were no more, the worthy pair entered the kitchen and proceeded to wash the dishes.

"All them to do yet?" inquired Wally, indicating a pile in a pan.

"I'm afraid so; they were left over from last night."

"O. K. Give 'em to us. I swear, though, Hardtack, it does look like you could do half."

"It ain't a man's job," replied Hardtack with conviction; and that started a wrangle.

Miss Mack listened delightedly; the rougher they were the better she liked them. Hardtack had a red neck and warts on his hands, and the personality of a good-natured cyclone. He invariably conversed in a bellow; and when he sank his voice to a whisper you could hear him a hundred yards. Wally was much smaller, of a compact athletic build. And there was a curious difference between the speech of the two—the difference between the mountains of Tennessee and a rural town of Ohio. Both were weather-beaten, unshaved, and covered with mud; they had come back, just before daylight, from the Front.

"It sure does a man good to talk to an honest-to-Gawd woman," Hardtack announced.

Miss Mack had heard that sort of thing before. "Where're you boys going?" she asked.

"Out for a rest. Our bunch has been relieved."

"Well, take care of yourselves; and come in often. We've got places for you to write, and I can always give you something to eat, and coffee."

"Much obliged, ma'am," they said. "The aigge was fine. Well, so long!"

Outside they stopped to light cigarettes; and Wally inquired:

"How many francs you got?"

"How many you got?"—suspiciously.

"Come on! Come across! You know I ain't got any."

"All right! Here it is. But do you know where we can git any though?" Hardtack asked, a bit anxiously, as they walked along the village street.

"Sure—if I can only find it. A guy told me about a place yesterday."

They found it.

"Cog-nac," said Wally, who always acted as interpreter. The woman shook her head. "Cog-nac," he continued in a louder voice, thinking she did not understand.

Again she shook her head, shrugging her shoulders. He repeated the word at the top of his lungs. The woman broke into a voluble harangue.

"What's she tryin' to say now, Wally?"

Wally knew no more than Hardtack did, but he answered readily:

"She says she ain't got any. She says she's only got white wine."

Hardtack nodded gloomily.

"Sure! We might of knowed it. That's the way in this man's army! You cain't even git a li'l' snort if you're in uniform, unless they know you."

It ended in their buying a bottle of wine; and they proceeded on their way. Some of our batteries, not far off, presently broke into the morning anthem. A few minutes and the boches replied. There were several splitting explosions round an orchard beyond the village; but they paid no attention.

A short distance from brigade headquarters they encountered some boys from their own regiment and stopped to pass the time of day.

"Say," said one, "there's some artillery guys in town and they just been paid."

"Where are they at?" demanded Hardtack.

The Language of the Bones

THE soldier told them and the hopeful twain set out in that direction. The artillery guys were prowling aimlessly about until the stuff for which they had come should be ready to load.

"What you aiming to do?" inquired Hardtack amiably.

"Nothin'! What is there to do in this dump? Nothin'! That's what we're going to do."

"Well, we'll help you," was the reply; and the bunch adjourned to a yard.

There, on the ground, they started to shoot craps, with chickens scratching near by, and an old woman sunning herself in the doorway of the house. More than the chickens were scratching before long—to wit, the artillery guys.

Hardtack had divided with Wally the eighteen francs remaining after the purchase of the wine, and with this slim capital they soon had a stack of crumpled five and ten and twenty franc notes. As for the bottle, it was snugly tucked into Hardtack's overcoat; he had no intention of wasting any of it on the artillery.

Did you ever see a soldier roll dice? He makes the average business man with an income of eight or ten thousand a year look like a piker. The fun may start at a franc a throw. But just let him get warmed up! Let him get warmed up and he thinks in continents. His pay is thirty-three dollars a month, and he doesn't get much of that, what with allotment and insurance; but with the dice "breaking good" he'll shoot a hundred francs a throw without the flicker of an eyelash.

"You could get torpedoed in the Atlantic Ocean and come up with a pearl necklace," snarled one of the losers to Hardtack.

"You don't know their language," said Hardtack cheerfully, blowing on the cubes. "Who wants any of this fifty francs? Coming out!"

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GETTING EVEN

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES C. McKELL

WHEN the old bullwhacker drew bridle at the box-elder stage station, having ridden six miles from his river claim merely to refresh himself with the rare music of human speech, he emitted his customary bloodcurdling howl to call the stock tender's attention to his arrival. The stock tender, however, instead of cheerfully responding with his own interpretation of the wild Sioux war cry, as he usually did, made a sudden appearance at the harness-room door and flung a currycomb at his visitor's head, at the same time sh-sh-sh-sh-ing like an overcharged locomotive relieving itself of a dangerous pressure of steam.

"Is the baby asleep?" queried the old man in a hoarse whisper as he stiffly dismounted.

The stock tender's frown gave place to a wide grin.

"You've called the turn," he replied in the same hushed tone.

"Give the old plug a forkful of hay and then come in and take a tiny peek at the little darling. He looks too cute for anything! Step light, now!"

He presently led the way back to the harness room, which was also his sleeping apartment. Tip Yoakum, a gangling, red-bearded granger from Hat Creek, was sitting in a back-tilted chair close to the bunk, and he raised a warning finger as the two entered. Simultaneously a gentle snore proceeded from the bunk and the old bullwhacker, advancing a cautious step or two, saw a young man lying extended on the stock tender's blankets and sunk in profound slumber.

The very peculiar thing about the young man was his face, which was dotted and streaked in a strikingly original pattern with red ocher and black harness dressing. Alternate bars of black and red ran horizontally across the sleeper's forehead; his nose was of a vivid red, with jet black at the tip, suggesting the claw of a lobster; crescents and crosses filled the cheek space and joined two circles with central dots on the rounded chin. After a few moments' silent inspection the old bullwhacker raised his beetling eyebrows inquiringly. The stock tender answered with the complacent smile of the true artist who knows his work is good.

"The angels are whispering to him," he murmured as a slight spasm contorted the slumberer's ochered mouth. "Let's go, boys; I don't want to have to walk the floor with him."

When they were comfortably seated in the shade of the old cottonwood outside the station the old bullwhacker asked who the wearied pilgrim on the bunk might be.

"Dickie Pollett, one of the Z Bell boys," replied the stock tender. "They had poor Dickie on night herd all through the storm last night, and the bunch broke away eighteen times with a conservative average of five miles a break before they could be headed off. On top of that, Bill Timmy hazes the long-suffering son-of-a-gun down here to meet Owens, on the stage, with a spare horse to carry him to camp. Well, the stage being probably the other side of Pass Creek and the road being so they've most likely got hell as well as high water to wrastle with, Dickie allowed he'd have a few hours to pound his ear, which he has been doing since I fed him. He's a sound sleeper, Dickie is." The stock tender chuckled. "He'll wake up when the stage gets in, though. They'll be some strangers on the stage, as like as not, who won't know no better than to make rude personal remarks about the looks of folks. I sort of expect a little break in the monotony of our dull lives when that stage pulls in and Dickie comes out. Yes, sir, gentlemen, I wouldn't be surprised at most anything in the line of excitement. I judge Dickie to be sensitive and maybe a little apt to take offense."

"I reckon you're right," said the old bullwhacker, "if he's the Dick Pollett that mangled Tribulation Simmons up a mess last fall; and I guess he must be. And they did say that Simmons was a hard man to handle. I disremember whether he got well or not. Did you hear, Tip?"

The Hat Creek granger shook his head.

"I didn't hear," he said gravely.

"And didn't he about half kill Crookneck Nillson on Coffee Flat last calf round-up? Seems to me that boy's name was Pollett. Why, yes. And if they hadn't pulled him off —— Sure! I've got him placed now. Nillson played some little harmless joke on him, and Simmons just made a kind of innocent remark. Oh, he's bad medicine! Sort of reminds me of Billy the Kid. I didn't reco'nize him as he was asleep there, account of Hank's art decoration; but I got him placed. I remember seeing him when he was on trial for manslaughter at Cheyenne. I wouldn't be surprised at 'most anything myself. Know him well, Hank?"

"You make me tired!" said the stock tender.

"What seems to me sort of onusual is Dick's size," observed the old bullwhacker. "'Most all the cut-ups and humorous jokers I've ever met up with has been husky, two-fisted devils, about a foot taller than the run, with a ringing laugh like a burro at sunrise and a bold, reckless spirit bordering on rashness—like Pete Wallaby. Sometimes they'd live to get over it naturally, as sense come with the passing years, and sometimes they was cut off in the flower of their youths by neck yokes or three-legged stools or shotguns, or the like—whatever come handiest to the man that couldn't take a joke.

"One of the comicalest boys I ever knew, except Pete Wallaby, was cut off by a circus elephant that he had been feeding peanuts to. A few of the peanuts was loaded with red pepper. If he had played that same joke on a small-sized monkey that boy might have been alive to-day, filling the world with sunshine and horselaughs and mortal enemies; but no, he had to pick on an elephant of Scotch descent that was a considerable bigger than he was himself. Still, you can't 'most always sometimes tell. Jessie Tarrant wasn't no Siberian mammoth in point of size."

The stock tender said he wasn't acquainted with the lady, and what about her, anyway?

"She didn't have no sense of humor," replied the old bullwhacker. "You might have thought she had, to look at her, because she had a pair of these yer kind of bright black eyes that always seems to be twinkling when they ain't snapping; and she smiled easy and often, and laughed like she enjoyed it. But she was mighty deceiving, just the same. Pete found that out. First off, he thought his frolicsome ways was what had made a hit with her; and I reckon they did, only they didn't hit her in the right place."

Here the stock tender interrupted again to request an introduction to Pete. It might be that they had never met and never would, but it was handy to have particulars to check up by if necessary.

"Pete Wallaby was the champeen bronco-buster of the Flying V when Shorty Williams run the outfit," the old bullwhacker particularized. "He was then twenty-two years of age, dark complected, good-looking, six foot one and three-quarter inches in his stocking feet, and weighed a hundred and eighty-seven pounds in the working season, when all his fat was in his head. He was as quick as a cat, and a fancy shot with a six-gun; so that 'most everybody took his jokes good-natured and nothing serious ever happened to him until he run acrost Jessie Tarrant at the Blueblanket dance that they had to celebrate the new city hall before they put the partitions in.

"You might say Pete was popular and well thought of. It just depends on whether you was raised to be truthful or not. The Flying V cook, Bert Askins, hadn't much use for him, account of his putting the salt in the sugar can and vice versa, and changing the soda and baking powder round, substituting coal oil for lemon extract. One time he got into the kitchen just before Bert spread himself to show a party of visiting Eastern stockholders what a real range cook, with red-flannel underwear, could do.

"Red Richardson wasn't never real friendly with Pete after Pete pulled the chair away from him just as he was going to sit down, but he hadn't ought to have took no chair for granted when Pete was round. Milton Brett—him that got sent over the road for rustling beef last July—Milt did paste Pete on the jaw one time after his pipe blew up and singed off his mustache and eyebrows; but Pete didn't stop laughing even—just picked Milt up and spanked him. Milt went for his gun after that; but, somehow or other, he had mislaid it and he wouldn't use none that the boys willingly offered him. He said he was wonted to his own and knew he could rely on it, but he wasn't taking no chances of botching up no assassination with an unfamiliar weapon. That was the sort of luck Pete had until he met up with Jessie Tarrant.

"That Blueblanket dance was more than common doings. It was the first city hall Blueblanket had ever had in the six months that it had been a city, and the whole teeming hundred and twenty-eight of its population was busting with pride and bound to make the celebration a success. The Board of Trade chartered a private buckboard and drove round to deliver the invites personally, and the Flying V was one of the first places they stopped. At the head of Calico Cañon they made a longer stop at Tarrant's, and Miss Jessie said she'd sure attend if she could only get a gentleman to take her. Tarrant allowed that, the way gentlemen had been beating trails to his humble home from forty mile round and wearing out rocking-chair seats and welcomes and things on no particular business, the chances was she could rope in one, or even more if more was needed; and he wasn't crowding the truth when he said it.

"There was three gentlemen at the Flying V Ranch that put in applications to take Miss Jessie to that dance, and two of the horses out of the three that they rode over to apply was never the same animals after that. The gentleman that got there first was Frank Ellis, and Frank was a boy who would always look ahead a little if there was any chance of saving trouble; so when he found he was the prize winner he went right to Pete and took him off a piece outside the bunk house.

"'Was you aiming to go to the dance, Pete?' he asks.

"'Sure!' says Pete, prompt and cheerful. 'Them's my intentions. Blueblanket has always treated me right and I wouldn't want to disappoint the folks and spoil the whole shindig by not going. Why, certainly! I'll be on hand, like a sore thumb. We've got to make that dance a big success.'

"'That's my idea,' says Frank. 'What will you take to stay away?'

"'Spread your idea a little so's I can study it easy,' says Pete.

"'Here it is,' says Frank: 'We want to make that dance a success as a dance. We don't want no side-splitting extrys in the way of entertainment like you've furnished in times past and gone of yore. Plain dancing is good enough for us and the ladies what we expect to take along. We ain't anxious to have anything happen to the lights, and if the piano ain't just what it ought to be we don't care to have it operated on with wire cutters. I thought I'd laugh myself sick when you greased Mat Bingham's fiddlestick at Perry Winter's hoedown that night; but I happen to know that there was others besides Mat who couldn't quite see where the laugh come in.

"'It takes all kinds of cur'ous people to

"About a Mile From Tarrant's He Stopped and Took His Gun From the Scabbard and Looked It Over"

make a world, and the bulk of 'em—women folks especially—want to dance to sweet melodious sounds when they've got all fixed up and their bangs curled for it. You sabe that, don't you, Pete? They figure they can snicker all they want in their old clothes 'most any place and any time, and put baby frogs down their own necks, where they can get 'em out again without embarrassing themselves in public. I know your intentions is good and only to promote mirth and merriment, but there ain't no denying that you run it plumb into the ground at times; so I allowed it might be as well for you to stay right here and play a few games of solitaire, or braid a quirt or something, instead of going to Blueblanket and raising hilarious hell where it ain't called for. I'd be willing to trade you the little roan if you could see it that way, and take it as a favor. I'd sure take it as a favor, Pete.'

"Pete laughed and slapped his leg.

"'That frog sure was a joke on Birdie, wasn't it?' he says. 'She like to throwed a fit. Haw, haw, haw!' Then he looked hard at Frank. 'What makes you so dad-blamed anxious about this?' he asks.

"'I'm a-going to take Miss Jessie Tarrant to that dance,' says Frank; 'and when I take a lady any place I want things to go smooth.'

"'I've heard about her a heap,' says Pete. 'I'd like right well to see her. If she's going I guess I'll have to go, just out of curiosity. Can I go if I promise not to take along no frogs, Frank?'

"'I guess you'll go, anyway, dog-gone you!' says Frank, sort of disgusted.

"'And if I don't monkey with the lights or the music?'

"'It ain't no use trying to reason with you; I can see that,' says Frank. 'But if you break up that dance in any way, shape or manner I'll sure play even with you sooner or later, and most likely so soon it will make your head swim. If there's any parlor-match heads throwed on to the floor ——'

"Pete slapped his leg again and laughed until he had to hang on to Frank's neck to hold himself up.

"'There won't be no-ho-ho-ho-no match heads,' he gurgles. 'Not a wa-ha-ha-ha-hun! No, sir; I wouldn't throw-ho-ho-ho match heads.'

"Frank shook him off and left him weaving round and wiping his eyes with the corner of his neckerchief; and a couple of nights later the boys saddled up and rode over to the dance.

"I won't say no more about that dance further than that it was the toniest function there had been in the Territory up to date. It was a dance with dog; a dance dee-lucks; a dance that laid over anything I ever seen before or since. Every foot-loose cow-puncher, and every giddy granger from eighteen to sixty-eight between White River and Hay Creek, was there, seemed like to me. There was miners from Terry and Ruby Basin; there was bull-whackers from Custer; there was old sourdoughs from the Rapid Valley and tinhorns from Crook, and girls, and ladies who had got a little a-past it, from everywheres. You could smell hair oil and bay rum and white-rose perfume as far as you could see the blaze of lights and hear Lafe Holman calling quadrilles; and I never knew there was so much ribbon and so many colors of it in the wide, wide world.

"The chivalry of Blueblanket had been shaving candles on the floor and shuffling it in since early morning, and it looked like no living thing could stand upright on it without calks on their shoes. There was a first and a second fiddle, a horn and a parlor organ, and somebody said something about a large reperto're; but I guess the fellow that played that must have bogged down somewhere. Anyway, there was music enough to go round without him.

"It looked like Pete Wallaby was a-going to behave himself. 'Most generally the boys had trouble starting for a dance, owing to razors' getting misplaced and flour put in their hats, and the linings of their coat sleeves sewed up, and such; but this time the whole outfit got off without a hitch or a word spoke out of the way. Frank Ellis started about half a day earlier than the rest to make sure of getting to Calico Cañon on time, and Pete helped him wash the buggy and slick up the team that Shorty Williams had let him take.

"'All I ask is a knockdown to this Miss Jessie Tarrant,' says Pete. 'I've heared tell a heap about that lady, and from what I hear I've got an idea that her and me is a-going to cotton to each other a heap considerable. You tell her I said so. Make her feel good. You'll want something pleasant and interesting to talk about; so you just tell her about me and say that, as far as I know, her chances is good.'

"'The kindest thing will be not to say nothing about you,' says Frank. 'I'm one of the sort that if I can't say nothing good about a man I keep my mouth shut.'

"Pete laughed. He was mighty good-natured, Pete was; that was one thing about him. Always meant well. Liked his little joke; but, only for being a pest and a nuisance, there wasn't no real harm in him. I don't know whether he meant anything more than to plague Frank about Jessie Tarrant, because he had never paid much attention to the girls—only to torment them. He took in the dances once in a while, but he wasn't crazy about it, and he was as apt to go in his chaps and no more fixing up than washing his face and giving his hair a lick of the comb as any other way. This time, though, he was as slick and shining and sweet-smelling as e'er a one in the crowd, and his good clothes didn't disfigure him anything like what you'd naturally expect.

"Even good clothes can't hide a straight back and square shoulders, and a set of white teeth that not even

"The Swede Just That Horn Whissing a-Past Pete's Head Like It Had Been Shot Out of a Cannon"

lifting nail kegs and tables up by them had pulled out of line. Jessie Tarrant took notice of them teeth of Pete's right after she had posted herself on his eyes, and she showed him a set that was just as white and even, only smaller and with more attractive surroundings.

"'I've heared a heap about you, Mr. Wallaby,' she says, and then laughed one of them easy laughs of hers.

"'I'll break Frank Ellis' fool neck for him,' says Pete.

"'It wasn't Frank Ellis told me about you; it was a young lady,' says Jessie. 'She thinks a whole lot of you.'

"'That's good,' says Pete.

"'I didn't say it was,' says Jessie. 'I wouldn't call it that, exactly.'

"'Who was it, anyway?' Pete asks her.

"'It was Birdie McPheeters,' Jessie told him. 'Would you like to know what she thinks of you? I guess she told you though. She says she did.'

"'She sure did!' says Pete, braying a few notes. 'She certainly told me a-plenty. I reckon she didn't hold nothing out on me. Ho-ho-ho! Ho-ho-ho-ho!'

"'You ought to go outside to do that,' says Jessie, sort of reproachful. 'No; don't,' she says. 'You might scare some of the teams.'

"'I wasn't going to,' says Pete—'not so long as you are in here. May I have the honor of having the pleasure of the next dance with you, if you please, ma'am?'

"'I'm sorry to have to regret to say that you can't,' she says; 'but if you're not engaged by being tied up and bespoke for the varsovienne, and you are wishfully desirous of wanting to dance that with me, I'll try to remember not to forget you if you come round and remind me.'

"'I'm thankfully grateful for the opportunity of the chance; and I'm much obliged to you, to boot,' says Pete.

"And when the varsovienne was called they took the floor; and I want to tell you that it was a pretty sight. Pete could ride a horse and he could dance. When you saw him do either one of them two things you'd say he never done nothing else in his worthless life; Jessie was as light as thistledown and yet her little feet would hit the floor as sharp and true as you could draw a stick along a picket fence; and, right foot and left foot and swing and turn, the two moved like they was parts of the same machinery and didn't have to think about it no more than machinery would. Not having to think, they naturally talked.

"'How do you ever study out all them comical things you do?' says Jessie, looking up at him, admiring. 'Like frogs down girls' backs, and such?'

"'Oh, I don't know,' says Pete. 'It's a gift, I reckon. I don't have to study on 'em; they just come to me.'

"'Ain't there no way of heading them off?' says Jessie.

"'I never studied on that,' says Pete. 'You don't think I've got frogs in my pocket now, do you? If I had you wouldn't need to be a-skeered. I might clip off one of them cunning little curls when you wasn't looking, but that's as far as I'd go with you.'

"'If you went that far you'd sure wish that you hadn't never started!' says Jessie.

"'I ain't got no shears with me,' says Pete.

"'All you've got with you is your nerve,' says Jessie. 'Ain't that horn heavenly? I think the gentleman that's playing it is real good-looking too. Don't you? I love blue eyes, and his is the bluest I ever seen. I think it's a shame to keep him up there playing all evening.'

"'It is a kind of a shame,' Pete agrees. 'Somebody ought to yank him down by the leg.'

"'Frank Ellis has got blue eyes too,' she says.

"'He might get 'em blacked sometime,' says Pete. 'Frank talks real sassy once in a while. He's all right though; and if he keeps away from my girl him and me will be good friends. I'm going to mention it to him.'

"'Maybe I can help you to keep him away from her,' says Jessie.

"'I wouldn't be surprised if you could,' says Pete, grinning. 'That horn is sure h-h-heavenly, like you said.'

"The horn and the rest of the music stopped just then and Pete had to take his lady to her seat. Then he strolled round to the platform where the music was and took a good look at the fellow that played the horn.

"He was a young Swede, name of Erickson, that played one winter in the Gem Orchestra at Deadwood—a long-legged, bushy-headed boy, almost an inch taller than Pete was himself, with a little brimstone-colored mustache. He seen Pete was looking at him and he looked back, straight and sober. "'What kind of wind gets the best results from that contraption of yours, pardner?' Pete asks. 'East wind or Chinook, or what? Excuse me for asking.'

"'You haf a-planty gude excoose,' says Erickson. 'Ay can tall right away that your mindt is weak.'

"Before Pete could come back at him Lafe Holman yelled 'Pardners for a quadrille!' and the music started up again. Pete danced that with Vannie Streeter and then hustled round to ask Jessie for the next waltz; but all she gave him was a kind word and a sweet smile, and when Frank Ellis come up she took Frank's arm and walked away with him.

"'Well, I reckon I might as well attend to your little matter right now, Mr. Ellis,' says Pete, looking after them; and with that he slipped out of the hall and was gone for about fifteen or twenty minutes.

"When he come back he was grinning all over his face; but the grin faded out when he seen Jessie and Birdie McPheeters standing with their arms round each other's waists and a-talking to the Swede horn virtuoso. Erickson seemed to be enjoying the conversation, too.

"'Hm-m-m!' says Pete. 'I come mighty near forgetting about you. Telling you how heavenly you play, ain't they?'

"He turned and went out of the hall again and this time he wasn't gone so long. They had just started another waltz and Erickson was doing the most part himself, the two fiddles just chipping in in spots; and I want to tell you that that fellow was blowing the most soulful and melting and dreamy of anything you ever heard, for a horn. You could hear folks all over the room remarking how sweet and lovely it was, and the boys and girls was just a-rolling up their eyes as they danced. He was sure reeling it off in great shape.

"Pete tiptoed along by the wall until he got to where there was some seats close up to the platform where Erickson was performing, and when he seen that the Swede had took notice of him he sat down and pulled a big lemon out of his pocket.

"The Swede's blue eyes looked mighty frosty at that, but he turned them away to the other side of the hall as Pete got out his knife and cut the lemon in half. Pete smiled and licked one of the halves kind of relishing and wry-mouthed, and kept on a-licking it. He knew Erickson knew what he was a-doing and that he couldn't help looking at him again to save his Swede neck; and it wasn't but a moment or two before Erickson's Adam's apple jumped and the horn missed one note and played the next away off. Then Erickson looked, and there was sure murder and sudden death in his eyes. Pete grinned at him real aggravating and set his teeth right down into that lemon, and

then puckered his mouth. The Swede looked away as quick as he could, but his Adam's apple worked up and down again and the horn broke gait and bubbled.

"I was standing close by and taking it all in, and I'll be switched if my own mouth didn't dribble like a baby's, the way Pete was going for that fruit; and I had been suffering the other way just before that. Then the fiddles come in and gave Erickson a chance to shake his horn out. You could see he was bullheaded enough to think he could finish up the waltz; but he hadn't much more than put the mouthpiece to his lips before he had to swallow, and the horn began to bubble and whiffle worse than ever. Then he catched Pete's eye again, and I'm bound to say that I wasn't much surprised at what happened.

"He didn't whoop, that Swede didn't. It was something between a roar and a bellow that he let out. His eyes blazed, and he drew back his long arm and sent that horn whizzing a-past Pete's head like it had been shot out of a cannon. If Pete hadn't dodged as quick as he did that instrument would sure have been crumpled so bad that it couldn't never have been straightened out again. As it was, it took old Fred Higginson, the shift boss at the Alcantara, in a soft place in the center of his anatomy; so it wasn't scarcely bent, outside of its natural curlicues. Fred was some twisted though, and his side pardner, Bill Treadway, had to act for him—which he done. He couldn't get no direct action on the Swede, because Erickson had followed his horn off the platform in the same direction, and Pete had met him before his feet touched the ground. All Bill could do was slam Guy Hepburn, the second fiddler, who was trying to pull Pete off the Swede; and Dave Hughes, the Blueblanket blacksmith, crowded right in and landed with the best he had just behind Bill's ear.

"The scene that followed was one of indescribable confusion, as the fellow says, and I reckon it would have lasted longer than it did if one of the lamps hadn't got turned over, and the party-cipants, which included a majority of the able-bodied males present, hadn't had to forget their personal differences to put out the blaze. Seemed like it was one of them incidents that sort of spoil 'most any social occasion and take the tuck out of it; but they couldn't have gone on with the dance and let joy be unconfined nohow, account of the orchestra being mostly débris and cases that required care and nursing. Gene Lewis did find that the organ could still be used some, but nearly all the girls was on the way home; so what was the use?

"Jessie Tarrant stood out by Sol Epstein's hitching rack and watched Frank Ellis change back the front and hind wheels of the buggy to where they belonged. There was a considerable axle grease on the hubs and spokes of them wheels when Frank started the job, and when he finished the most of it was on his hands and clothes. All the same, Frank remembered that he was a gentleman. Jessie told him not to mind her and to say whatever he felt like; but Frank wouldn't.

"'If I got started once I wouldn't be apt to stop this side of what no lady ought to listen to,' says Frank. 'Ain't the stars bright?'

"'It was that Pete Wallaby, wasn't it?' Jessie asks, sort of deadly quiet.

"'I shouldn't be surprised if Mr. Wallaby wasn't more or less directly or indirectly responsible,' says Frank in about the same way.

"'And it was him broke up the dance? I saw him real busy; but he started the trouble, didn't he?'

"'I'll take an early opportunity of asking him about it and let you know,' says Frank.

"He looked at her as they struck the cañon trail, and her lips was set so tight that you could hardly see the red. Her cheeks was red enough though—a bright patch of scarlet on each one and the rest of her face pale. It was one of the times when her eyes was snapping instead of twinkling, but she spoke as quiet as she did before, the words coming slow and distinct, like drops off an icicle.

"'Listen!' she says. 'I'm going to get even with Mr. Peter Wallaby for this.'

"When Frank Ellis got back from Calico Cañon the Flying V bunk house was about as still as a bunk house ever gets to be round about three o'clock A. M. Frank carried his lantern in and held it for as long as a couple of minutes over Pete Wallaby, studying whether he would wake him up, or kill him while he was asleep, or wait until the boys got up at daylight. Pete was sleeping like a baby with a blameless past. He had washed his face before retiring and you couldn't scarcely notice that he was marked up, except his knuckles, which was exposed just outside of the blanket.

"Finally Frank concluded that he wanted Pete to know what happened to him, and that he'd feel fresher and make a better showing if he sawed off a little slumber himself; so he peeled off his garments and turned in.

"That was where he made his mistake. It's a good idea to sleep on some things; but if you've made up your mind to lick a man the time to do it is while you've got him in easy reach and the bristles is still raised on your neck. Frank was last man in to breakfast the next morning and Pete was already through and using his mouth to talk while he rolled him a cigareet.

"'It just goes to show how man may do his darndest to dodge trouble and yet have it piled on him two-foot thick,' says Pete. 'Here I goes to this dance and act like a perfect lady right along—no cutting up or nothing, and you'd think, to hear them Blueblanket folks talk, that I'd been helling round from the minute I struck town. I own up that I did have a dandy scheme for a little fun and excitement, but I changed my notion. Frank Ellis told me he wanted things to run smooth and there ain't nothing I wouldn't do to please Frank. I think more of that boy than I do of some of my own blood kin.

"'Why, hello, Frank! I didn't see you come in. Well, nobody can't say that I didn't do my darndest to make things run smooth—as smooth as grease—axle grease; and here I'm sitting, peaceable and quiet, listening to the music and taking a little light refreshment, and a crazy Swede ups and tries to brain me with a brass horn without aye, yes or no, hog, dog or devil; or rhyme or reason—and me sitting, like I said, as ca'm and peaceful as moonlight on the lake or a bump on a log, or anything you like to mention. That's what I get!'

"'That ain't all you get,' says Frank, lifting his cup.

"'Excuse me interrupting you, gentlemen,' says Shorty Williams, looking in at the door. 'Pete, if you've et enough to last you till noon I'd like to have you saddle up and bring in them horses from Little Powder Creek. Jim, you might go with him and help him, if you'd just as soon. I see you're through.'

"He waited until Pete and Jim got up and then trailed off with them to the corral to see that they got an early start. Frank had set down his coffee cup. The coffee was too hot to drink and he had figured that it was a poor time to throw it. Before he had finished his breakfast Shorty come back and told him he was elected to drive a bunch of beef steers to the railroad, and that was a matter of three or five days, according to whether the cars was on the side track as per solemn oath and agreement of the U. P. agent—which, of course, they wasn't. While the boys was

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"For the First Mile He Held Back Just for the Pleasure of Watching That Girl and the Bay; and They Was Both Worth the Watching, Let Me Tell You"

THE PILLS OF PERDITION

By Samuel G. Blythe

SPEAKING about knells of doom—the doom in all cases meaning the Kaiser's—no person in all the history of the world was ever so liberally supplied with doom in various forms as is Wilhelm. What he will get, really, is dooms; not merely a single doom—knells of dooms, it should be. But, speaking about knells of dooms, American sailors are sounding inevitable dooms for the Hohenzollerns over a certain stormy European sea, day after day, on old tin cans.

Splang! A handspike bangs against the old tin can. Splash! A monstrous pill drops over the stern of a mine layer, taking its regulated place among thousands and thousands of its fellows, all set and primed and cocked to blow to perdition any Hun ship that may come into contact. And for months these American sailors have been banging their old tin cans; and for months these pills of perdition have been dropped astern of mine layers, until now, across one of the essential lanes for German sea endeavor, there stretches a fence of death, a hedge of havoc, a rampart of ruin, made in the United States, and put where it is by the same agency.

It is miles and miles and miles in length. It is wide and deep and fatal. It is continuous and coördinated. It is virile, vital, vehement. It waits in long sensitive lines for its prey. It lurks beneath the sea for the Hun, ready to spring at him and rend him, with a loud roar of TNT, should he try to sail his submarines or his ships of any sort through its animate, insistent and annihilative lines. It is rough stuff for the Germans; death and destruction in compact packages, swaying and swinging with the tides, held to its long straight areas by devices that are dependable, primed for explosion by instruments that are as delicate and sensitive as the hair trigger of a pistol; needing nothing but a bump to throw its gigantic power into play. It is the most modern thing in naval mines; and it looks the part as well as plays it when it has occasion.

A Great Work Well Done

NAVAL mines are not new implements of warfare. Navies have had them, of sorts, for many years. We used them in our Civil War; uncouth instruments when compared with the highly specialized mines of to-day, but effective now and then. The Japanese and Russians had them in their war. We had some when this war began—a few; and so had the British. The types were similar. Naval ingenuity hadn't been expended, to any great extent, on mines. There was a thing carrying explosive that might or might not explode when it came in contact with an enemy ship. It was not dependable; nor was it particularly destructive. The idea was to scatter mines and let Nature take its course. If a ship hit a mine that ship might be hurt; but there were not enough of them, all told, to mine any sort of channel; and, even if there had been, there was no certainty that the mining would be useful.

The Germans had put more study on the matter. They had mines of various sorts, and they began strewing them on and laying them under the sea. Our navy had given the matter some attention, and we had a few mine laying craft—very few. Our stock of mines was small—less than six thousand all told, and these of a type not well developed. To show how the field has expanded since we went into the war it need only be stated that in this operation I am describing we took out and laid on each mine-laying trip, more than three thousand miles from home and production, more mines on each trip than comprised our total stock of mines in pre-war days. Each expedition from base by our mine layers carried and laid more mines than the entire United States Navy possessed before we went into the war; and there were expeditions a few days apart for months and months.

Moreover, we manufactured all those mines in the United States, invented new appliances, increased their effectiveness, transported them across the Atlantic, took them sixty miles from the landing port to mine-laying bases, put them together, set and adjusted them, rigged up a formidable fleet of mine-laying ships and sent them over, and gathered about six thousand American sailors at the bases to handle the job.

These mines are new mines—not the old type. They are as different as a split-second watch is from a fifty-cent clock when compared to the sort we had before the war. They are complicated, effective, instantaneous instruments of death and destruction; and they have been scientifically placed by thousands and tens of thousands. Progress over and under the waters of that particular sea has been made extremely difficult for the Hun. And the bulk of it is an American job.

Think of the size of such an undertaking! It is stupendous! It is to mine several hundred miles of water that is hundreds of feet deep in order to bar the passage of the German submarines. It is a feat that only the United States, with its vast industrial resources, could undertake. And only the United States could succeed in this task in the very short time in which success has been attained.

The New Gang Plank. Tars Taking the Trip Ashore on a Basket of Supplies

Mining a channel is old defensive and offensive warfare, and useful; also, mining harbor entrances and other such places. If offensive naval ships cannot get in they cannot do harm. The geographical situation of the British Isles as related to the coast line of continental Europe not only presents the usual harbor and channel problems in mining but the greater problem of mining entire oceans. At home our mine fields necessarily bear certain relations to our harbors; but in English waters the greater problem is to protect not only harbors but to protect the entire country as well—that is, England and Scotland, say, in their larger aspects, are in exactly the same case, as a mining problem, as New York is. We must mine waters adjacent to New York, and do; but practically all European waters are adjacent to England and Scotland. Hence, where a harbor might require a certain number of mines for its adequate protection, the ultimate protection of the British Isles demands the mining of seas rather than the mining of channels.

The waters in which these mines are laid are very near the enemy bases and are infested with enemy submarines. All operations must be performed within striking distance of the enemy High Seas Fleet.

If German ships, intending to foray against English ships and against the islands themselves want action they have a choice of routes through large expanses of water, instead of being confined to channels, as in the case of harbors. Therefore the larger strategy is to shut off these waters by mine barriers as well as by floating sea power and thus reduce the danger of direct attack on shores, and hold the German ships to waters where the fighting ships of England and the United States may attend to them.

To that end the plans for these great mine barriers were developed, and the work of making effective the greater of them was given over to the United States Navy in large part. Wherefore the United States Navy went on the job, with the following results: It built two large bases adjacent to the work to be done, with machine shops, assembling shops and all the varied appurtenances required; constructed—or reconstructed, rather—a large fleet of ships into mine layers; put a fleet of mine conveyers into commission operating across the Atlantic from home ports to these base ports; detailed about six thousand men, all told, for the work; built barracks for these men, or remodeled existing buildings into barracks; brought stores of every sort for the maintenance of the men, the upkeep of the bases and the work on the mines; established two large hospitals, not only for the mine-laying bases but for such other ships of ours as may be operating in English waters—went to it man-fashion, and got away with it.

Mines and Miners

MINE-making and mine laying, as done to-day, are new things. The mines are new in construction, plan and operation. The processes of laying them are new. The whole job was a new job. We were not expert at it. So we had to develop expertness. There were some delays until the organization was shaken down and coördinated; but it didn't take long, after the preliminaries were attended to, to get into steady and effective operation. Once we had the idea we just naturally ate that job up. When I was at these bases the work was running with exact method, and by the time this appears in print it will be completed, except for the upkeep, and the Hun will be cribbed into smaller sea spaces than he has been since the war began.

The beginning of the story of this hitherto unheralded American naval achievement in this war is at home. As I have said, we had some naval mines—a few thousand—less than six; and these were not of the best type. Thereupon we set to work developing a mine that would be suited for the warfare of these days. Also, as mines are of no use whatsoever unless they are placed scientifically in the water, we must needs make some mine-laying ships, for we were as illy supplied with those as with mines.

Furthermore, we must work out a plan for placing the mine barrage and establish bases adjacent thereto to work from. It is sufficient to say that the mines were devised and the mine-laying ships provided, as well as plans for the work laid out and detailed. So much for what was done at home.

On the European side the work fell into two divisions: the assembling of the mines and the laying of them. Naturally, to get best results the assembling bases must be near the waters where the mines are to be laid, and to harbors where the mine-laying ships can be loaded. So we sent naval officers over, who selected and established the bases. It doesn't matter where; but we established them—two of them—several miles apart; and in a short time those bases took on lively aspects.

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The Artillery Mill at Old Fort Sill

How Uncle Sam is Training His Field Artillery Officers

Staff and Instructors, School of Fire for Field Artillery, Fort Sill, Oklahoma

By PETER B. KYNE

CAPTAIN OF FIELD ARTILLERY

THE lusty doughboy will in all probability—and with a deal of logic difficult to combat—dispute the assertion that our present quarrel with William Hohenzollern and his boys is an artillery war. However, that is the way in the infantry. Secure in his ancient and hardwon reputation as the backbone of the service he is ever free with his large sympathy for those in the other branches. Until quite recently the cavalrymen had a habit of helping him out, but since the aviators have descended to scabbing and worked him out of his job the cavalryman sings soft and low, for he, too, is now a wagon soldier, as the field artilleryman is known in the expressive nomenclature of the service. Up to the date of this writing, however, I have not met any of these dashing fellows who will admit he is a real artilleryman. He claims he is merely "galvanized" artillery and lives in hope that some bright day the General Staff will see the error of its way and restore the cavalry to the honored position occupied by it in the days when Geronimo and Sitting Bull were more or less prevalent and hard to catch.

It is quite true that battles are always won by the infantry. I admit that, because in an elder day I was a doughboy, and sometimes I wish —— However, in modern warfare—I'm an artilleryman now—it is equally true that without artillery support efficiently and intelligently delivered there would presently be no infantry left to put the finishing touches on any up-to-date battle scene. And it is with a keen realization of the fact that it is up to the wagon soldiers to win this war that Uncle Sam is now engaged in the tremendous task of training an army of field artillery officers—an army larger than was our Standing Army before the Spanish War! With a seriousness and efficiency never before manifested by our easy-going avuncular relative he is tackling a job the very contemplation of which three short years ago would have caused the Congressional reason to totter on its throne.

Quantity Production

WHAT we need to-day—what we must have—are guns and more guns, and men to shoot them. When I write of guns I mean pieces of artillery. I have no information anent the time required by the steel mills to turn out a hundred and twenty guns, but I do know that at the School of Fire for Field Artillery, at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, one hundred and twenty battery commanders are turned out every Thursday afternoon—and that presently the output of this huge artillery mill will be increased to two hundred every Thursday. Of course, the product of this plant will need a little sandpapering and rubbing down here and there, but it is for all practical purposes a well-manufactured article and when polished off with about a month of field service abroad has the peculiarly North American habit of playing this new and tremendously sporty game with a precision equal to Europe's best.

Trap shooters should enjoy the guns hugely. One wastes a lot of ammunition learning to shoot, but when one acquires the habit of getting on one's target—wow! Once I spent a lot of time and money learning to shoot quail with both eyes wide open, and I still recall the thrill of my first "double." A fellow feels a similar thrill when he shoots a good problem and smears his target at the School of Fire; thereafter he longs for the day when he will be taken off the clay pigeons and turned loose on live birds.

If any there be who think it is an impossible job to make a battery of four field guns behave—and learn to do it in ten weeks—let him get a commission as a shavetail in the field artillery and come to Fort Sill. They'll squirt information into him so fast he'll have a mental colic from all the undigested knowledge in his poor head, but—he'll manage to assimilate enough of it in the first five weeks to get a pretty fair idea of what most of it is about. But he will probably be as shaky as a bridegroom when the instructor leads him out into the terrain, shows him a little black dot in a field or on a hill top two thousand yards away and says: "That's a German machine gun in the open. It is firing effectively upon you. Go get it!"

If he gets it—he's a gone fawn forever. From that moment on he is a field artilleryman and will never, by the grace of God, be anything else. On the other hand, if he doesn't get it he sees very plainly why he failed, and a mighty resolve wells up under his wishbone. He hates that target. It is his personal enemy, and he registers a vow to shoot 'em up later in the week, if it's the last act of his ill-spent life.

The School of Fire for Field Artillery at Fort Sill, Oklahoma

Teaching Henry

AND about nine out of ten succeed! However, until that fateful Thursday afternoon you never know how well you have succeeded. On that date General Lawson, the commandant, assembles the graduating class, congratulates it; and with a few cheerful remarks about duty and honor and glory and pride in the service one is issued a diploma devoid of the traditional blue ribbon but for some peculiar reason extremely valuable and to be cherished thereafter, as some men cherish the first dollar they ever earned—probably because they worked so hard for it.

I wonder how many of our citizens have the slightest conception of the magnitude of the task of taking Sergt. Henry Perkins, who as late as last January was traveling out of Milwaukee with a new line of bung starters, tacking the gold bars of a second lieutenant on Henry, and in twenty-two terribly long weeks—twelve at the training center and ten at the School of Fire—teaching him how to smuggle a battery of 155 howitzers under the lee of a hill, shoot them over that hill at a fortified brewery the gunners cannot see because it is ten thousand yards distant, and presently drop the makings of a perfectly good thirst on said brewery!

Well, it's a hard job, despite Henry's intelligence and the fact that he is a picked man; and nobody knows this better than

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THE NEW STOICS

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE M. BENSON

MR. BROUGHAM stood waiting in the wings. Never before had he made a speech; never had he been upon a stage, except to sit safely with a delegation, in a row, behind the ice-water pitcher. He had a small dry patch in his throat which constant swallowing failed to improve, and the tips of his fingers kept getting cold and very distant. He was about to make a Liberty Loan speech, and he was suffering more than he had expected; but, as he kept murmuring to himself, "*Dulce et decorum est.*"

At twenty-eight he had volunteered among the first in the Spanish War, and it had been no fault of his that he had never got any nearer the front than Chattanooga. At forty-eight he could still speak for his country—at least he hoped he could. How absurd to be nervous! This was no time to be thinking of one's own feelings. He took out his handkerchief and wiped the palms of his hands. "Well, Mr. Brougham," said the loud bold voice of the local chairman, "shall we go on?" What was one victim more or less to him in his insatiable campaign for speakers?

"By all means," answered Brougham in a tone which even in his own ears sounded like that of a total stranger.

His only conscious thought was a grateful remembrance that his wife was kept at the canteen that evening, and couldn't be in the audience, which he found himself regarding as a hostile body waiting to devour him. He sat trying to relax the muscles of his face during the chairman's short address; and then the fatal sentence began: " . . . the great pleasure . . . introduce . . . so well known . . . Mr. Walter Brougham, who will say a few rousing words to you on this great subject."

What a silly adjective "rousing" was, Brougham thought as he came forward. He had no intention whatever of being rousing. He wondered if he had the intention of being anything except absolutely silent. He lifted the lid and looked into his mind as into an unexplored box. Was there anything in it? Why, yes; rather to his surprise he found there was.

"My friends," he began, "this is no time for oratory." Hearty, and to Brougham totally unexpected, applause greeted this sentiment. "This is a time for cool, steady, clear-eyed vision." That was a mistake; of course vision was clear-eyed. "This is a time to ask ourselves this question: How is it that we hesitate to give our money, and yet stand ready—every one of us—to give our lives and—harder still—our sons' lives?"

"Hear, hear!" cried a voice from the audience, fresh, young and familiar. Brougham looked down; yes, there they were—his own two boys, David, not eighteen, and Lawrence, hardly fifteen. Their blond, well-brushed heads towered above the rest of the row and were easily recognizable. He could see the expressions of their faces—cool, serene, friendly approval. They're too damned philosophical, he said to himself; and as he went on speaking, with all that was mortal in him concentrated on his words, in some entirely different part of his being a veil was suddenly lifted and he saw something that he had been trying not to see for months—namely, that he was dissatisfied with his elder son's attitude toward the war—it was cool, cool like his approval of the speech. Not that Mr. Brougham wanted his son to volunteer at his age—quite the contrary; he sincerely believed it was every man's duty to wait until he had reached the age designated by his country; but he did want the boy to want to volunteer. He wanted to be able to say at the club as other fathers

"That's it!" a Voice Rang Out. "It's Great!"

were saying: "What gets into these young fellows? I've had to forbid my boy ——" Perhaps if his self-vision had been perfect he would have admitted that he had sometimes said it.

And then it occurred to him that this was the moment to stir their hearts—to make one of those speeches which might not touch the audience but which would inflame the patriotism of youth. Forgetting his recent pledge he plunged into oratory—the inherited oratory of the Fourth of July; he snatched up any adjectives as long as they came in threes, called patriotism by name, and spoke of the flag as Old Glory. Hurried on by his own warmth he reached his climax too soon, ended his speech before the audience expected and began asking for subscriptions before anyone was ready.

There was an awkward silence. Then a young voice spoke up: "One one-hundred-dollar bond." Yes, it was David. Mr. Brougham's heart leaped with hope; had the boy been moved? Was this the first fruit of repentance? He looked down, hoping to meet the upward glance of a devotee, but David was whispering something to his younger brother which made the latter giggle foolishly.

The ball once set rolling went fast. Subscriptions poured in; it was a successful evening—almost as successful as the evening made famous by a great screen artist. Mr. Brougham was warmly congratulated by the local chairman.

"We shall call on you again, Brougham," he said gayly.

Mr. Brougham nodded, but his thought was: Is nothing enough for these fellows?

His two boys were waiting for him at the stage door. "You're good, sir, you're good!" they cried, patting him on the back.

"I never thought he'd let them have it so mild," said Lawrence.

Mr. Brougham did not mind being laughed at—at least he always said he didn't—but he couldn't bear to have patriotism in any form held up to ridicule. He thought to himself:

"They don't know what it costs a man of my age to go on a stage and make a speech. I don't enjoy making myself conspicuous."

"We'll stop and get your mother at the canteen," he said sternly.

"Oh, yes, this is mother's night for saving the country, isn't it?" said Lawrence.

"Did you know," said David to his brother, across his father's head, for they were both taller than he, "did you know that a gob tipped mother the other evening? So pleased with his coffee that he flicked her a dime for herself."

"Oh, you sailor-boys!" said Lawrence in a high falsetto.

This was really more than Mr. Brougham could bear in his exalted state. "I don't like that, boys," he said.

"No, father," answered David; "but you know we never tipped mother; in fact, it's always been quite the other way."

"I mean I don't like your tone of ridicule, of—of—of——" He couldn't think of the word he wanted, and felt conscious that David had it on the tip of his tongue but was too tactful to interrupt. "You boys don't seem to appreciate the sacrifice, the physical strain for a woman of your mother's age—standing all evening handing out sandwiches—not accustomed to hard work either."

Both boys looked gravely ahead of them, and Mr. Brougham had a sickening conviction they were both trying to think of something to say that would calm him.

The canteen was just closing, and the two boys made themselves useful in putting things away. "Just as if it were a school picnic," their father thought.

As soon as they were on their way home Mrs. Brougham asked about the speech. Had it gone well?

"Oh, father was great, mother," David answered. "He took it from them in wads, and presented Lawrence and me to his country with every bond."

"A lady behind us was awfully affected," said Lawrence. "She kept whispering that she understood the speaker had two lovely boys of his own."

"I could hardly keep Lawrence from telling her that she had not been misinformed."

Mr. Brougham sighed. This was not the tone of young men suddenly roused to a new vision of patriotism. He said aloud: "I was glad you felt financially able to take a bond yourself, David."

"Oh, yes," answered his son. "I sold my boat yesterday."

Mr. Brougham was not so Spartan a parent that he did not feel a pang to think of the boy without his favorite pastime on this perhaps his last summer.

"Quite right," he said. "This is no year for pleasure boats."

"You get a good price for boats this year," said David.

There it was again—that note Mr. Brougham didn't like. Even if David's motives had been financial and not patriotic he might have allowed Lawrence to see an example of self-sacrifice. Instead Lawrence was getting just like his brother.

Brougham was not a man who habitually eased his burdens by casting them on his wife, but that night when they went upstairs he took her into his confidence.

"Are you satisfied with David's attitude toward the war?" he began.

She was a silent, deep woman whose actions always astonished those who had no intuitive knowledge of the great general trends of her nature. She and David usually understood each other fairly well.

Now she shook her head. "No," she said.

"Good Lord!" said poor Mr. Brougham. "I don't want the boy shot in a trench. I think it's his duty to wait a year or two; but I can't see that he has any enthusiasm, any eagerness, hardly any interest. He seized the paper last

(Continued on Page 45)

JAVA HEAD

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IX

SEATED in the library, placidly waiting for Edward Dunsack to go, Taou Yuen studied him briefly. A long or thoughtful survey was unnecessary; the opium was rapidly mastering him. That fact absorbed all the rest. She had an immeasurable contempt for such physical and moral weakness; all the three religions fused in her overwhelmingly condemned self-indulgence; her philosophy, the practical side of Lao-taze's teaching, emphasized the utter futility of surrender to the five senses. At the same time he was the subject of some interest; he was an American who had lived in China, and not only on the fringe of the treaty ports—he had penetrated to some extent into the spirit, the life of things Chinese, while she, Taou Yuen, was amazingly married to Gerrit Ammidon, was a Manchu here in America.

Absolutely immobile, her hands folded in her lap, she considered these facts, each in relation to the other. There was wisdom hidden in them for her. If Mr. Dunsack had retained the ordinary blustering Western commercial mind, his knowledge of China confined to the tea houses and streets, he would probably be prosperous and strong to-day. The wisdom lay in this—that here she must remain Manchu, Chinese; any attempt to become a part of this incomprehensible country, any effort to involve herself in its mysterious acts or thought, would be disastrous. She must remain calm, unassertive, let the eternal Tao take its way.

Edward Dunsack looked actually comic; he was staring rudely, with a foolish air of flattery, and breathing in labored gasps—like a coolie who had run miles with a heavy palanquin. Then her mind, hardly reacting from immediate objects, returned to the contemplation of the deeper significance of her presence here. Bent in on itself her thought twisted like a moonflower vine about the solid fact of Gerrit. She realized of course that he must have had the past of any healthy honorable man of his age, and that it would have included at least one woman. However, when even the present was an almost complete puzzle his past had been so lost to her that she had not considered it until now.

"You must overlook my unceremonious speech," Edward Dunsack proceeded in creditable Chinese. "It was clumsy, but I was deeply affected. It is my niece, you see, who was hurt, and who has had a very sad history. Then there are some special circumstances. I'd have to explain a great deal before you could understand why she sent for your husband and why he left so hurriedly."

"There is nothing you need tell me," Taou Yuen replied in her slow careful English. "Manchu eyes can see as well as American."

"A thousand times better!" He, too, returned to his native speech. "It is delightful to talk to a truly civilized being. All that would have to be shouted at the women of Salem is unnecessary now. You see—you understand the heart of a man."

"I understand you," she said impersonally.

"I wonder if you do," he speculated. "You ought to see what—how much—I think of you. My brain holds nothing else," he declared in a low intense voice, drawing nearer to her.

She had a momentary, purely feminine shrinking from his emaciated shaking frame, the burning eyes in a face dead like a citron; then her placidity returned, the assurance that it was all ordained, that his gestures, the pumping of his diseased heart, had no more individual significance than the movements of a mechanical figure operated by strings, here the strings of supreme Fate. She even smiled slightly, a smile not the mark of approval or humor, but an expression of absolute composure. It drove him at once into febrile excitement.

"At least I understand you," he cried; "far more than you suppose! You can't impress me with your air of a Gautama. I know the freedom of your country. It doesn't shock you to realize that your husband has gone to see a woman he loved, perhaps loves still; and you are not disturbed at my speaking like this."

Here she knew—regarding him no more than a shrilling locust—was the center about which for a moment blindly her thoughts of Gerrit and herself had revolved. His past—"a woman he loved." But it didn't in the least upset her present peace of mind, her confidence in Gerrit. There was a sharp distinction between the eternal, the divine Tao—that which is and must prevail—and the personal Tao, subject to rebellion and all the evil of Yin; and she felt that her husband's Tao was good.

Out of this she remarked negligently: "After all, you are more ignorant of China than I thought. But of course you saw only the common and low side. You have not heard of the books girls are taught from—The Sacred Edict and Mirror of the Heart. You don't know even the first rule of The Book of Rites, 'Let your face and attitude be grave and thoughtful'; and the second, 'Let your steps be deliberate and regular.'"

She paused, conveying by her manner that he was already vanishing and that she was relieved.

"That would do well enough if you were a scholar or a bonze," he retorted; "but such innocence in a fashionable woman is a pretense. If you are so pure, how can you explain your gold and bracelets and pins—all the marks of your worldly rank? Lao-taze taught: 'Rich and high but proud brings about its own misfortune!'"

"You Want to *Marry Me, Don't You?*" *Jidsall Asked*

He was so close to her now that she caught a faint sickly reek from his body. It seemed to her that she could see his identity, his reason vanish, replaced by madness in his staring eyes.

"I worship you," he murmured.

"Opium," she spoke disdainfully.

"Your own tobacco is drugged," he asserted. "But that's not important. I tell you I worship you, the most beautiful person in the world. These fools in Salem—even your husband—can't realize one-tenth of your perfection; they can't venerate you as I do. And now that Ammidon has gone back to the first, we are free too."

"You are a liar," she said with an unexpected colloquial ease.

A darker color stained his dry cheeks.

"You saw him," he replied. "Did he get pale, or didn't he? And did he or not rush from the room like a man in a fever? I tell you it's no use pretending with me. Say what you please, I know how delicate your senses are. I'll tell you this too: It's written in our progression that we should meet here—yes, and be a great deal to each other. It was written in the beginning, and we had been drawing together through a million cycles before Gerrit Ammidon stumbled across you."

Taou Yuen was surprised by a sudden conviction that a part of this at least was so. No living thing, however minute, escaped from the weariness of movement, either ending in final and blessed suspension or condemned to struggle on and on through countless lives of tormenting passion. All had this dignity of hope or despair; all she encountered were humble, impressive or debased in the working of the mighty law. She had been guilty, as this American had pointed out, of dangerous and wrong pride, and she accepted her lesson willingly. There was, however, an annoying conflict between Edward Dunsack, the example, the impersonal, and the Edward Dunsack making violent profession of his love for her.

He went recklessly on, trying to increase his advantage: "We're made to be together."

"If we are, it is because of some great wickedness of mine. If we are, then perhaps I am lost. But it is allowed to resist evil, at least so far as staying out of its touch is resistance."

"Nothing can keep you from me!" he declared.

Another short step and his knees would be brushing her gown. A stronger wave of dislike, shrinking, anger, drowned her logical and higher resignation.

"It is time for you to go," she said, her voice still even.

"Never!"

It seemed to her that she could feel his hot quivering hands, and, all her philosophy dropping from her, she rose quickly.

"If this were China," she told him in a cold fury, "you'd be cut up with knives, in the courtyard, where I could look on. But even here I can ring for a servant; and when Captain Ammidon comes back he'll know what to say to you."

She could see that the last affected him; he hesitated, drew back, his hanging fingers clasping and unclasping. That, she thought, relieved, would dispose of him. Then it was clear that his insanity persisted even in the face of the considerable threat of Gerrit's hot pride and violent temper.

"It's our destiny," he repeated firmly in his borrowed faith, at once a little terrifying and a little ridiculous in the alien mold. His lips twitched and his bony forehead glistened in a fine sweat. Now thoroughly roused, she laughed at him in open contempt.

"Diseased," she cried, "take your sores away! Dog licked by dogs! Bowl of filth!"

She was speaking in Chinese, in words of one syllable, like the biting of a hair whip. Edward Dunsack gasped, as if actual blows cut him; he stood with one hand half raised, appalled at the sudden vicious rush of her anger. A leaden pallor took the place of his normal sallow coloring, and it was evident that he had difficulty in withstanding the pressure of his laboring heart.

He stood between her and the door, and she had a premonition that it would be useless to attempt to avoid him or escape. She could, however, call, and someone—there were a score of people about the house—must certainly appear. At that moment she saw a deep change sweep over his countenance, taking place in his every fiber. There was an inner wrenching of Edward Dunsack's being, a blurring and infusion of blood in his eyes, a breath longer and more agonized than any before, and she was looking closely into the face of an overwhelming hatred.

For a moment, she realized, he had even considered killing her with his flickering hands. Then that impulse subsided before a sidelong expression of cunning.

"With all your Manchu attitudes," he mocked her, "yes, your aristocratic pretense of mourning and marks of rank, you are no different from the little teahouse girls. Your vocabulary and mind are the same. I was a fool for a while; I saw nothing but your satins and painted face. I forgot you were yellow; I had forgotten that all China's yellow. It's yellow, yellow, yellow, and never can be white! I shut my eyes to it and it dragged me down into its slime." His voice was hysterical with an agony of rending spiritual torment and hopeless grief. "It poisoned me little by little, with the smell of its rivers and the cursed smell of its pleasures. Then the opium. A year later I had lost my position, everything; and when I came over here it followed me—in my own blood. Even then I might have broken away—I almost had—when Gerrit Ammidon brought you to Salem. You came at a time when I was fighting hardest. You fascinated me. You were all that was most alluring of China, and I wanted you so badly, it all came back so, that I went to the opium to find you."

"Progression," she said ironically.

"Perhaps," he muttered. "Who knows? I'm finished for this life, anyhow. You did that. I can't even keep the books for my father's penny trade."

His hands crept rigidly toward her. If they touched her she would be degraded forever. Yet she was incapable of flight, her throat refused the cry that she had been debating; alternate waves of revulsion and stoical resignation passed over her with chills of acute terror. Yet she managed to preserve an unstirred exterior; and that, she observed, began to influence him. His loathing was as great as ever; but his vision, which had been fixed in a blaze of fury, broke, avoided her direct scrutiny, her appearance of statuelike unconcern.

There came a sound of quick light feet in the hall, the bright voice of one of Gerrit's nieces. Edward Dunsack fell into a profound abstraction; he turned and walked away from her, standing with his back to the room at a window that opened upon the broad green park. He was so weak that he was forced to support himself with his hands on the ledge.

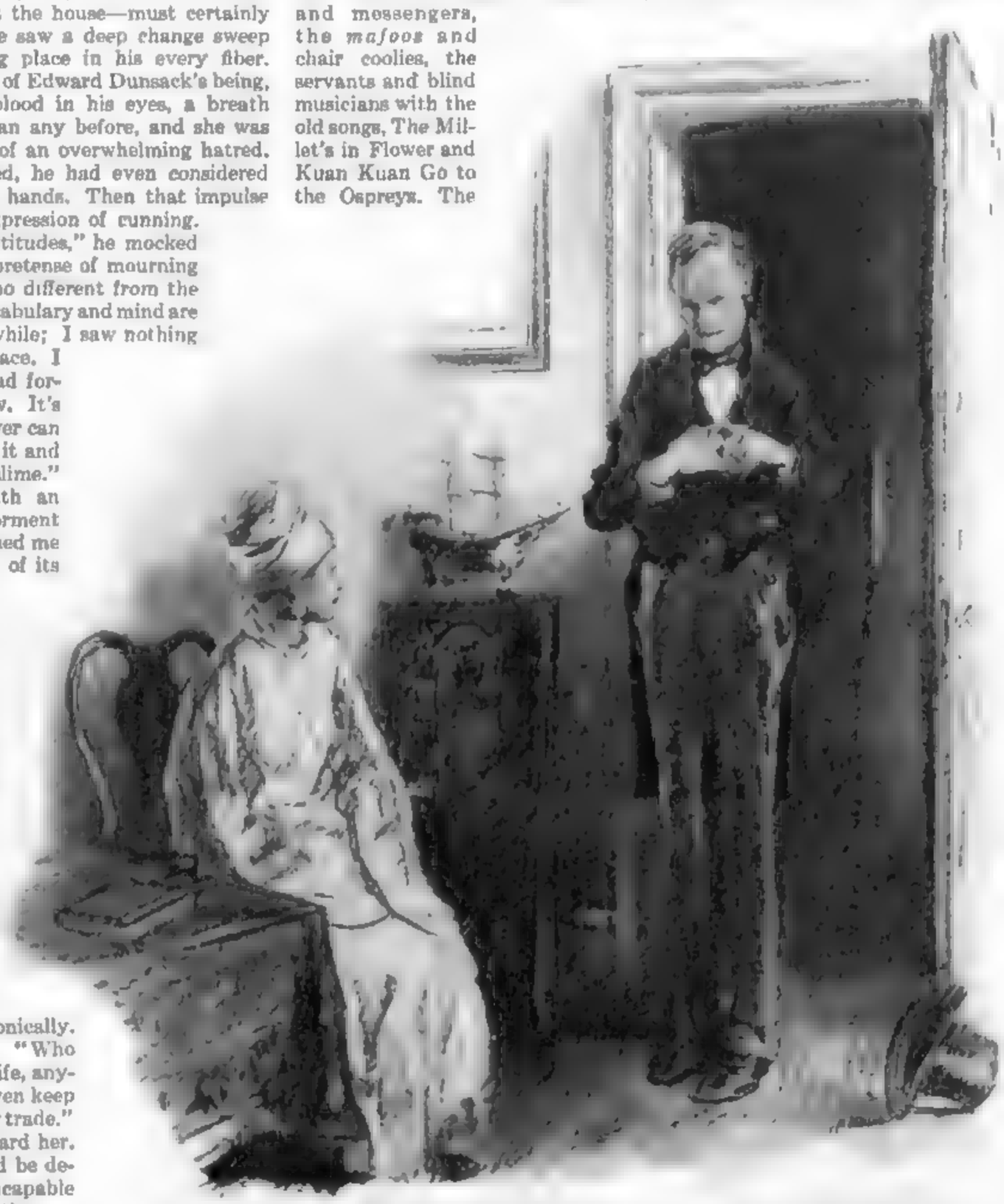
Taou Yuen was motionless for a perceptible space, and then moved toward the door in a dignified composure. All this had come from the utter impropriety of the life in America. Dunsack glanced at her as she withdrew, and for a moment she saw his fine profile sharp and dark against the light-flooded window. His lips stirred. Then she was on the stair mounting to her room.

There mechanically she filled her pipe; but doing this she noticed that her hands were trembling. How lamentably she had failed in the preservation, the assertion of her superiority, not as a Manchu, but in the deeper, the only true sense of the word—in submission!

"Requite hatred with virtue."

She spoke Lao-tsze's admonition aloud, and in the customary devious channel of her mental processes her thoughts returned to her early life, her girlhood, so marred by sickness that the Emperor had surrendered his customary proprietary rights in the daughters of Manchu nobles.

Surrounding the fact of her early suffering, which had kept her out of the active gayety of brothers and sisters, she remembered in the clearest detail her father's house in the north. The later residences in Canton and Shanghai, even the delightful river gardens of the summer place at Soochow, were less vivid. Inside the massive tiled stone wall the rooms—there were a hundred at least—faced in squares on the inner courtyard and were connected by glass-inclosed verandas. The reception houses of the front court, the deeply carved wooden platform with its scarlet covering, were of the greatest elegance; they were always astir with the numerous secretaries, the Chinese writers and messengers, the *mafoos* and chair coolies, the servants and blind musicians with the old songs, The Millet's in Flower and Kuan Kuan Go to the Ospreys. The side door to the women's apartments, however, opened into a retreat where her father's concubine—he had but one—trailed like a bird of paradise, and there was the constant musical drip of a fountain in an old granite basin. There, during the years when she was lame, Taou Yuen mostly stayed.



"I Tell You I Worship You, the Most Beautiful Person in the World. These Fools in Salem Can't Realize One-Tenth of Your Perfection"

She had been dropped from a palanquin in her sixth year; sharp pains soon after burned in her hip, and the corresponding leg had perceptibly shortened. A great many remedies were tried in vain—burning with charcoal; the application of black plasters; sweating; acupuncture—sticking long needles into the afflicted parts. The doctors declared that the five elements of her body—the metal, wood, water, fire and earth—were hopelessly out of equilibrium. Her mother had then called necromancers and devil charmers; lucky and unlucky days were explored; strange rites were conducted before her terrified eyes screwed into the determination to show no alarm.

A year, perhaps, after they had become resigned to her injury her father, always a man of the most liberal ideas, had suddenly brought into the garden to see her an English doctor passing through China. Against the wailing protests of the women the Englishman had been given authority to treat her; and he had caused to be made a thin steel brace, clasping Taou Yuen's waist and extending in a rigid band down the length of her injured leg. After putting a high shoe on her other foot he had commanded them to keep the brace on her for two years.

It was through that period of comparative inactivity that she had got a habit of reading and thought, a certain grasp of philosophical attitude common to the higher masculine Chinese mind but rare among their women. She had, for instance, later read Lao-tsze's Tao-teh King, and been impressed by his tranquil elevation above the petty ills and concerns of life and the flesh. Her father, like all the ruling class, regarded Taoism—which had indeed degenerated into a mass of nonsense about the transmutation of base metals into gold and the elixir of life—with contempt. But this seemed to her no depreciation of the Greatly Eminent One or of his philosophy of the two Taoes.

The household, or at least the family, worshiped in the form of Confucius; his precepts and admonitions, the sacred *hiao*, or filial submission, the tablets and ancestral piety, were a part of her blood; as was the infinitely fainter infusion of Buddhism; yet in her intellectual brooding it was to the Tao-teh King that she returned. She paused to recall that, the brace at last removed, she was practically completely recovered; but the bent, the bracing given her mind, had remained.

The colorful pageant of her first marriage, the smaller but splendidly appointed house of her husband—he was extremely intelligent and had honorably passed the examination for licentiate, one of only two hundred successful bachelors out of twenty thousand—and the period following his accidental drowning wheeled quickly through her brain.

Only Gerrit Ammidon was left. She loved him, Taou Yuen realized, for a quality entirely independent of race: He had more than anyone else she knew the virtues of simplicity and purity announced by Chwang-Tze as the marks of the true man. "We must become," the Old Master had written, "like little children." She had seen this at once in the amazing interview sanctioned by her father-in-law. Most women of her class, even widows, would have perished with shame at being exposed to a foreigner. But Lú Kikwáng had expressed her difference from them in the terms of his proposal. His words had been "finely better," though the truth was that her curiosity had always mastered the other and more prudent instincts. Yet that alone would not have prostrated her before Gerrit Ammidon—death was not unthinkable—nor carried her into his strange terrifying ship and stranger life. The love had been born almost simultaneously with her first recognition of his character. Now her passion for him was close and jealous. A constant shifting between such humanity and the calm detachment that prefigured heaven was what most convinced her of the truths of Lao-tsze.

All this now took body at the announcement of Edward Dunsack about Gerrit and his niece. Certainly he might have had an affair; that she dismissed, but the insinuated permanence of this other affection was serious. She would not have believed Mr. Dunsack for an instant; but, as he had pointed out, Gerrit had undoubtedly been upset; he had turned pale and hurried away impolitely. It was by such apparently slight indications that the great inner currents of life were discovered. The fact that Chinese officials had more than one wife—or, to speak correctly, concubines—in addition had no bearing with Gerrit; such was not the custom with American men. It represented for him—yes, dishonor.

She laboriously recalled his every attitude since they had landed in America; she was obliged to admit that he had changed—he was less gay, and though his manner was always considerate she recognized a growing impatience beneath his darker calm. Her philosophy was again torn in shreds by sharp feminine emotions. She was filled with jealousy and hatred and hurt pride. The clearest expression of his possible discontent had marked his face when he had suddenly come into their room and seen her rising from a prayer for his father. Gerrit's lips had been compressed, almost disdainful. At that moment, she knew unerringly, he found her ugly. Of course it had been the hideous garments of mourning.

She must wear the unhemmed sackcloth and dull slippers, bind her headdress and cover her pins with paste for a hundred days; and then a second mourning of black or dark blue, and no flowers, for three years. It might well be that by then Gerrit, blind to these proprieties, would find her unendurable. Suddenly in the tremendous difficulty of holding him against an entire world, his own and of which she was supremely ignorant, it seemed to her that she needed every possible means, every coral blossom and gold filament and finger of paint, the cunning intoxication of subtle dress and color and perfume. With a leaden sense of guilt but in a fever of impatience, of haste, she

stripped off the coarse hemp for her most elaborate satins, her santal and cloves and carmine.

When Gerrit came in it had grown dark with night, and he explained that he had been busy inspecting the Nautilus' spars. She lighted a lamp, then another, all she could find, and studied him unobtrusively. She was shocked at the worn expression of his face; it seemed as if he had aged in the few hours since he had left the library. He was uneasy, silent; and, secretly dismayed, she saw that he was indifferent to her changed appearance too. Taou Yuen debated the wisdom of telling him about the painful scene with Edward Dunsack; against her original intent she decided in the negative. She informed herself that the reason for this was a wish to preserve him, now that they were practically at the day of departure, from an unpleasant duty. But there was an underlying, dimly apprehended and far different motive—she was afraid that it would blow into flame a situation that might otherwise be avoided, bring to life a past naturally dying or dead.

She saw that he was scarcely aware of her presence in the room, perhaps in his life. A period of resentment followed.

"You are dull," she declared, "and I am going down to the garden for entertainment."

Gerrit nodded. He would, he told her, be along shortly. Below she found Roger Brevard with the oldest Ammidon girl and her mother.

Roger Brevard, she had discovered, was in love with Sidsall. The latter, it developed, was to leave shortly for a party; Mr. Brevard was not going; and when Gerrit's sister-in-law walked across the grass with her daughter the man dropped into an easy conversation with Taou Yuen. She had a feeling, which she had tried in vain to lose, of the vulgarity, the impropriety of this. Yet she recognized that there was none of the former in Roger Brevard; he resembled quite a little her dead husband, Sié-Ngan-kwán; and for that reason she was more at ease with him—in spite of such unaccustomed familiarity—than with anyone else in Salem but Gerrit.

He was, she admitted condescendingly, almost as cultivated as the ordinary Chinese gentleman. Many of his thoughts, where she could understand their expression, might have come from a study of the sacred kings. At the same time her feminine perception realized that he had a genuine liking for her.

"You'll be delighted to leave Salem," he said, leaning forward and studying her.

"That would not be polite," she answered formally. "You have been so good. But it will give me pleasure to see Shanghai again. Anyone is happier with customs he understands."

"And prefers," he added. "Indeed, I'd choose some of your manners rather than ours. You see, you have been at the business of civilization so much longer than we."

"Our history begins two thousand years before your Christ," she told him; "our language has been spoken without change for thirty-three centuries, as you call them. But such facts are nothing. I would rather hear your non—nonsense." She stumbled over the word.

"Do you mean that what we call nonsense is really the most important?"

"Perhaps," she replied. "Devotion to the old and dead is greatly necessary, yet you smile at it. I didn't mean that, but moons and lovers and music."

He cried in protest, "We're terribly serious about those!"

"I hear nothing but talk about cargoes and sales and money."

"We keep the other under our hats," he instructed her. She was completely mystified, and he explained.

"In China," she remarked tentatively, "it is possible for a man to love two women at once, maybe one a little more than the other, but he can be kind and just and affectionate to them both. Tell me, is—is that possible with an American?"

"No!" he spoke emphatically. "We can love, in the way you mean, only one, perhaps only once. I wouldn't swear to that, but there are simply no exceptions to the first. Men are unfaithful, yes; but at a cost to themselves, or because they are incapable of restraint. To be unfaithful in anything is to fail, isn't it? You can lie to yourself as effectively as to anybody else."

She fixed a painful attention upon him, but lost at least half of his meaning. However, one fact was clearer than ever—that Edward Dunsack had said an evil thing about her husband.

"It seems," he went on, "that even spiritual concerns can be the result of long custom."

If he was trying to find an excuse for Chinese habit she immediately disposed of it.

"No," she said, "you are upside down. The spirit is first, the eternal Tao, everywhere alike, but the personal spirit is different in you and in us."

A sudden dejection seized her—now the difference seemed vaster than anything she had in common with Gerrit. A wave of oppressive nostalgia, of confusion and dread, submerged her in a faintly thunderous darkness. She felt everywhere about her the presence of evil and threatening shades.

The approach of her husband, his heavy settling into a chair, did nothing to lighten her apprehension.

"How soon do we go?" she asked faintly

"In two weeks, with nothing unexpected," he responded without interest or pleasure.

It flashed through her mind that he was depressed at leaving Salem, that other woman. His present indifference was very far from the manner in which he had first discussed their leaving. Yet even that, she recalled in the light of her present sensitiveness, had been unnaturally abrupt, and clothed in a great many loud-sounding words. She told herself arbitrarily that Edward Dunsack had lied—for the purpose which his conduct afterward made clear—but her very feeling was proof that she believed he had spoken the truth.

She was a victim of an uneasy curiosity to see—she made a violent mental effort and recaptured the name—Nettie Vollar. Of course the latter had been the deliberate cause of whatever wickedness had threatened at the return of Gerrit with her, Taou Yuen. She had, however, no doubt of the extent of this: Gerrit was upright, faithful to the necessity Roger Brevard had explained; all that assaulted her happiness was on an incorporate plane, or anyhow in a procession of consequences extending far back and forward of their present lives.

(Continued on Page 93)

She Saw Nettie Vollar's Deathly Pallid Face Rolled Awkwardly From the Pillow, and the Bowl of Opium

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 9, 1918

If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

Easy Money

THE number of commercial failures reported in the latest statement at hand is the smallest for a like period in the current century. To get a number no larger one must go back to a period when the whole number of concerns in business was far smaller than at present.

This means, by and large, that it is easier to do business at a profit in the United States to-day than at any other period in this generation. By and large, business fairly does itself.

Pretty nearly from end to end it is a sellers' market; whoever has goods finds a buyer at his elbow. All the haggling is to get goods, not to dispose of them. Rapid circulation of money makes collections easy; but, more than anything else, perhaps, the steady upward trend of prices has made business easy. As a rule, the holder could not only sell, but sell at an advancing price, automatically increasing his profit margin. Buyers in the mass have been enabled to meet the situation by the increase in their profit margins and by a rapid rise in wages.

Now, no matter what else anybody may think about the future, it is certain that this condition cannot last. No tree ever does grow to the sky. Whatever else may happen, there must sometime come a period of stationary and declining prices and decreasing margins. That is as certain as two times two makes four. It means an anchor to windward. Every person who does not take this time to lay up a surplus is inviting trouble.

Labor Supply

HERE is one reason for the shortage of labor: In the fiscal year 1918 the United States gained eighteen thousand five hundred and eighty-five inhabitants by immigration. In the last year before the war it gained about eight hundred thousand.

For a dozen years before the war immigrants came here at the rate of nearly a million a year. Predominantly they were young male laborers. That stream fed our expanding industries. War practically stopped it—just at the time when our industries were required to expand more rapidly than ever.

The Government recently calculated, in industries contributing to the war, a shortage of one million unskilled hands. If the net gain from immigration—the excess of arrivals over departures—had continued for the four war years at the rate of the four preceding years, this shortage would have been much more than overcome.

We must offset that handicap. It will be no disadvantage next year, when hundreds of shiploads of young male Americans are coming back from France and returning to industry; but it is a disadvantage now that spells an obligation for every American, male or female, who can work, and for every employer of labor.

A man who still has some of his natural teeth and hair recently remarked that he remembered a time when a female behind a desk anywhere below Canal Street—which means the financial, wholesale and shipping district of New York, the present habitat of the skyscraper—would have been almost as odd a sight as a Chinaman in court regalia. It was not considered nice for women to work in offices then, or to exercise their capacities anywhere outside the realm of kitchen, nursery and church, to which the Kaiser even now would benevolently relegate them.

Women confined to kitchen, nursery and church—except as they may be dragged forth by the hair for the brute satisfaction of German soldiers—that, also, is one of the things this war is about. And even now, though women in offices are accepted as a matter of course, there are many quarters in which it is not considered quite nice for them to do muscular work. The country needs every hand that can work, male and female.

Disease and Cure

NO SENTIENT being can look about very much without being sickened by some sight of poverty. In the big urban hives a well-conditioned man who sticks to a well-conditioned path may fairly avoid personal contact with misery that is due to lack of money; but in the United States there is no populated spot more extensive than a fashionable parish that one can walk abroad in without stepping into the welter of it.

Nowadays there is little difference between those who incline to the white political emblem and those who affect the red as to their knowledge of the fact of poverty or their feeling toward it; but they disagree widely as to what can practically be done about it. And white is naturally more or less irritated by red's tendency to call disapproval of the red remedy the same thing as approval of poverty. The formula is: "Dipso's Specific cures consumption. You don't want people to take Dipso's Specific? Then you want them to have consumption!"

But for immediate purposes—as to this day's food, fuel and medicine—the sane elements in both factions will agree that only one thing can practicably be done about it: Those who have must give. There is no other way of meeting this day's needs.

There were never before such compelling demands for money; never a time when squeezing a quarter was so much a virtue. But contribution to home charity is the wrong place to squeeze. Economically it is the flood tide of prosperity. There is work for every hand at the highest wages known. That fact and the war's demands tend to make us forget that a great many women and children, and not a few incapacitated men, are still unable to get decent food, warmth, shelter.

Charity at home must be supported.

The German Retreat

WHEN Prince Maximilian spoke for the German Government at the beginning of October it was evident that the Power we are fighting had retreated much farther than from the Marne to the German frontier.

To measure the distance, compare that speech with the utterances of those who were speaking for the forces that ruled Germany early this year, when Russia and Rumania lay helpless in Germany's hands, and authorized spokesmen were calmly remarking that the Reichstag resolutions for a peace without annexations and indemnities had been superseded by the march of events. The chancellor who inclined even a little to moderation was put out of office. The Prussian House of Lords was soon contemptuously throwing out the franchise bill to which the Kaiser himself had pledged his word. The Junker was in the saddle—with nothing but a kick in the face for any would-be competitors.

Prince Maximilian spoke of parliamentary government; reaffirmed the Reichstag resolutions and went beyond them; called attention to the fact that those associated with him in the Government were men who had stood for moderate peace views, even when the German Armies were at the height of their success.

That is a retreat much longer than from the Marne to the frontier. In executing it the Kaiser and his Junkers may have intended nothing more than strategically falling back for the moment to shorten their front. But political retreats are usually much less manageable than military retreats. The forces that carried Kaiserism that far back will carry it farther.

The Power we are fighting is falling back from every point of the compass. Its ability to rally is steadily waning. The ground is slipping under its feet. Still a tenacious and formidable Power, it is definitely going. The goal is clearly in sight. Only our own bungling or fumbling can miss it. The situation calls for the utmost effort we are capable of—every individual one of us.

No Let-Up

MILITARY victories and German peace overtures have nothing to do with this day's job. The immediate problem here behind the lines would be the same if the Kaiser should throw up his hands to-morrow. There would still be a Fifth Liberty Loan. Every dollar of the Fourth Loan, all of this year's taxes, would be spent; and there would be a deficit before the war liabilities were finally discharged. Along with war's immediate liabilities we inevitably incur a mass of deferred liabilities.

Reports from many cities indicate that we are building at only a quarter or a third of our normal rate. New York must even defer construction of schoolhouses. There will be big arrears to make up when war ends. Road improvements and numberless things are deferred. No news that can come out of Europe will have any relevance to the present necessity for strictest economy at home.

Every weather vane you see points in the same direction. In a nutshell, when a bank gets hard up it rediscounts paper at a Federal Reserve Bank. The volume of Federal Reserve discounts is a measure of the pressure upon credit. When the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign started those discounts had risen from less than two hundred million dollars the year before to more than sixteen hundred million dollars, of which over eleven hundred millions was war paper—paper secured by government war obligations. That was before the flotation of the six-billion-dollar loan. Excess of bank loans over deposits is also a sign of strain on credit.

At the beginning of the Liberty Loan campaign loans of New York City clearing-house banks exceeded deposits by seven hundred million dollars.

Every debt you incur is a straw on that load. Every extravagance counts for a debt.

While reading good news from Europe sit tighter than ever on the economy program. You will receive notice, long ahead, of more liberal times.

Foreign Investment

BEFORE the war we owed Europe several billion dollars for capital invested here. About nine-tenths of our sea-borne trade was carried in foreign bottoms. We had to send Europe annually about four hundred million dollars of the product of our labor to pay interest, freight, insurance, and so on.

When war ends we shall probably stand a creditor nation to the extent of nine or ten billion dollars. We shall have a merchant fleet second only to England's. Europe will probably be owing us four or five hundred millions a year.

Normally a creditor nation takes its balance in goods—in an excess of imports over exports. Considering our resources in materials and labor, and our plant capacity, it is not likely we shall import more than we export. On the contrary, it is likely we shall export more than we import, and roll up a balance of four or five hundred million dollars on the merchandise movement, in addition to the four or five hundred millions of interest. Bankers are already speculating on what we shall do with this enormous credit balance, and concluding that we must invest it abroad, as England and France invested their balances before the war.

So, no doubt, we must. But the problem may be simplified before the war's books of account are finally closed. There will be an enormous work of reconstruction. An eminent British banker calculates that even in uninvaded England it will take a billion and a half dollars to put the plant in good condition for peace. If war runs to next midsummer Germany's ability to pay, in any considerable part, for the vast damage she has wrought will be a rather dubious asset. Austria-Hungary's ability to pay is dubious enough now. As the richest partner in a common cause, for which some millions of men have given their lives, the United States can be merely a banker. Until the war's books are finally closed it is of no use to try to reckon how many dollars our Allies will owe us, or whether they will owe us any dollars. That is an open account, subject to undetermined offsets.

Our advantage at the end of the war will consist of our enormous industrial capacity, our supply of capital, and, by no means least, that imponderable item—which Chairman Kitchin treats so contemptuously in his revenue bills—goodwill. By our conduct during the war, at the peace settlement, and in the reconstruction that follows, we shall make such an investment in foreign goodwill as no nation ever remotely approached before.

CALL UP THE BALLOON

By Lieut. H. K. Black, Flying Officer Observer, R.F.C., C.F.A.

THE intelligence of a balloon section is a job involving a great deal of detail. Information from everywhere is received, collated and filed, and it must be in such condition that when anyone rushes into the map room and demands complicated information about some Hun battery and wants it in a hurry, that information can be before him in about ten seconds. When it is understood that a section may have a thousand or more aëroplane photographs, some of them showing fifteen German battery positions, and each position may have a couple of typewritten pages of information about it, one may see how easy it would be to get twisted about them. This information must be kept right up-to-date from the daily reports, and above all it must be available quickly. In addition, the aëroplane and balloon photographs must be carefully studied, each battery position must be identified, marked and cross-indexed, as well as marked on the maps with its number. These marks and numbers tell the observer at a glance whether a battery is active or only suspected, whether it has not been active for some time or whether it has been destroyed.

The map room of a balloon section is also a sort of weather bureau, in that the atmospheric conditions are notified to headquarters for transmission to the meteorological station.

The Day's Routine

ON OUR early-morning flying we had a regular routine of things to do. Owing to the ground mist there was practically no visibility in the morning on the Western Front—that is, for the Allied side. The Germans, however, had their best visibility in the early part of the day. The reason for this is that we were looking east, while the Hun was looking west. Anyone who can get up in a tall building early in the day can appreciate what I mean, for if he can look toward the sun he will find a haze, which for the most part is not to be seen when looking into the west. The Hun used to get in most of his shooting before noon, and from about two o'clock till dark was our time. Between noon and two P. M. it was generally fairly quiet.

Our orders were that, weather permitting, we had to go up every morning just after dawn. We were very, very seldom able to do any work at that time, and after getting the atmospheric conditions at different heights we generally used to haul down till there was a view, which, as I said, seldom came before two P. M.

Whichever one of us was going to take the early-morning flight would notify the guard the night before, and the sentry would wake him at a fiendishly early hour. It became a matter of competition among the flying officers as to who could reduce his dressing time to the lowest minimum. It finally got down to a matter of seconds.

One chap used to tell the guard to wake him as the crew got the balloon off its bed—that is, if the balloon was to be on the winch, ready for flight at four-thirty A. M., the crew would take it off its bed about four-twenty-nine, walk to the winch with it and then connect it with the winch by the cable. This chap, who finally held the record, was ready for flight twenty-eight seconds after he tumbled out of bed. One morning we actually timed him with a stop watch. He jumped out of bed, in his pyjamas, into a pair of long flying boots, laced himself into his parachute harness, struggled into a long leather flying coat and was on his way to the winch in less than half a minute. The rest of us always hoped, for his benefit, that one day he would go up dressed—or undressed—like that, and find a good view; whereupon he would have to stay up there in that costume.

Just before noon one day one of our photography aëroplanes, a "pusher," got caught in a fight with a German plane. It was absolutely at the Hun's mercy at about nine thousand feet, and soon it slid over on one side and came sliding down with the elevator control shot away. Down it glided on its side. Being a "pusher," with the engine behind the pilot and observer, it didn't get its nose down. What happened then even the pilot was rather hazy about, but when within a few dozen feet of the ground it flattened out on an even keel, more or less, and hit the ground fairly lightly. It turned up on end, throwing the pilot and observer out. It landed just about one hundred yards from our camp.

When the first of us arrived on the scene of the landing we found the pilot and observer sitting on the ground about five yards apart, gazing in a dazed manner at each other. Other than being fairly well shaken up, with numerous bruises, neither of them was hurt seriously. We assisted them to our mess, where they regained their equipoise.

A rather incoherent tale of their photographic work over the lines followed by their fight with the Hun plane and subsequent fall was told. We phoned their squadron and asked to have a tender and wrecking party sent over for the machine. Our guests stayed for lunch.

The observer turned out to be a Canadian. As soon as he spotted the "Canada" on my shoulder straps he asked what part of Canada I was from. I explained, and soon learned that he came from within ten miles of my home town.

At the Battle of Menin Road a Balloon Observer Was Seen to be in Difficulties During the Opening Phase of the Battle. He Cleverly Extricated Himself From an Awkward Position by Means of His Parachute

"I heard there was a Canadian with this balloon and I always intended to drop in and see you," he burst out.

"Well, you've dropped, all right!" grimly commented his pilot from the other side of the table.

Since we had quite a program of work to be carried out that afternoon, while the rest finished lunch I donned my parachute harness, ready to ascend. Already the crew were bringing the balloon to the winch. As we had been shelled that morning we didn't want the gas bag loitering round the ground any longer than could be helped, so I started for the winch. I invited our unexpected guests to come up with me.

"What! Go up on the end of a string and jump out in a blooming parachute?" they vociferated. "No, you blinking hero, not any! We think too much of our lives to toss them round on a bubble that way."

Aviators Dread Balloons

YET these were the two who had escaped death by a miracle that very morning when their plane crashed. However, that is the typical attitude of the air service. The plane man wouldn't go up in an observation balloon for anything, thinking it far too dangerous, while he looked upon the balloonist as a daredevil who delighted to take chances! On the balloonists' part, most of them like their own jobs better than the aëroplanists'. For myself, an experience I had shortly after this in an aëroplane convinced me that I had done quite enough aëroplaning to last me the rest of my life. The observer and pilot of an aëroplane are the heroes all right, and deserve all their medals. Because of their air duels they get most of them too. Of course the work of the aëroplane is much more spectacular than that of the silent, constant, consistent, ugly old sausage whose only occupation is observation.

The aëroplanes are somewhat a sore point with the balloons because they are supposed to protect the sausages from attacks of the Hun planes. For some time, however, all our planes used to go home to their aërodrome before dark. Therefore their pilots were often sitting down at dinner while we swung alone up in the lonely atmosphere. The Huns noticed and took advantage of this opportunity to bring us down. They attacked our balloons with impunity just before dark. After a couple of balloons had been set afire by incendiary bullets and consumed, there was inaugurated the balloon patrol, which required a number of our planes to fly up and down our lines till the balloons were pulled down for the night. No doubt the flyers were bored stiff with the task of flying up and down waiting for us to go to bed.

On the afternoon that our unexpected guests were forced to land I toiled through till dark, getting most of the necessary work done. Most of the planes were already sneaking off home, some of them stunting as they departed, just to kill a little more time before they reached their aërodromes. This was a nightly procedure. Until a few days before one of their stunts had been to fly along under the balloons close to the cables that held the sausages to the ground. Invariably they waved to the balloonists as they shot past. It was a dangerous stunt for both the planes and the balloons, because the cables running from the winches to the balloons are about the thickness of a lead pencil and so, to a plane going seventy miles or more an hour, they are quite invisible. A balloon drifts down wind, so naturally the cable slants quite a bit.

Only a few days before this a pilot had thought he was quite clear of the cable because he was to one side of the balloon, but unfortunately, because of the slant in the cable, he hit it, cutting the balloon loose and crashing his plane. He escaped with his life; but an order was issued that planes must fly over balloons and not under them.

This night I was spending my last fifteen minutes watching for Hun battery flashes, when a plane of ours hummed

along. The pilot was flying just below my height. As he passed he waved. I did my best to motion him away. He got my signal all right, but evidently it put him on his mettle. Presumably he intended to show me how close he could fly to my cable and not hit it. He flew under me within about thirty feet of the cable. In triumph he waved his hand, and I shook my fist. I was then about four thousand feet up. Then the daredevil turned round and deliberately commenced to spiral down round my cable. I was mad and scared. I was sure he would cut me loose, so I hauled out my automatic pistol and leaning over the edge of the basket emptied one clip down beside him. I shot well away from him; still I wanted him to hear the bullets and see the flashes. Of course he couldn't hear the reports.

You can imagine the awful feeling that rushed over me when I saw him sideslip away from the cable and go in a spin toward the ground. Ye gods! I had crashed him! Visions of courts-martial flashed before me as I watched him fall. A load fell off my heart as I saw him flatten out about a thousand feet from the ground and scoot off in the direction of his aërodrome.

Kite Balloons are the Eyes of the British Guns. The Observers Have to be Highly Trained and Ready for Any Emergency. In the Event of Their Balloons Being Attacked by Enemy Aircraft or Shelled They are Forced to Descend in Parachutes. The Observers are Always Connected With Their Parachutes by a Harness, as Shown

A machine gun that had been dropped into our camp by the falling aëroplane and the automatic-pistol incident had given me an idea. Why not have a Lewis machine gun in the basket of the balloon? My theory was that if a Hun aëroplane saw a machine gun spitting at him from the comparatively solid platform of a balloon basket he would think twice before attacking a sausage. The idea was not in itself new, but the application, I think, was.

Some time previously we had been offered Lewis guns. Headquarters, however, had said, "No; give them to the poor infantry." That was all right so far as it went, but as the infantry couldn't use an aëroplane gun they were no better off than before, and we were out our machine guns.

The Wrong Man Decorated?

A BALLOON in the air is the most helpless thing imaginable. Of course, any aëroplane in the vicinity is supposed to protect it, and well they do it when they are round; but, as I said before, previous to this event the planes had generally all gone home before the balloons were pulled down.

All the antiaircraft batteries, or Archies as they are called, like Donnybrook Fair, take a crack at a Hun whenever they see one. Each balloon, however, has one special Archie battery which works with it, and that battery is supposed to put up a barrage of fire between the Hun plane and the balloon. In addition to that we had two old machine guns, of the vintage of 1900, mounted on the ground near the winch. Sometimes these worked all right, but as a rule they would fire about three to five shots and then jam with a unanimity that was nothing short of marvelous. Moreover, the old guns, even when they did not jam, were not so accurate as they once had been, and on the occasion of my second parachute jump, when a Hun plane followed me down a bit, I heard my own machine-gun bullets passing uncomfortably close to me. Then I realized that though they were doing their best, still, if they hit me they would do as much damage to me as the bullets of the Hun.

I mentioned my ideas in regard to the Lewis gun to the major. He did not agree with me.

"No, my boy; observers are too hard to get to take any chances. If you are attacked, you jump. If you even think you are going to be attacked, you jump. No one will ever say anything to you about it if you jump before you are attacked."

I explained that I hated to run from a Hun, and that parachuting was the same as running in the air. He would have none of it.

Nevertheless, I knew of a salvage dump in which had been placed a damaged Lewis gun. I got it; rather my corporal did. Between us we fixed it up, and from a neighboring infantry-transport line we got some extra magazine drums. We found the gun would shoot all right and practiced a bit. The practicing was done in the major's absence.

A British Observation Balloon Being Brought Down to Earth
Above—A Telephone Lorry Exchange Connected With an Observation Balloon

One day, the major being absent, the corporal put the gun in the basket. I went up, did some work, and after about four hours came down.

By this time the major had returned. He was at the chart room as I descended and was talking to the lieutenant who commanded the balloon on our left. This balloon was not in the major's command.

The two of them sauntered over to the basket as I stepped out. We were speaking of the flight, when the basket corporal, a particularly tactless chap, reached into the basket and hauled forth this Lewis gun. Of course the major saw it, and the lieutenant also.

I expected a strafe, but the major only said: "Did you have that gun up with you?"

And I replied: "Yes, sir."

After the lieutenant had gone back to his own section the major said to me: "I think we will mount that Lewis gun of yours on the ground in place of one of those old Maxims."

What could I do but agree with him? So it was done forthwith.

The sequel was the painful part for me. I had originated the idea. I had got a Lewis gun, I had taken it up, but had not been attacked and given a chance to prove the practicability of my idea.

The lieutenant of the next balloon had stolen my idea. I think also he stole—that is, acquired—a Lewis gun. He took it up with him; was attacked; he used the gun and brought down the Hun plane.

Now I ask you: Which one of us deserved the Military Cross? He got it.

Up till this time I had had the experience of jumping out in a parachute twice. I must say it is much nicer to watch someone else do the jumping. So little is known by the layman about parachutes that perhaps a few facts concerning them will not be amiss here.

Parachutes and Parachuting

TO BEGIN with, the parachutes used in the British service are of the finest white silk. It is such fine silk that one could pull yards of it through an ordinary signet ring. I do not know what the American balloonists are using in France, but some I saw in use in the schools in the States were made of cotton, and they seemed to give general satisfaction. In other respects, however, they largely approximated those we used in France. Our parachutes were umbrella shaped, of course, and measured thirty-five feet in diameter. There is a circular hole in the top about twelve inches across.

This is designed to allow the imprisoned air to escape in descent; otherwise the affair would be liable to sideslip, like an aëroplane.

Fastened to the edge of the parachute are numerous small cords, which run down and attach to half their number of stouter cords. These in turn meet half as many light ropes, which finally end in two ropes fastened to the parachute harness. The length of these cords and ropes from the edge of the parachute to where they join the harness is fifty-eight feet.

The parachute is carefully packed, under an officer's supervision, in a cone-shaped case. The top of the silk is tied into the top of the case by a bit of breaking cotton—that is, twenty pounds' weight will break the cotton thread. The silk is then folded into the case, and the cords, carefully separated, are wound in on top of the silk. Next the bottom of the case is put on. On the lower wooden ring of the case is a half-inch groove. The bottom of the case has a spiral spring, slightly smaller than the grooved ring. The bottom of the case is fitted over the case and the spring sprung into

(Continued on Page 102)

A Straight Road to Tire Economy

All good tire production for civilian use is under restriction. Prices are up. Car owners are choosing tires with a far sharper eye to economy.

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Simply because more people are learning that it *is* a fact, and that Republic Tires *do* last longer.

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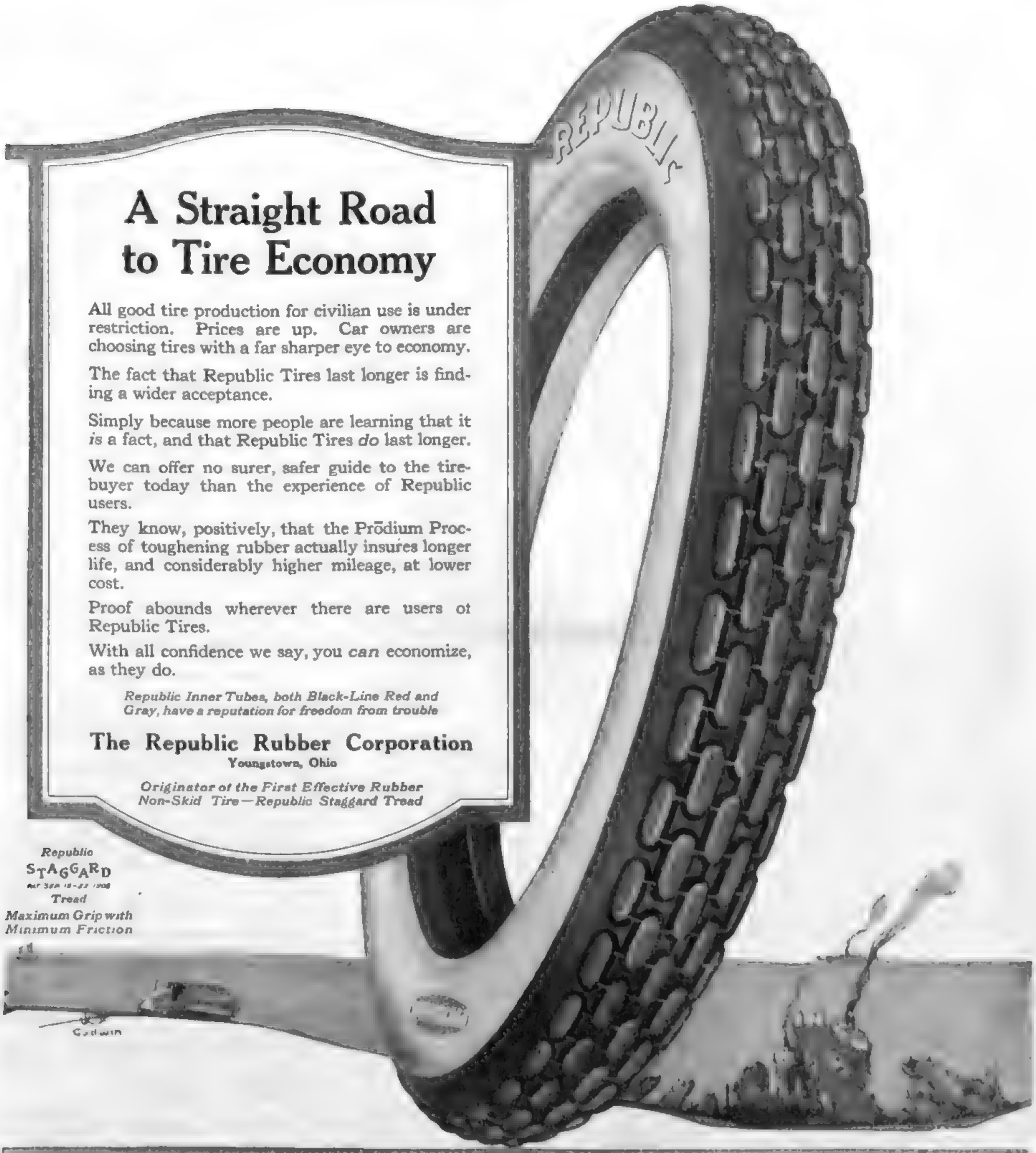

REPUBLIC TIRES

MORALE—The New Army Strength

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

THREE things are necessary to the full strength of the modern soldier. You may, and must, first make him physically fit for the great task that is required of him; and then you may, and must again, train him for the big job ahead. The problem of education in modern warfare, which in these days has become an exact and exacting science, ranks hardly second to that of physical training. But when these things are done there is another to be considered—the third great factor in the making of the modern soldier. It is the newest addition to scientific warfare; and, for lack of a better name perhaps, it is being called morale. Translated into a single brief sentence, it means giving the young soldier not alone the desire to fight but the desire to win. It is the very same thing that the executive in modern business calls pep, or ginger, and spends much time and appreciable sums of money each year in instilling into the hearts and minds of his working force.

Even in a volunteer army, where no man is supposed to be enlisted unless he possesses an inherent desire to fight for the right and for his native land, the need for the cultivation of an energetic morale is to-day recognized as almost essential to final success. But in a conscripted army—even an army conscripted in as fair and as democratic a fashion as the United States Army is to-day—morale becomes from the very first a vital necessity, in all probability far more vital in a land that has not as yet felt the war very heavily; not, at least, in the intimate and tragic way that France and Belgium and Poland and Italy have felt it. Our cities have not been bombarded, our homes invaded, our women ravished or our little children mutilated—thank God for that! The war is still overseas and afar off; and yet that, in itself, forms one of the really serious problems of not merely the organization but the fighting spirit of our army.

The superior military experience of the Germans a few years before the war hit upon the importance of this new fighting asset—morale. The fact that theirs was the most autocratic of all conscript systems, plus the fact—privately recognized by the Prussian military autocracy—that the Teutonic temperament does not lend itself to sustained or enthusiastic fighting without artificial stimulus, led Von Ludendorff, then in the saddle of the General Staff, to send a picked corps of young officers through the German universities, where they received a short intensive course in army morale.

They studied and they drilled. And not the least interesting feature of their drills were the lessons in which they were taught to send up small balloons with propaganda tied to them—balloons that in a fair wind from the proper quarter would float over behind the enemy's lines and there alight, with their messages well calculated to disturb the enemy and so to lessen his morale.

Perhaps you have never seen the Continental Times; probably you never will see it—not unless it is kept carefully, in future years, in some great museum filled with trophies of the present conflict. Yet the Continental Times is not without a circulation department—some energetic young Prussian officer who uses toy balloons where old-time and more conventional circulation managers used railroad trains or automobiles or restless and tireless boys.

Wet-Blanket Propaganda

THE Continental Times is printed in Germany; yet it is printed in English. It has been said by some of the folks here who would completely suppress the printing of German newspapers in the United States until after the war at least, that Germany would not permit the printing of an English newspaper in its borders at this time. The Continental Times gives the contradiction to such a statement. It is not only printed in the English language but every detail of its appearance is so carefully studied as to give the Britisher of even more than average intelligence the impression that it came out of Manchester or Liverpool, or even mighty London itself. The peculiar type faces so characteristic of the Baedekers or the other "made in Germany" books printed in English are missing. The Continental Times is nothing if not cunningly planned.

And its news! Upon the right-hand column of the first page begins a story which tells how the British hospital ship Scarpia—I am inventing that name—crept into London harbor on a certain specific July morning with a desolate cargo of wounded Englishmen. The thing reads logically enough at the beginning, even if one wonders how the censor permitted the paper to name the ship and the day and hour of her arrival so precisely. The Continental Times is perhaps the only newspaper printed in English that is not submitted to the scrutiny of English censors; the only members of the fraternity who pass upon its columns are uniformed in green-gray.

Halfway down the column the story of the arrival of the Scarpia becomes even more pregnant with interest. The details assume a more horrible aspect. It seems that the ship is foul; a veritable charnel house wherein the dead are intermixed with the sick and dying. Dante could not have painted hell or Dumas the horrors of the galley ship more fearfully than the Continental Times calmly describes the voyage of the Scarpia across the English Channel.

Lies, you exclaim; all lies! No, not all lies; for that is the peculiarly iniquitous way of this hideous form of German army morale. The Continental Times is a thin tissue of lies; lies builded upon fact, but a tissue that is like the thin growth which forms upon the corneas of the eyes, and so distorts or completely obscures vision.

Let us say that there is a Scarpia and that the Tommy whose eye may happen to fall upon the balloon-distributed Continental Times may chance to know this to be a fact; may even happen to know that upon that particular July morning she steamed into a London dock with a shipload of wounded men. In such a case so much greater is the danger; for Tommy, knowing that part is truth, may not be keen enough to discern where the lies begin. And so he has his mental vision distorted and, in turn, his own morale lowered; which is the very thing the Prussian editor of the Continental Times intended to bring about in Tommy.

How Secret Morale Squads Work

THAT is the negative side of morale as the German understands it, a side which frequently finds its expression not only in issues of the Continental Times but in papers printed in their own language for both the French and British soldiers, and also balloon-distributed. And some day Pershing may find himself confronted with a German printed and edited Yankee paper—probably the output of some young Prussian ingrate who received the benefits of an American university and who was smart enough to attach himself to the staff of one of its official publications.

But it is the positive side of morale training that has received the keenest attention of the German Military Staff, just as to-day it is receiving the attention of our own. And the way that the positive side works is something after this fashion:

Fritz Reibach is discouraged. Life behind the Hindenburg Line is just one thing after another, with each successive thing a little worse than the one that preceded it. Last night the second lieutenant kicked him—an early and somewhat intrinsic form of German morale which Ludendorff and the rest of the more scientific military thinkers have not as yet been able to eliminate. Finally Fritz does a cowardly but perfectly human thing. He writes a letter home and in it tells his troubles. He is sickly blue, miserably unhappy. Death no longer has any terrors for him.

That letter never reaches Fritz's home. In the German Army all letters to and from the soldiers are carefully censored, and this particular letter goes from the censor into the morale squad of Fritz's company. That squad is composed of the captain, three sergeants and six privates—all of these last nine selected because of their peculiar qualifications for understanding and getting along with men. Fundamentally they are mixers. The existence of the morale squad, as such, is unknown to the rest of the company.

I have known a great street-railroad company in a metropolitan city to have each tenth man in its employ organized and paid extra as a part of its secret service. That, in a very distant yet very definite way, was a sort of morale organization. It was morale so far as it sought to accomplish definite results with the rank and file of the street-railroad men; it did not deserve so good a name when one considered that the tenth men were in a large and definite sense traitors to their fellows, who did not know the fullness of their relations to the company which employed them.

Fritz Reibach's letter, as you have just read, never goes home. But that very evening when it goes into the post one of his fellow privates—a secret member of the morale squad—a peculiarly likable fellow to whom Fritz has long since taken a real fancy, comes to him.

"Fritz, old man," says he, "how does it all go?"

It goes pretty badly. The private—the hopelessly submerged unit in what was once the greatest military organization upon the face of the wide, wide world—tells his troubles to his fellow. They are received with great sympathy and understanding.

"Lieutenant Sandhelm had no business to kick you," says the other. "It is expressly forbidden in the new regulations. He could be disciplined for that. It will not happen again." And he makes a mental note to have the captain speak to Sandhelm about the offense—a very real offense against Ludendorff's plan of morale—but then changes the subject.

"Fritz, I came by the big headquarters last evening," he continues, "and I caught a little whisper there. 'That little Fritz Reibach,' it said, 'is a real fighter. He has grit. He is a regular soldier, a credit to the Fatherland. It will not be long before he is wearing the iron cross.'"

That and much more like it and Fritz's nerve begins to stiffen; his spirits rise. You know how it would be. You may try to make yourself believe that you are completely invulnerable to flattery; but there comes the day, there comes a man, that battens you down. You smile upon him; you believe him, or you make yourself believe that you believe him—which comes to the same thing in the long run—and, what is vastly more important, you go forth with more energy and faith and endurance. Take a million, two million, three million Fritzes, and apply to each and all of them that same sort of practical psychology, and you have an element of vast strength; the sort of thing which has sent the German Army unflinchingly up against the very gates of hell time and time and time again during the past four years.

Fritz, acting under the suggestion, and perhaps to a slight extent the hypnotic influence of his friend, writes another letter home. It is a vastly different letter, filled with hope and courage and enthusiasm. In it he repeats the rumor about the iron cross. Other Fritzes are writing similar letters home. And back home they are being put side by side and compared. It is well at the Front. It is, of course, a longer pull because these devilish Americans have been tricked by the English into coming into the fight, but the boys are uncomplaining; the boys are courageous, and with such courage—such optimism, if you please—victory must be theirs in the end. Do you wonder that, with such a scientifically cultivated and fostered national morale, the long-predicted crumbling of the German nation is extremely slow in coming to pass?

Another Campaign of Lies

PERHAPS Fritz and one or two of his fellows go back for a leave of absence into the little Bavarian town from whence they came. You may be very sure the secret morale squad was very busy with them before they left. Their last impressions of the Front are good impressions. The food is fine—particularly so in their individual cases; the enemy is a motley rabble—they have just been told so again by their superior officers; and those same superior officers have been unusually courteous of late, a complete reversal of former Prussian military tradition. And while they are at home Fritz and his fellows lunch with the burgomaster, an honor that in their wildest dreams of peace days they had never imagined could come to pass.

These are facts. I am not writing them from imagination but from carefully collated evidence. German thoroughness, placed back of the morale problem, has accomplished wonders with it.

Consider for a moment once again the opposite side of this work. A little less than two years ago the captains of the German and Austrian companies along the Italian front received elaborate instructions together with packages of penknives and tobacco. These last were to be distributed to the men in the front-line trenches, who were to use them as an opening means of fraternizing with their foes. The fraternizing was to bring certain definite results; the German High Command was most anxious to discover just what part of Italy the men in those trenches directly opposite came from, as well as their names. That being established, the rest was easy.

The Hun secret agents scattered through Italy were put at work. Soon Pietro and Luigi and Guglielmo began to receive letters from their home towns—anonymous letters, to be sure; but Pietro or Luigi or Guglielmo were not educated to a point of scorning the deadly anonymous communication. Pietro learned that his little home had been destroyed by fire and that his family had taken flight into the high hills of Sicily; Luigi's aged mother was very ill and bemoaning the fact that she might never see her beloved son again; and as for Guglielmo, Tony, the maker of shoes, was devoting himself rather assiduously to Guglielmo's pretty wife.

News of this sort, reaching the men in the front trenches, was not calculated to improve the morale of Italy's army. And well-versed military authorities have no hesitancy in ascribing the pitiful Italian débâcle of 1917 to this skillful morale work of the young men of the Ludendorff school among the Italian soldiery.

(Continued on Page 26)

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The Italians since then have learned their hard-taught lesson. Morale has now become a great science in their own army; a most successful science, I may add, for this year's fighting along the Piave has been full proof of this.

The Allied nations have not been slow to apply this German-made control of morale to their own needs—only with this vital difference: Where the German method of application is founded fundamentally on dishonesty the Allied method is rooted in the square deal to the soldier. The cards are upon the table and face up. Let us see what that means:

Jean, the poilu, receives a letter from Marie, the little wife back in the Brittany town from which they both sprang. Like the letters that came to the men and boys in the Italian trenches, it contains news which will give Jean no great desire to fight—not even for his beloved France; for the little Alphonse is ill—"Oh, so very, very ill, Jean!"—and Marie, the mother, is so poor and so helpless, with the head of the tiny family so far away. There is little food in the small house and still less fuel. And Marie, upon her knees, prays for hours before her tiny crucifix, but seemingly to no avail.

Morale Work in France

JEAN closes the letter sadly; then quickly opens another which came with it. This envelope also has Marie's neat handwriting; but it is dated forty-eight hours later than the other. The message it holds tells quite a different story. The Blessed Mary has heard! For, since Marie wrote Jean those two days before, kind friends have come; food, fuel and, best of all, a big black-bearded doctor, who is bringing the little Alphonse back to health and strength once again. Jean reads further. Marie explains: The food, the fuel and the doctor came from the Société Nationale de Secours—the vast French charitable organization that has proved itself so great a bulwark of strength to the republic in the four years of its supreme trial. Great is the National Society! And great is France! For such a land Jean is prepared willingly to fight; to lay down his life if need be. . . .

Jean does not know it, but morale has also been working for him. It was morale which delayed that first depressing letter from Marie—not destroyed it, as in the case of the letter Fritz Reibach sent home; for it is fundamental French military law never to destroy a home letter sent to a soldier at the Front, but in the most extreme circumstances to detain it.

While the poilu's letter was detained the morale organization placed itself in instant communication with the National Society, which in turn telegraphed its agent at Jean's home town to proceed at once to Marie's home and give her the aid she so greatly needed.

In this connection it should be noted and plainly noted that in no cases whatsoever are the letters which are sent to our own boys at the Front ever opened and read by persons other than the very men to whom they are addressed.

Instructions on this point are precise; and not open to the slightest variation in their interpretation. The American soldier's letter is sacred—to the writer and to the fighter who receives it.

These practical lessons in the working of the newest military science have not been lost upon our own War Department. Morale is a problem that already has forced itself upon the attention of Secretary Baker, with the direct result that a subdivision of the Army is being created to handle it; and to-day this is the division of the Army which is undergoing the greatest growth and expansion. And it is still in the infancy of its development.

It is this division of the Army that already is beginning to correlate and in some instances to consolidate the many activities of the various organizations and agencies that already exist to make the lot of the American soldier to-day a happier one than that of the soldiers of other years and other wars. It is willing to establish even more activities if necessary, but all for the one supreme purpose—the winning of the war; not only through the creation of a greater number of soldiers, but through the development of far better soldiers than the skill and vast military experience of the enemy have been able to create. This is the final purpose of morale; and yet morale, properly applied, does not lose sight of the effect of its training upon the individual soldier, which is one of the strongest things in favor of the entire idea.

Even before the morale work of the War Department was completely organized the idea was in large effect in many of the army camps and commands, and nowhere producing better results than at the moment of induction of the new soldier into the Army. That moment is in many ways the most difficult of all in the life of the young soldier. Not only is his mind more open and more susceptible to new influences and impressions than at any time thereafter, but he is apt to be undergoing all the fearful pangs of loneliness and homesickness. A long, hot, dirty ride in a troop train from his home town has not lessened these pangs. The excitement of departure and the glory of the farewells are quite gone. He is face to face with the cold fact of the hard life of a soldier.

There is nothing dramatic about his reception at the average cantonment. Emotionless officers in low commands direct him here and there. He stands for long dreary minutes, and even hours, as his record is taken, his physical examination made, the various protective inoculations made, and his clothing and bedding allotted to him. After which, together with the other new arrivals, he is herded into an isolated detention camp, where for a fortnight or so he is carefully watched for the appearance of any contagious disease he may have brought with him from his home town.

The Army takes no chances.

All this is a rather disheartening business. It is apt to be the tedium of quarantine which most irks the rookie. If he has any idea that he is going to be given a gun at once and conducted to a rifle range he is quickly disillusioned. He does not get a gun for a long time after his arrival. Instead he is more apt to get a manicure set—a pick and shovel; and he goes to work digging trenches and dugouts, a rather trying business for a boy who may not have had much previous experience with these implements. Yet it is all a part of army discipline and, as such, not only valuable but extremely necessary. But it is also rather weakening to the morale of the individual soldier.

It was a keen-minded commander at a cantonment down on the Georgia-Tennessee line who last spring recognized this fact and upon his own authority set about to remedy it. The authority given these camp commanders is vast and, despite popular opinion of army practice to the contrary, the opportunity for individual initiative is very large indeed. The fact that this particular cantonment receives young men from practically every state in the Union—it is the camp which trains soldiers for the work of the Medical Reserve Corps—gave its commander an even larger opportunity than usual.

"We are going to give our boys a chance to be glad they came to Greenleaf," said the commander; "a chance to say that they are glad—glad from the moment they get off the cars." And straightway he proceeded to put his theory into practice.

To-day when a new soldier arrives at this mountain-side camp—situated at one of the older Regular Army posts and upon the site of a historic battle of the Civil War—he is first given a bath and a warm meal, at no matter what hour he may arrive, and then is promptly rostered into service; no waiting in line for hours while an overworked army clerk struggles with the draft-board reports and a host of questions to be asked the newcomer. There are four rostering teams, and each is so well and so generously organized that, between them, ten men a minute can be inducted into the service, which means almost no waiting lines whatsoever.

From the rostering clerks the new soldier goes without delay to the information tent, where the creature comforts of a regular bath and a good meal are followed by a genuine handshake and welcome to the camp. And a minute later the rookie finds himself tagged—just as delegates to a big convention are sometimes tagged—so that others in the detention camp may be able to call him by name from the very first. And upon the reverse of the tag are some simple and very human instructions and advice, beginning with a very definite "You are now a soldier!"

Scientific Gladhanding

FROM the information tent the rookie is taken to the hut of the Y. M. C. A., where he is politely told that he had better write a letter home and tell the folks how he feels and what it seems like to be a real soldier. A form letter from the commandant of the camp telling of its real purpose and advantage is given him for inclosure. He is told that this first letter will be awaited more anxiously perhaps than any which will ever follow it; and if he lacks for ideas to go into the letter there will be a man in khaki at his elbow to help him find them. The keynote of scientific morale is helpfulness.

The letters out of the way, there is a general adjournment to a natural amphitheater in the very heart of the detention camp. The boys sit in vast circles upon the side hills and hear a noncommissioned officer of experience tell what it means to be in the Army, what it means to be in their particular corps, and particularly what it means to be fighting the Hun in the common cause of liberty and the freedom of the world. He tells it in simple language, and it gets home. He goes into details. For instance, he explains the reasons for the typhoid inoculation, which seems to be the pet bugbear of so many of the recruits; and he answers questions freely and frankly.

"He just takes the cuss out of things for the newcomers," explains the commander of Camp Greenleaf.

From spoken words he goes to song. A song master appears from somewhere, leaflets bearing the words of the popularized songs of the Army are distributed among the men, and a few rounds of Good Morning, Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip! and your boy is ready, first for the military hair cut and then for the uniform that at last makes him a full-fledged soldier—outwardly at any rate. In a few hours he has been transformed—mentally at least. From the frowzy and travel-worn youth who tumbled off the incoming train he begins to be the erect soldier, with both duty and opportunity right ahead. And the spirit of morale has entered into his very heart.

There are seven baseball grounds within the detention camp at Greenleaf, and before the second day is over young officers have shown how nines can be organized without in the least interfering with the military training of the place. In a recent instance out of two hundred and twelve men in a newly arrived company one hundred and seventy-five were out for a ball game within thirty-six hours after arrival in camp—and this despite the over-anticipated and overdreaded typhoid inoculations. Those baseball diamonds more than pay their way. Boys are far better off out upon them than they would be sitting back in barracks and mooning upon the home comforts and luxuries so lately left behind.

At Greenleaf the policy is to let the boys, outside of their sleeping and eating periods, spend as little time in barracks as is humanly possible. And because there are so many limitations upon the amount of actual military work that can be done, particularly by newcomers in a detention camp, this means that there must be elaborate and well-laid plans for the play and amusement of the recruits.

But it pays. When the boys from a country three thousand miles in length and a thousand miles in width first come rolling into Greenleaf they are intensely partisan, immensely local in their ideas and their devotions. The gang from Idaho announces that fact by means of a terse and well-phrased yell; the boys who came in from Connecticut a week ago ring back an answer. California is far too large to be represented by a single delegation, but the bunch from San Francisco is doing its best to handle the job. The Maine boys are good shouters; and so are the Texans. So it goes—at first. Local spirit and local pride seek every opportunity to assert themselves.

Swift Changes in the Rookies

THEN a change begins to show itself, slowly at first and then with astounding rapidity. The locality calls begin to lose their force; then die completely—in most instances before the recruits are out of the detention camps. In their place come the yells of the new companies, and finally the big whoopee of Camp Greenleaf itself.

"Gee, but this is a great place!" said one of the boys still in detention barracks a few weeks ago to a War Department representative down from Washington. "Camp Greenleaf's got it all over anything else in the way of camps all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

The War Department man was interested.

"How do you know that?" he demanded. "You haven't seen any of the others."

The rookie grinned.

"That fellow over there told me it was," was the reply.

"That fellow," to whom he pointed, had been a soldier all of four days!

Sometimes the young Americans who ride the trains for the first time in toward the cantonments are of a strange sort—swarthy-skinned perhaps, and perhaps not even understanding the tongue of the great republic of democracy in which they must live their lives. More than a year ago I rode with such a group from the Pennsylvania Station in New York down to Camp Upton, on Long Island, and among the oddly assorted polyglot group a little Russian Jew interested me the most. He was intensely excited, tremendously impressed by his new surroundings. He was one of those who spoke no English, but his actions spoke more loudly than any words could have spoken; for from his vest pocket he produced from time to time a tiny silken American flag, kissed it reverently, and moved his lips in the prayers of his fathers.

It is to men such as this that the detention camp comes as a very great horror; it is with men such as this that the problem of applying morale reaches its greatest complexities. A group of men, the greater part of them Italians and Poles, thrust into a far Southern camp, found themselves in a really desperate plight. There was a shortage of interpreters; not even a priest to give them the solace they so sorely needed.

Yet it was out of the difficulties of this large group of selective-service men that there was evolved one of the most definite and successful schemes of the new and comprehensive morale plan of our Army. The Foreign Legion Plan is the name given to this particular experiment in bringing spirit and energy—the will to fight and the desire to conquer—to a definite and difficult group of embryo soldiers.

In a word, this plan involves nothing more difficult or complicated than the segregating of various tongues or races into individual companies, officered in part by men

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My good old Friend!

WHEN did I first smoke Robert Burns cigar? Well, let me see—I think it was in '82. And he was quite a youngster, even then—in 1857 he was born.

At that time strong cigars were much in vogue. More credit, then, to Robert Burns, for being first to demonstrate the folly of mere strength. He pioneered the way for mild cigars, so prevalent today.

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WATCH the workman smoothing a wood plank, a metal casting or a row of turned-leather soles, with a fast-running belt of sandpaper or other abrasives.

Who knows what the 4,000,000 little grit teeth are doing? Sliding? Getting hot? Filling up? Tearing out, or *cutting?*

The workman can tell what is happening by the "feel"—that wonderful "sixth *sense*" that a mechanic acquires with any tool his eyes follow, his hands guide, and ears hear. He can't explain it or teach it.

GARNET PAPER
GARNET CLOTH
FLINT PAPER
(Sandpaper)
EMERY CLOTH
EMERY PAPER
CROCUS CLOTH
METALITE CLOTH
GRINDING DISCS
HANDY ROLLS
DURUNDUM PAPER
DURUNDUM CLOTH
DURITE PAPER
DURITE CLOTH

But he gets good wages because his "sixth sense" is worth everything to his employer.

Watch any workman—watch his face—when he first meets with Manning "Speed-grits." It's a picture of *real satisfaction.* In no other way have Manning "Speed-grits" been chosen in thousands of great factories. They are winning on the workman's word. Everywhere these quality abrasives are entering the factories of America upon the recommendation of the workman and living up to his estimate of them.

MANNING ABRASIVE COMPANY
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of lingual and racial understanding. The first policy of the War Department was to set itself squarely against this very sort of thing. It was supposed to be un-American; the big job of this nation—a need particularly vital and to be particularly noted at this very time—is to fuse the various racial elements that in the past few years have made their way here from overseas, and not to keep alive in their hearts and minds the speech and customs of their native lands. That is so fundamental as to be trite by this time. And yet, in practice ——

At Camp Gordon, on the outskirts of Atlanta, at a single time there were more than four thousand soldiers who could not speak the language of the land for which they were being prepared to fight. Almost literally they were running round in circles. Many of them were openly indifferent, discouraged, discontented, rebellious. They were objects of derision for the English-speaking rookies, who shouted "Wops!" and "Dagos!" at them as they worked in the kitchen police or with the pick and shovel.

Into all this chaos—and it was pretty nearly chaos—walked a young officer from Washington. This was some three or four months ago. The young man was one of the first of the new morale officers, and he had been told that there was a regular job awaiting him down at Atlanta. Instead of tackling the problem en masse, he decided that he would do it individually. He did it individually. In the course of a fortnight he actually talked to nine hundred and seventy-six men. He was a linguist of some ability and he spoke to them either in their own tongues or else in a combination of dialects. The point was, he made them understand him; or was the best point the undoubted fact that they made him—a man of authority in his leather putties—understand them?

The Strength of Gentle Methods

ONE by one they came before him—not only the discontented foreigners, understanding little and caring less, but those harder problems, the so-called pacifists, the men who need morale the most and the ones to whom it is hardest to give it. Here was one of this last sort:

"Your name?" asked the young man down from Washington.

The recruit—a young Russian—gave it sullenly and without the customary salute preceding it. The aid explained that here was a pacifist. The Russian had refused to drill; even to put on a uniform or sign his naturalization papers. The morale lieutenant did not lose his head or his temper.

"You do not believe in fighting?" he asked with patient courtesy. "Are you not willing to be a soldier?"

The Russian replied, with great positiveness, that his entire nature revolted against warfare; against force of any sort whatsoever. He could not bear even the thought of killing a man.

"Of course not! Of course not!" said the young lieutenant.

And then he began to tell the man in front of him what war meant to the womenfolk of the land he had left behind—the very women, the children, too, whom he once loved and strove to protect. And suppose war should cross the ocean and come to those closest to a man's protection and affection!

The young lieutenant is something of a salesman. In the days before the coming of the war he sold automobiles in upper Broadway, New York—and sold a lot of them. That involved work—hard work; and so does this. Patiently but steadily he gave this story of the war and what it meant to this man, just as if it was a story of six cylinders and a new cooling system. And so he "sold" his man.

Finally the Russian broke forth with all the native eloquence of his race. He really wanted to fight. In his native land he had been a soldier. He hated the Huns, but was worried about his wife and children, whom he must leave behind. Will they starve? He had an uncle once who went to fight the Czar's battles in far-off Manchuria; and Androvsky never came back, but the aunt was left, quite without food.

The young lieutenant smiled—encouragingly this time—and took the new soldier by the elbow; explained to him, as friend to friend, how Uncle Sam would care for his wife and children while he was at war; how a part of his monthly pay would be deducted and an equal amount added by the Government, and the whole then sent to the good wife. He told him all about the allowance and allotment plan; about government insurance, too, as well as the various other ways in which those whom he loved and had promised to protect would be watched and protected in his absence.

And the net result was a man, once worried and rebellious, now ready to serve his Uncle Samuel; and to the very best of his ability. Does not that beat the guardhouse or the prison—by about a million per cent?

In the early days of the new cantonments a veteran commander with unusually strong human instincts was sent down to take charge of the great camp at Yaphank, Long Island. That cantonment—Camp Upton—was peopled entirely by the men of New York, a generous portion of East Side objectors among them. Among these last also was a Russian, a clever agitator and a man of unusual prominence among his neighbors. This man was an objector, a sullen, obstinate fellow who refused to drill or even to get into a uniform. The commander heard of him. Another commander might have ordered him into the guardhouse or given him some other form of hard punishment.

Major General Bell did nothing of that sort. He sent for the Russian and talked to him—talked in the friendly, intimate, manly fashion that the young lieutenant from Washington talked to the evaders and objectors down at Camp Gordon—and finally won him; won him heart and soul. Bell then revoked the punishment to which he had been sentenced by a junior officer. The Russian thanked him but did not leave the office.

"Is there anything else I can do for you?" asked General Bell.

There was. The Russian hesitated; he said that under the circumstances he had no right to ask any favors of his high commanding officer.

"Go ahead and ask," said that functionary.

The Russian explained: This was the day of Yom Kippur—the most sacred festival of his people. He should have been with his family back there in the East Side of New York. Instead, here he was, so recently under a court-martial sentence, a disgrace to the country that had fostered him from oppression and given him a living!

The commander cut him short. He rose from his desk and went straight over to him, looked him squarely in the eye.

"I know I can trust you," he said quietly. "There is a train to New York at one-twenty-five. You catch that and come back to-morrow evening. I want you to be with your people at this time."

The man stammered out profuse thanks; his face filled with color. He would have caught the major general's hands and kissed them if he had dared. He hurried from the room. An orderly ran down the hall after him and called him back.

"You'll not have time to walk and catch that one-twenty-five," said Major General Bell. "I'll arrange to have one of our headquarters cars hustle you over to it."

Return to Camp Gordon once again. The young man who went down there from Washington last summer studied the situation carefully and found certain very definite things, the most important perhaps being the fact that most of the objectors to service are men who do not speak or understand English. Seventy-five per cent of these objectors, though in camp since last fall, had not learned English, to say nothing of the rudiments of being a soldier. Yet their troubles and complaints had quickly dissolved when they had their opportunity to talk them over frankly with an officer who was both sympathetic and human and in a position to give definite advice with authority.

Pacifists Become Fighters

OUT of his observations and recommendations came a classification of the difficults into three distinct groups: First, a development battalion, consisting of physically fit men; second, a labor battalion, comprising the really disloyal and enemy aliens; and third, a noncombatant service, composed of men really physically unfit to go overseas, but fairly proficient for some army trade here in America. As soon as this classification had been completed the physically fit were assigned to what is now known as the Second Development Battalion, with two companies, one composed of Slavs—the majority of them Poles—and the other a company of pure-blooded Italians.

Three officers of Polish extraction and one Russian were secured for the first company and two Italians for the second, with the addition of a Greek for a squad of Greeks it held. These officers taught both the spirit and the articles of war in their native tongues to the non-English-speaking men of their commands, and straightway fully one-half of the disaffection and disloyalty that remained disappeared and was replaced by enthusiasm and patriotism. The original theory and principle of the War Department was completely reversed; but to a very large purpose indeed.

Presently another factor appeared: A corporal from a Slav company ran into an Italian corporal in front of one of the post exchanges.

"You Dagos aren't real soldiers!" he said in a bantering, joking way. "If you want to see real soldiers come round sometime and watch us drill."

The Italian did not take it as a joking matter.

"Is that so?" he cried. "Is that so? Well, you just watch us drill! We will show you a few things. You Slavs can't even march."

Out of such a spirit of rivalry the two companies have developed rapidly—even more rapidly than any two companies of American boys in the same length of time. And another young officer of the General Staff up at Washington came down to Atlanta. They lined the peppy Slav company up in front of him.

"How many of you men are ready to go abroad at once?" he asked.

And in response ninety per cent of the company stepped briskly forward. And these were the men who had gone into Camp Gordon as conscientious objectors; they were the difficults who were herded in a detention camp because there seemed to be nothing else to be done with them.

Morale is a pretty workable thing, after all.

Its possibilities are large, whether it be among the boys whose blood and traditions have been here for ten generations or for less than one.

There is hardly a man in the Army, no matter what his rank or ability, who cannot fail to be benefited by its workings; particularly when it is worked in the honest cards-face-up-on-the-table fashion in which it is being brought into our service to-day.

We found the boys at Camp Greenleaf being told off into the Y. M. C. A. huts upon the first day of their arrival there and ordered to write a letter home. That idea of itself has vast possibilities. At a certain camp in the Middle West each company commander has had prepared, each week-end, under his personal direction, a mimeographed letter—not a stiff or formal sort of communication, but a regular letter—for the folks at home, chatty, newsy, informal.

Working Out Selected Ideas

IF PRIVATE JACK SMITH stubbed his toe in front of the major's tent just as the old major was coming out and beginning salute, that goes into the letter; so does the astounding fact that Bill Brown ate seventeen griddle cakes at mess Thursday night, or that Ralph Robinson has more warts than any other buddy in the company. It all goes in; but not so much as to prevent the leaving of a broad space at the bottom of the sheet for a message from the boy himself—a few of the intimate and personal words that never can be mimeographed.

Camp Travis, down at Fort Sam Houston, goes at the same problem in a somewhat different way. One of its officers prepares news-letters for the home papers of the communities from which it draws its boys, particularly the country papers. It sees to it that these are genuinely newsy and that the boys' names are used—again and again and again.

In a single week more than five thousand boys had their names in these news sheets. And it would take a pretty stony-hearted country editor to thrust them into the waste-basket when they come to cases in such definite fashion.

There is no charge for this service, of course; but a request is made that the papers using the Camp Travis news service shall send copies on to its reading room, where they are read by the very boys whose names are mentioned time and time again, with an interest and an avidity not hard to imagine.

One may go here and there to the various camps and cantonments all the way across the land and find many instances like these. As I have said, the authority of the individual commanders is very great indeed and the opportunity for their initiative in instances like these almost limitless.

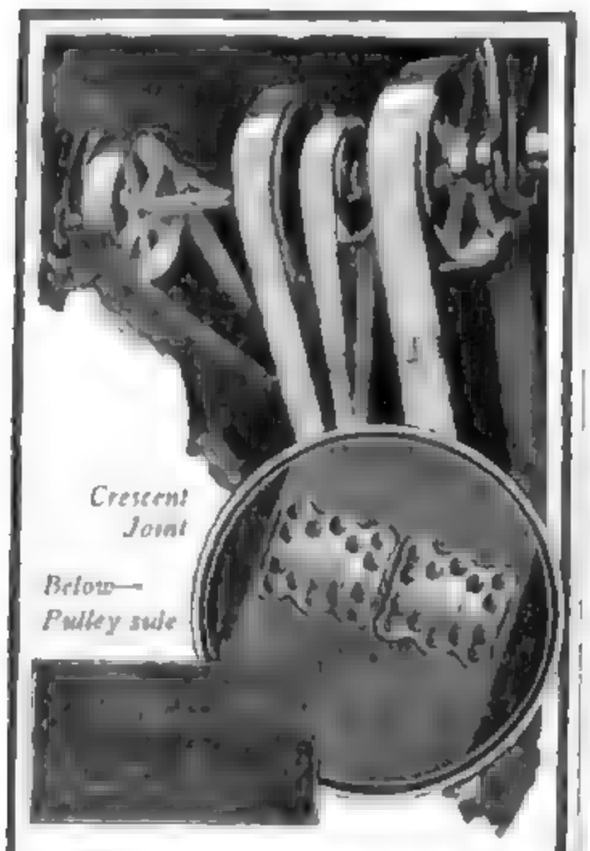
A large part of the work of the new Morale Division of the War Department is to pick out these ideas from the various camps where they have been tried out and made effective and then put them into effect at other camps. No longer is so valuable a work left entirely to individual enterprise and initiative. It is to be broadened and standardized until every man of the three or four millions in the American Army of to-day and of to-morrow has received its full benefit.

We do not have to hold up or destroy letters to our boys from the folks at home any more than we have to print false or lying newspapers in the German tongue and then distribute them behind the fighting lines of the Huns. We conceive morale as a bigger and a broader thing, and then proceed to put it into effect along bigger and broader lines.

For morale is indeed a huge thing. It is an even bigger thing than our Army. It is strength for our water forces as well as for those who fight upon the land. It is a national possibility. The cultivation of a home morale, the fostering of a heartful strength and coöperation at the fireside that shall find its best expression in strong and optimistic letters to the boys in camp or at the Front are problems which we must meet and solve.

Close by home morale stands labor morale—something that will make disgraceful munition strikes and tie-ups—like the Bridgeport affair of a few weeks ago—or the necessity of feeding pink tea or vaudeville to shipbuilders in order to induce them to hurry toward completion a program absolutely necessary to the national success seem like relics of a very dark age indeed.

All these, in turn, are but parts of our very great problem of national morale—a problem undertaken, up to the present time, in a rather fragmentary fashion by various patriotic societies and self-constituted authorities; yet one eventually to demand the strong hand of the Washington Government—that and a modicum of human sympathy and human understanding.



Patriotism
and
Power

PATRIOTISM without a purpose is like a power plant with a broken belt—both are ineffective and wasteful.

Continuous belt operation is one of the real power problems, and the manufacturer who is trying to be patriotic is falling short when his belts are not protected, so that they can deliver continuous plant operation.

Crescents not only give maximum insurance against joint failure for the whole life of the belt, but increase the life and service of every belt on which they are used.

That Crescents have delivered continuous service on the most important *main* drives, demonstrates their ability to make good on belts of every length, width and thickness.

Ask us to send the Crescent Service Chart
Ask your Mill Supply or Hardware man to show you Crescents.

CRESCENT BELT FASTENER CO.
91 Fourth Avenue New York City

Branches and Distributors throughout the world

CRESCENT BELT FASTENERS

"For Continuous Production"

MORE PRECIOUS THAN RUBIES

(Continued from Page 5)

of some developed paying mine elsewhere—the same scenery and sky line, you know. Then get a real miner who will plug away at his prospect for good day's wages. He does not have to look like a Bret Harte forty-niner. I'll send a young man to you later who will explain. I shall write you from time to time, for I expect to use you when I need you. That is what friends are for, my dear John. I know that you are my friend, even if you are my customer, and you know that I am your friend, even if I never stick you in business.'"

Caldecott rose and when Miss Lockwood finished writing said "That's all!" Then bending over her he whispered: "If you weren't so pretty I'd tell you something!"

He gathered up the sheets, placed them in an envelope and put it in his pocket. He walked into the main office and said: "Miss Moeller, this girl has a temper, but she is the Teresa Carreño of the typewriter. How much do I owe you? You'd better call it an hour."

"Two dollars!" Miss Moeller had not forgiven him and didn't wish his trade—unless he paid twice her regular rates.

"Is that all? Here, I'll be back for the change."

And placing a five-dollar bill in Miss Moeller's hand he left the room. Presently he returned with two boxes of candy.

"Miss Moeller, this box is for you because you were so amiable. And this is for Miss Lockwood, with your permission. You give it to her so she will not think she is taking presents from a strange man. Good day!"

And he left the office of Miss Kathleen Moeller, leaving there a dazed young lady who could not remember what the queer stranger had dictated because he dictated so fast and had neither addressed nor signed the letter.

From Miss Moeller's office Caldecott walked to the nearest Subway entrance. At the news stand he bought a copy of the latest issue of each of the seven moving-picture magazines. These he looked over quickly. Then, instead of going to his office he stopped again at Marcus, Son & Co.'s advertising agency. He asked the shrewd-eyed man: "Mr. Marcus, do you handle advertisements for magazines?"

"For any and all periodicals—daily, weekly, semimonthly, monthly, quarterly, annual and decennial," replied young Mr. Marcus, extending his hand for the copy.

Caldecott instead gave him the motion-picture magazines and said: "I wish to put an ad—the same ad—in each of these. One insertion. I don't want to lose any time, and perhaps you'd better let me dictate the advertisement to your stenographer. I wish it printed as early as possible. If necessary make an extra effort to get it into the next issue."

"Certainly. Won't you walk into my parlor, Mr. Caldecott? Miss Jacobs, kindly take this gentleman's dictation. Eight copies."

Miss Jacobs was dark and thin, with a suggestion of machinelike efficiency, as though her bones were steel and her joints so beautifully lubricated that you almost looked for oil cups. This was not pleasant to a man like Caldecott, who lived by exploiting and enjoying human foibles and extravagances. Before he had quite finished the last word she had closed her stenographer's notebook, a sort of premature full stop that affected him disagreeably. Too efficient!

This was the advertisement:

FAME AND FORTUNE

Are you dark?
Do you know what to do when you are in love?
Do you wish to be a movie actor?
Do you wish to write your own scenarios?
Can you swim?
Are you under thirty?
Do you know what happened to Narcissus?
Did the story of his fate loosen your hold on mirror worship?
Have you any brains?
Have you really brains?
Are you perfectly sure that you really have brains?

If you can truthfully answer YES to ALL the foregoing questions send me your photograph, and write, telling me all about yourself, your ideas, your desires, your fears and your hopes. If you are the man I am looking for you may consider yourself already rich and famous.

Address [C] care of this office.

Caldecott received the typewritten transcript of Miss Jacobs' notes almost before he could draw his breath. It was immaculate, properly spaced, perfect—and machine made. He read it frowningly, disappointed in not finding an error, O. K.'d it reluctantly and left it with Mr. Marcus, who promised to telegraph it to the seven magazines within fifteen minutes. Caldecott, thinking of Miss Jacobs, believed it. He walked out of the advertising agency.

"A good day's work!" he muttered, and returned to his office.

III

THOUSANDS of pairs of eyes read Caldecott's advertisement for a confidential secretary and hundreds of pairs of lungs doubtless exhaled sighs. But several dozen pairs of legs confidently carried their owners into Room 54, Jewelers' Guild Building, and presently carried them out, not so confidently. Day after day that advertisement dangled baitlike before employed and unemployed. Since there was no mention of salary everybody assumed it must be munificent; and as no age was specified the number of wishers was huge. In every morning paper in New York the advertisement continued to appear, until those who had not applied were glad that they had not wasted their time. Evidently the man wanted was the millionth man you hear about—the one in a million.

It was not until Thursday of the following week that the right man presented himself. He was not much under thirty, tall, well-built, steady-eyed and smooth-shaven. He seemed to move about paradoxically—with what might be called a deliberate and accurate quickness. Caldecott, who was watching keenly, saw him take in the entire room with a quick glance. That the location of the door, windows and furniture was printed instantly on his memory map Caldecott felt certain.

The two men stared at each other casually. Then the stranger arched his eyebrows. He was going to prove that silence came easy to him.

"Yes?" said Caldecott pleasantly, and held out his hand.

The young man made no motion to shake it. Instead he took from his inside coat pocket a half dozen letters and gave them to Caldecott, as if assuming that such was the purpose of the outstretched hand.

Caldecott took the letters and turning his back on the young man read them. Three were from very well-known retail jewelers in the city, the fourth from a world-renowned banker of Philadelphia, the fifth from a former United States Senator and the sixth from a leading firm of corporation lawyers. The young man, Mr. Alvin Cochrane, had filled secretarial positions and had left of his own accord for good reasons, much to their regret. His diligence, reliability and character were above par. There was nothing in the wide world that they would not trust him with. Truly a magnificent tribute to the young man, a perfectly wonderful set of references. Nevertheless, Caldecott read them over and over, examined the ink and the paper and generally behaved as if what he was looking at was the forged will in the third act.

Presently he observed disagreeably: "They are all dated this week."

"Never needed them before," answered the steady-eyed young man calmly.

"They are very good," mused Caldecott suspiciously.

"They thought my services justified them."

He impressed one as economizing in words not so much from congenital vocal parsimony as from the dislike of talking common to all men who like to do things.

"If they thought so well of your services why did they let you go?"

"Because I left!"

It was plain that there was no more to be said by the employers.

"Why did you leave?"

"Six places; six different reasons. In none of the six did the future promise enough. I stayed as long as I was learning. No longer."

"Do you know what my business is?"

"Specu—ties."

"In what?"

"I assume in gems and precious stones."

"Do you know anything about the Dodsworth emeralds?"

"N-no."

"Why did you hesitate?"

"I was trying to remember if the emeralds that Daumier & Co. sold to Mrs. Tom Merriwether were the Dodsworth. Then I recalled they were the Chatsworth necklace."

"The Dodsworth are much finer," said Caldecott with a sternness that seemed uncalled for. But the young man nodded in a matter-of-fact way.

"What do you think you could get for a first-class ruby of about fifty carats?" pursued Caldecott.

"What did it cost me?"

"You were working on commission and the owner left the price to you."

"I'd find out first who could afford to buy such a stone and then I'd get all the traffic would bear. I may as well admit right here that I have only a fair working knowledge of ordinary stones. If it was thorough knowledge I shouldn't be here."

"You might do worse," said Caldecott, "than to be here with a thorough knowledge, for you would earn your ultimate wages all the quicker. The vacancy that I wish to fill calls for a man who will be worth fifty thousand dollars a year to me for the next two or three years. I am willing to pay that man twenty-five dollars a week."

"I accept."

"Why do you?"

"If I am going to be worth fifty thousand dollars a year to you I'm going to be worth that much to myself, after the two or three years."

"The place is yours." And Caldecott smiled congratulatorily. "But look here, Mr. Alvin Cochrane, I can't tell whether you are the man I need or not, but I can tell you this much: I don't propose to stay in this business all my life. If the next two years prove as prosperous as the last two I'll retire twenty-four months from to-day. But I want you to get one thing straight, and it's this: I am not buying and selling gems and precious stones. My business is to buy experience and to sell knowledge. Any damn fool can buy ten diamonds for fifteen hundred dollars and sell them for twenty-five hundred dollars. I bought the Chatsworth emeralds from the earl, nine of them. That was the stunt—to buy them at all. They were heirlooms, and the earl was not hard up. So I sold seven to Daumier, who sold them to Merriwether."

"What became of the other two?"

"I am waiting for a man in Bogota to die, and then there will be five, and for the five I shall get seven times as much as I can get for the two. The reason has nothing to do with the greater vendibility of five than of two. Do you know why?"

"No."

"I do. That's why I am where I am. The only way you can earn your real pay while you are getting the twenty-five dollars a week is for you to fill my place. It doesn't follow you can do it."

"I'll chance it," said Mr. Alvin Cochrane confidently.

"If you really are what you evidently wish me to believe you are"—and Caldecott paused and looked searchingly at Mr. Cochrane, who thereupon frowned and instantly ceased to frown—"I mean, if you are willing to study, anxious to learn, able to work, I can see no reason why you should not be making fifty thousand dollars a year within, say, five years, to be very conservative. Of course I do not know your capacities and I can't guarantee that I will keep you. If I decide that you won't do I expect you to accept my decision without asking me any questions."

"That isn't fair."

"Yes, it is. It will be because you have failed to do the right thing, and in this business of mine you must do the right thing not nine times out of ten but ten out of ten.

"You are young and all you risk is a few months out of your long unlived life. But a mistake on your part—which will be my mistake for letting you make it—will cost me years of my life. You stand to make a fortune if you make good. I stand to lose my—er—much more than you."

"A man learns by his mistakes."

"It's an expensive education, if you happen to be a burglar. I am not so big a fool

(Continued on Page 32)

A Triumph in Transportation

SERVICE and COST—those are the two great questions in the transportation problem today. To both of them the Traffic Truck is furnishing the complete answer.

Its place in the business world is firmly established. In carrying capacity, speed and endurance it is everywhere demonstrating its superiority over horse-drawn vehicles. Because of its remarkably low cost and high quality the Traffic Truck has no equal in the sphere of mechanical conveyance.

Traffic Truck

4000 LBS. CAPACITY

$1395

is built with a complete understanding of what a commercial vehicle is called upon to do. It meets all motor truck standards of construction. It is a dependable truck in every sense—correct in design and simple in construction. Sturdily built of durable materials and standardized units. Will handle its loaded capacity efficiently and at lowest cost for operation and up-keep.

The Traffic Truck is more than amply powered. Operates as easily as most passenger cars. Has many special features that make for great economy in first cost. Quantity production on a single model makes the Traffic price, $1395, possible.

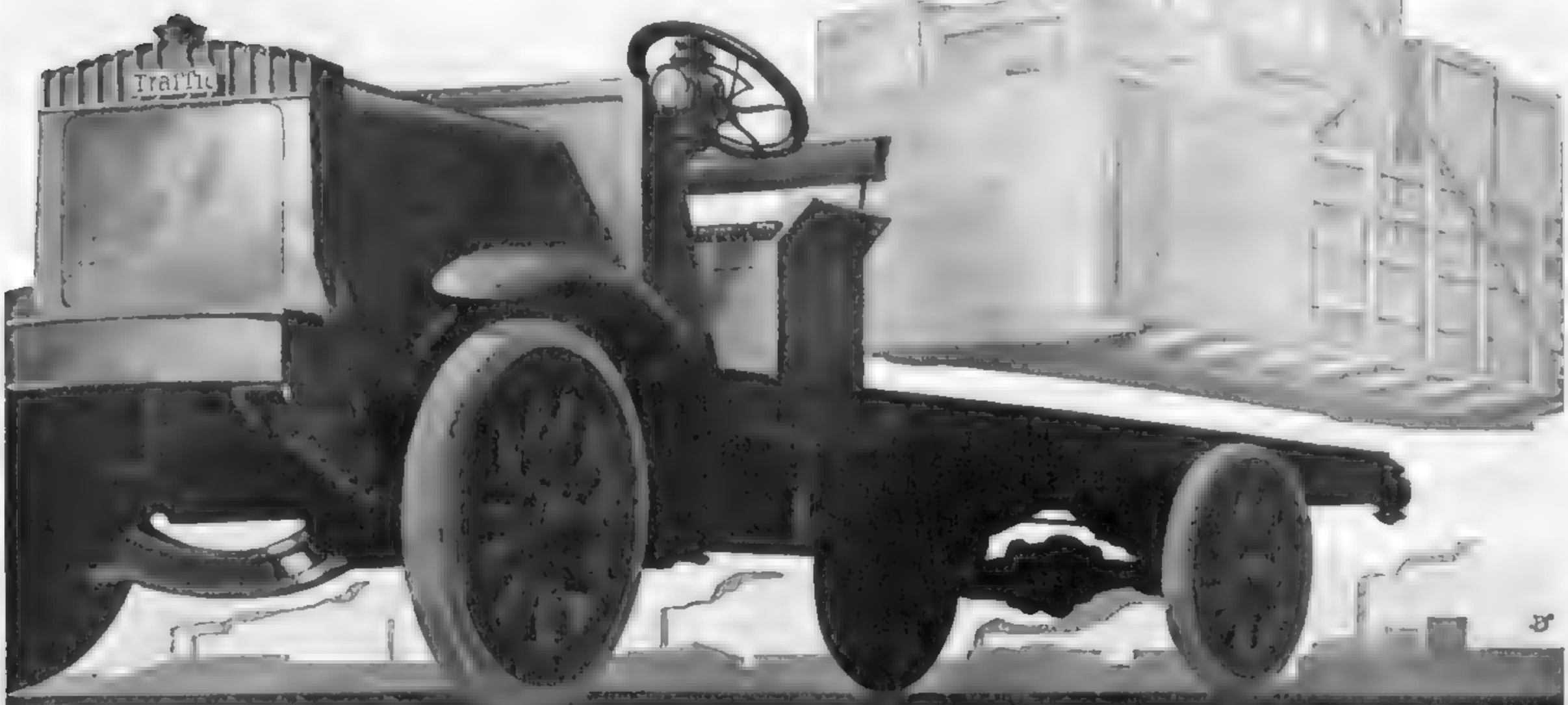
Look into the Traffic if you have any hauling problems. Study the specifications. It is standing every comparison. A demonstration will convince you that the Traffic is a transportation triumph—the greatest truck value in the world today.

If there should be no Traffic dealer in your town—write us for location of nearest distributor. Whatever your mind is as to your next truck—or your first truck—it will pay you to see the Traffic before coming to any decision.

SOME "TRAFFIC" FEATURES

Weight, 3,300 lbs.; 4-cylinder, valve-in-head, 40 h. p. motor. Covert transmission; Borg & Beck disc clutch; Kingston magneto with impulse starter; cellular type radiator; drop forged front axle with Timken roller bearings; Russel internal gear rear axle, roller bearings; semi-elliptic front and rear springs; 6-inch U-channel frame; 133-inch wheelbase; 122-inch length of frame behind driver's seat; oil cup lubricating system—and many other features for perfect performance.

Traffic Motor Truck Corporation **St. Louis, U. S. A.**



The lowest priced 4000 lb. capacity truck in the world

(Continued from Page 30)

as I look, and you won't become really valuable to me until I get your index of resistance to temptation—the temptation of sudden riches; the temptation to appear greater than you know yourself to be; even the temptation to heed a mistaken sense of duty. If you expect me to make your fortune I expect you to refuse to make it at my expense."

"Certainly."

"Here is a key to this office. You will come every morning at nine. Under no circumstances, even during my absence for long periods, will you tamper with my mail."

"I'm not in the habit ——"

"I am," interrupted Caldecott calmly; "I certainly am in the habit of looking months and months ahead. What I say to you now holds good until I order you to open all my mail. Your chief duties will be to study. You will begin to-morrow."

"Don't you have any letters to ——"

"This business is not a business; it is my business, like that of a doctor or a popular dentist. The people I deal with don't want typewritten documents. They prefer to hear my voice. Speech was invented long before writing."

Caldecott made an end of speaking and looked at Cochrane, who apparently felt there was nothing more to be said, for he picked up his hat and turned to go. Then he remembered himself and said "Thank you."

"If you are the man I think you are it is I who ought to thank you."

Caldecott smiled pleasantly but Cochrane frowned and asked coldly "Meaning?"

"That I've long needed someone in this office who could have at the same time two qualities that I need in an assistant—loyalty and gumption."

And still smiling pleasantly Caldecott nodded dismissingly at the successful candidate for the vacancy.

As soon as the door closed behind Cochrane, Caldecott telephoned to Marcus, Son & Co. to discontinue the advertisement for secretary and confidential man.

Late that afternoon Caldecott left the office to go to his home. He stopped at the telegraph office in the Grand Central Station and sent a dispatch as follows:

"Will see P. M. P. luncheon, Touraine, Saturday. Drop in accidentally. Great surprise. Bring fifty ones and thirty twos.

"E. H. W."

That telegram he sent to Cecil Caldecott, Jewelers' Guild Building, Maiden Lane, New York City.

He arrived at his office the next morning at nine-thirty and found Cochrane sitting by one of the windows reading the morning paper.

"Good morning, Mr. Caldecott," said Cochrane, rising politely.

"Good morning. I'm quite late, for me. Anybody been in?"

"No, sir. A messenger boy brought that telegram. I signed for it." He pointed to the heap of letters on Caldecott's desk.

Caldecott opened the telegram, read it and frowned, and then placed it face downward on his desk. He opened his mail. As he read his letters he sorted them and soon had three piles.

Then he spoke to Cochrane: "The letters in this first pile are from manufacturing jewelers, stating their urgent needs. I never go after clients. Clients come after me. If I have what they want I telegraph exact information and prices. If I don't I telegraph just the same."

"Saying you haven't got what they need?"

"Regretting that I haven't. Here is a memorandum book with abbreviations that you will have to memorize. All my clients have copies of this little book. You write shorthand, don't you? Please take this down—a sort of circular telegram: 'Awfully sorry I can't help you out just now. Try ——' Leave a blank space here, which you will fill from initials you will find in my handwriting in each letter. Sign my own initials only, C. C. That message will go to each of these." He passed perhaps a dozen letters to Cochrane, marking certain initials at the bottom of each—the names of the dealers who had what Caldecott's customers needed.

Cochrane was evidently a competent stenographer. He took the letters and nodded to show he understood; but Caldecott saw fit to explain.

"I make it a point to learn which of my competitors is temporarily overstocked, and I pass that information to my clients—I have no customers—when I myself don't have the same goods. My clients are thus able always to get the lowest prices and I see to it that they do not forget to whom they owe it."

"Don't you build up your competitors' trade that way?"

"No; I only tell my clients where to buy cheap when they can't buy from me. My prices are always cheaper than the others by exactly one-half the duty."

"You mean you can undersell ——"

"Exactly!"

Cochrane asked interestedly: "What advantage have you over your competitors in buying so that you can undersell them?"

"That is one of the things you will learn if I decide to keep you. It's only one branch of my business. Are you married?"

Cochrane having relapsed into his studied taciturnity shook his head.

"Too bad!"

"You are not, either," Cochrane retorted. Then as by an afterthought he added "Are you?"

"No; I never had time to learn more than one thing. I've specialized on rare gems, and it has made me one-sided. When you see a gem you know exactly what you have before you; you know it inside and out; you know why it is desirable and why it is valuable. You can guess pretty accurately what you can do with it; what profit it can bring you; and particularly you know what pleasure you yourself can get out of it. But with a woman—who in blazes knows what he's got or how much she is going to cost him, in money and emotions? You don't love a woman for her beauty, for her rarity, for her fine points, for sheer joy of exclusive possession. You love her because you love her—that is, for the reason that you have no other reason except that you do. She gratifies some craving that may or may not last long; that may or may not be killed by possession. You never grow tired of really beautiful gems; but you may of a really beautiful woman. Take it from me, a collection of fine diamonds is cheaper and safer than marriage. Of course," finished Caldecott meditatively, "a good wife is more precious than—than rubies. And if anybody knows how precious they are I fancy it is I."

"You, sir?" Alvin Cochrane asked the question in a voice full of respect. But what you saw in his eyes was thirst for knowledge.

"Well, I've just sold three of them at an average of seventy-five thousand dollars each."

"What?" The tone was frankly, almost disrespectfully incredulous.

"Yes. What is there surprising about it?"

"I had no idea rubies could be worth that."

"Rubies can be worth anything. So can coal; so can marble; so can clay. It depends in each case on quality and size."

Caldecott spoke so coldly that the taciturn Cochrane felt compelled to apologize.

"I meant these rubies must be wonderful."

"All good rubies are that; and these are very good indeed."

Cochrane hesitated. Then he said: "I should like to see them."

"I'll show them to you before I deliver them. I'm going to Paris after them, and I need someone here to—to handle my—er—routine business. These letters are to be filed in that cabinet." Caldecott gave the second heap of papers to Cochrane. "And those you may put away temporarily in one of those drawers. They are all empty. Give me those same letters in two days. By that time I shall know what to do. They are rather puzzling."

"Yes, sir?" Cochrane's voice was not overcurious but it invited confidence.

"For instance, if you were in my place what answer would you make to this?"

He took the topmost letter and handed it to Cochrane. It was typewritten on a piece of white paper—the kind that druggists use to wrap small packages in; and since it is made by the thousands of miles of roll it would be impossible to trace the buyer of it. Cochrane read:

5-14-'14.

"*Cecil:* Phial Pains Tacks Drake Manna Gourd Pearl Beryl Sheet Manic Ethel Cinch Dover Taper Blood Court Mater Candy Hurts Bella Kings Fever Taffy Fakir Mazov Epoch Omega Among Charm.

"Thine,

"FRANK."

Cochrane looked at it until he had time to read it over a dozen times. Then he frowned, looked at Caldecott and shook his head.

"No! No!" said Caldecott seriously. "I mean it. What would you do if I told you to use your judgment about answering—of course, provided you knew all about the deal?"

"First thing, decode it."

"You don't have to. You can read it as you go along if you have the key, and you can carry the key in your mind. There! I've told you enough."

Cochrane read it again and again and shook his head.

"If you'll let me take a copy I'll get it—I'll translate it."

"It isn't worth while. There is no reason why the man who wrote it should not have used plain English; but there are such men, you know—afraid of their own shadows. What do you notice about it?"

"That every word has five letters."

"Righto. Can you read it yet?"

"No. But if it is as easy as that ——"

"Easier."

"Then ——" Cochrane caught himself suddenly and his eyes, which had not left the paper, brightened, but presently he shook his head once more, while he read the first letter of the first word, the second of the second, the third of the third, and so on. At length he said dolefully "Can't get it!"

"You surprise me," said Caldecott. "Of course I could not expect you to get this one," and he showed him a typewritten slip:

"5555555577777776666665555544443332219643797866598424 88."

"Nobody in the world excepting the writer and I can decode that," said Caldecott; and after a moment's hesitation Cochrane said: "I have a friend who says ——"

"I know all about it. There have been such men since Edgar Allan Poe said no cipher could be devised by man that could not be deciphered by man. Our State Department has two wonderful experts—geniuses, and so on. You may take a copy of that one, and if you can bring it to me in English I'll give you a nice stickpin."

"Thank you; I will."

"Don't mention it," and Caldecott laughed. "The offer holds good till death do us part. But I think, just now, if I were you I'd use my time reading up on the subject of gems and precious stones. In that case you will find the standard works in English, French and German, and one in Italian. Later on I will give you practical lessons and have you study crystallography. Just now, suppose you get out the telegrams."

Caldecott turned to his desk and began to write letters—short notes for the most part, so Cochrane noticed. These he placed in plain stamped envelopes, sealed them, addressed them and put them in his pocket as soon as he dried the ink with black sand. Blotting paper tells tales—when placed before a mirror.

Cochrane wrote the telegrams on the typewriter, rather slowly, and then submitted them to Caldecott, who said: "I hope you have compared the initials."

Cochrane nodded.

Caldecott pursued: "Ring for a messenger. Every telegram sent out from this office is marked prepaid. Always tell the messenger boy they are to be charged to me."

"Very well."

"When you go out to luncheon I wish you would get me a ticket to Boston and a chair on the four-fifteen this afternoon, please."

Then he rose, put on his hat, said "I'll be back in an hour," and left the office.

Cochrane waited a minute or two, then rose, went out to the hall, returned to the office and began to look over the letters that Caldecott had left on the desk. They did not seem to give him any pleasure, and he filed them surlily. Then he read the telegram that Caldecott had sent to himself the night before:

"Will see P. M. P. luncheon, Touraine, Saturday. Drop in accidentally. Great surprise. Bring fifty ones and thirty twos.

"E. H. W."

He copied it quickly in a notebook, which he put back in his inside pocket. Then he took from the bookcase Fletcher's monumental volume on precious stones and sat down by the window grimly determined to memorize the entire 748 pages. He did this as if he were posing for a photographer.

Caldecott came in and found him absorbed in the book.

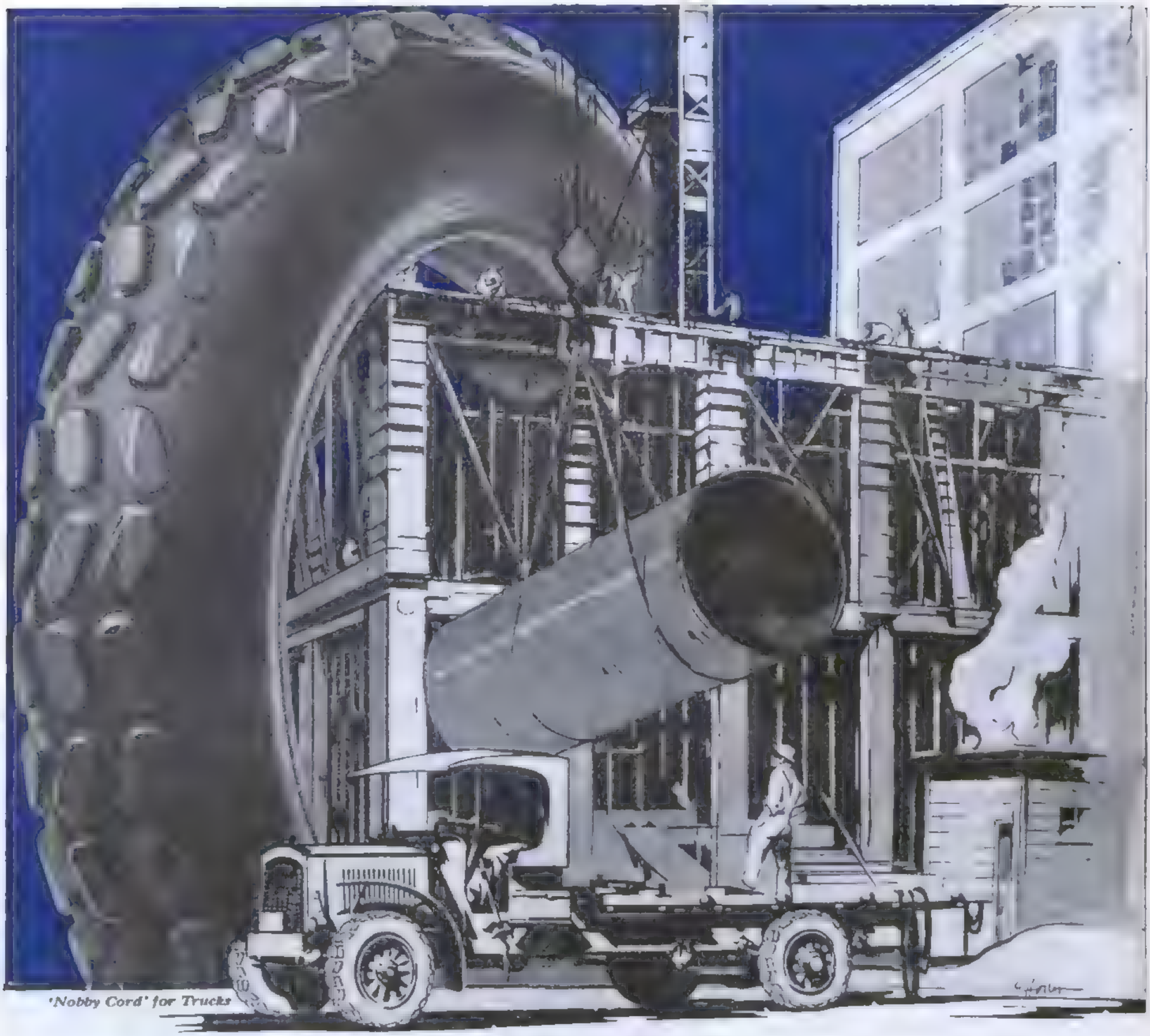
"Cochrane, I've got a job for you. I want you to copy for me all the printed data you can get about the De Meryonvilliers rubies. There are three of them, and each has a history. There is a lot about them in Fletcher's book; also in Theuriet's. And in Barthélemy's Memoirs there is some interesting gossip about one of the rubies and about the fifth duke, if I remember right. Also get all the stories in Larousse about the various famous members of the family, and look all through the indexes of all the books on gems and precious stones that you'll find in the bibliography at the end of Fletcher's preface. I want you to prepare a sort of article about the family and the rubies, such as you would like to tell your friends in case you had bought the Meryonvilliers rubies. They are very nice at the public library; and you can also use the Columbia Library. You might as well go to luncheon now; and don't forget my railroad ticket and the chair. Be back before two-thirty, please."

"Yes, sir."

And Cochrane put on his hat and went out. He was back within the hour with the tickets and the change.

At two-forty-five Caldecott said: "I'm going now, Cochrane. You needn't come down to-morrow. Better put in the day in the public library. I'll be here Monday morning in all likelihood. If not, surely on Tuesday. I'm going home now to pack my grip."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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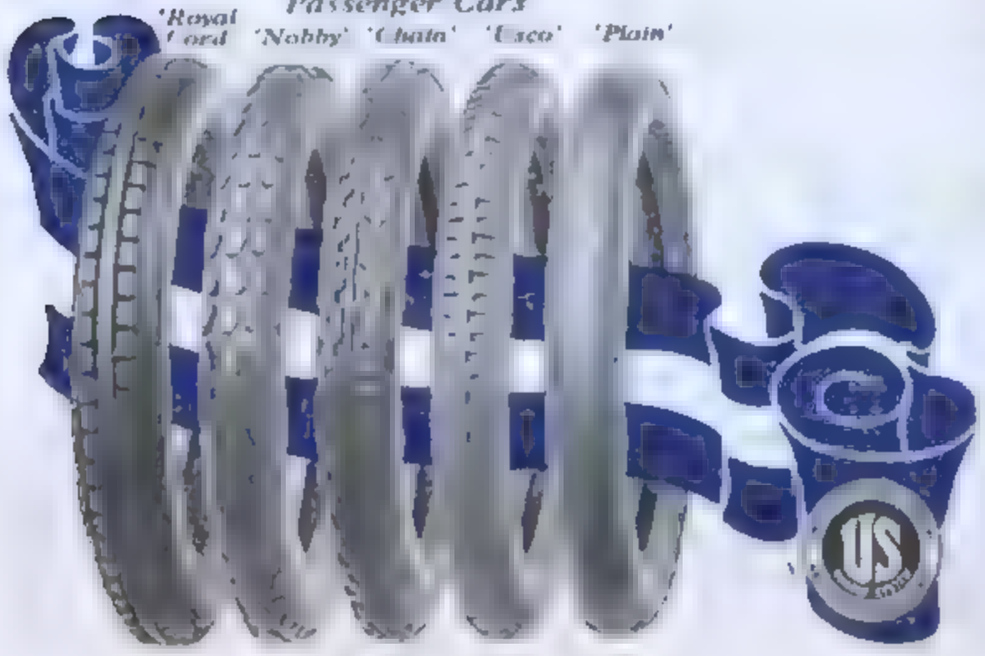

Tough Tires for Heavy Work

Dependable transportation is the pivot on which our national destiny turns. Lack of it would slow up war work, cripple our forces and defeat our ends.

Cars and trucks are needed to help in the stupendous program before industrial America.

And for war work—where speed and dependability are vital—they must have good tires. United States 'Nobby Cords' are built to carry heavy loads—and to carry them quickly, dependably and economically.

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Both are well worth while today.

Also Tires for Motorcycles, Bicycles and Airplanes.
United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme

THE PILLS OF PERDITION

Continued from Page 14

It so happened that at each base selected the most available buildings for barracks were distilleries—big stone buildings inoperative because of the inhibition on distilling in force in the British Isles. They took six thousand barrels of whisky out of two of those distilleries and moved them to bonded warehouses—six thousand barrels of pre-war whisky, not the diluted stuff the Britisher is forced to drink nowadays and can only get in limited supply. Every time I tell that story to my British friends tears come into their eyes. Fancy being in proximity, even, to six thousand barrels of pre-war whisky!

There were no casualties during the removal. To be sure, an occasional bung came out, but nothing to harm; and when the whisky was safely under lock and key the work of renovating the buildings was begun. When I saw them, these big buildings were changed into barracks, sweet, clean and sanitary, housing at each base a thousand sailors each, or thereabouts, and fitted up Americanwise for the comfort and convenience of the men. The shore force at each base is approximately a thousand men, and the force afloat, and at other points necessary for the carrying on of the work, is more than three thousand. There are—or were when I was there—nearly six thousand American sailors on that job.

The operation required not only supplies for these men and storehousing for those supplies, but machinery for working on the mines; great storehouse room for them; lighters and railroad trains for their transportation; big shops for the assembling of them; and the training of men to handle them. So we built the whole works, from the ground up, except the walls of the barracks—built and established two great bases for the shore-handling of the mines and their transportation and putting together for effectiveness.

Our mines are all made in the United States and shipped in a semi-knocked-down condition—that is, though the two big basic features are intact, there is a lot of work to be done on them before the mines are ready for laying. A mine looks like nothing else I have ever seen but a mine. It is a monstrous pill attached to a great, square iron box.

The pill is the globe containing the explosive and the incitements thereto in the way of all the detonators, fuses, and so on, to set forth the innocent-looking mass of TNT that nestles within.

What the Letters Stand For

TNT is most innocuous-looking stuff. Poured into one of these hefty globes, it looks like a lot of cement with the upper surface of it painted black. Nor is it dangerous until it is incited to action in the proper way—that is, it does not explode by concussion. They say it can be hammered with a hammer or dropped from distances to the floor or generally manhandled, and it will remain harmless and innocent; but let it come in contact with the proper incitement and it rips the whole center out of things. It surely does get action! I listened respectfully to these assertions about the lack of danger there is in these aspects of it, but I hammered on it with no hammer; nor did I drop any of it on the floor.

The men handle the TNT pills familiarly and casually; but it inspires profound respect among the negroes in the outfit, who are mostly the mess attendants and firemen.

"I know what that TNT means," said a big mess man on one of the mine layers, walking on his tiptoes whenever the ship was loaded with mines. "It means Travel, Nigger, Travel! when it goes off; and I ain't takin' no chances." Same with me. I took no chances.

The iron box is the anchor—that is, each pill, or huge iron globe, is attached to the anchor when it is dropped into the water; and the anchor holds it in its designated place in the barrage, at its designated depth. The pill and the anchor, formidable as they appear to be when they first arrive, are merely the outward and visible signs of the devastating contraption. They are the potentials. They have their two powers and functions; but they are of no use until they are properly adjusted and connected. Also, there are many appliances to be hung on them and put into them and attached to them. The globe and the anchor look to be simple enough. One is an iron pill containing its allotted large amount of TNT, and the other is the anchor to which the pill is attached. Almost elementary, one might think.

However, before they are through with that pill and that anchor the combination becomes complicated—not to say complex. An astonishing number of additions are made to the two fundamentals. They certainly do put dewdads and dingbats and gadgets and gazussesses in them and on them and through them and about them. When they are all dolled up and ready to be sunk they are so dressed and decorated and detonated that one hesitates to breathe on them for fear they will let go and blow the surroundings and surrounders right off the map; which they would do if slightly encouraged.

They unload the pills and the anchors in their respective cases at the receiving port; and when they arrive they are taken to the assembling rooms and put together. Each set of men in these shops has its own particular job. The anchors and the pills move along on tracks. As they arrive at each station the men at that station put something on, make some connection, adjust some feature, or supply some function, and the truck proceeds to the next station. It is expeditious and efficient. On days when the work is going on there is a continuous procession of these pills and anchors rolling from the first station, where the first adjustment is made, to the last, where they are all but complete for their work of destruction. The men are very expert in their various employments and the work proceeds with regularity and rapidity.

The Cure for Sore Feet

When the various appliances have all been adjusted the mines are shunted to storehouses to await demands from the mine layers. There they lie in long rows, black and menacing; and ultimately they are placed on trucks, taken to the dock, placed aboard the mine layers and sent to sea. The final connections are not made, of course, until just before the mines are dropped; but when they are dropped they are all set for any incautious ship of whatever sort that may try to run through them. There is enough TNT in each one of them to put a hole that would take in a street car in the biggest ship afloat.

One of the negro sailors was inclined to lay down on his job on the trip across on a mine layer, for he didn't think much of seafaring life anyhow; but when the layers were loaded the first time with mines the situation changed.

"What's in them things?" he asked.

"Oh, a few tons of TNT. And, say, if you don't step lively and lightly round here it might go off."

Thereupon, for several days, the darky sailor walked on his toes and was right up to the mark. Then a submarine was sighted. One of the negroes had been getting excused from work because he had sore feet. He could hardly walk, so afflicted was he. General quarters was sounded when the submarine appeared.

Next day another of the mess attendants was talking to the ship's doctor.

"Yes, suh," he said, "I know whut's good for the cure of sore feet."

"What's that?" asked the doctor.

"Submarines suh, submarines! That nigger whut's bin layin' round yer with them sore feet passed me like I was tied to a tree, and, believe me, doctah, I was goin' some myself!"

The voyage of the mine layers across the Atlantic was rather prolonged and the black boys got very tired of it. Mostly they were seasick and spent their spare time in wishing they were ashore. On the afternoon when land was first sighted a big fellow who had been most miserable said to the orderly:

"Orderly, ain't that land ovah there?"

"Yes."

He took another long and longing look.

"Orderly," he said plaintively, "what's the matter with dis yer ship? We ain't headin' foh that land nohow!"

A mine layer has the outward appearance of any other ship of its class, but the inward appearance of a railroad terminal. If it has only one laying deck, that deck has on it railroad tracks stretching from bow to stern. If it has two such decks, it has two such lines of track. If it has three decks, as some of our mine layers have, the three decks have their three sets of tracks; and there are various switches, sidetracks, crosstracks, turntables and all the paraphernalia of a railroad yard. The tracks are the width of the anchors and the wheels on the bottoms of the anchors fit on them.

The lighters come to the side of the mine layers and the mines are hoisted up and lowered to the decks where the tracks are. As each one is received it is set on a track and pushed to the bow; and presently the tracks are full of them, all in ugly rows from bow to stern, and all ready to be dropped.

The mine layers are a various lot. There are some old-type cruisers from our Navy among them, some liners that formerly plied between American ports, and some big freighters that were used in our coastwise trade. They have all been refitted for this work and the fleet is a formidable one. The work of loading them is done rapidly; and when all those going out on an expedition are full of pills, from stem to stern, they sail away to the mine field to take up the work of laying the barrage where they left off when they came in the last time.

Enemy aircraft, seaplanes and Zeppelins continually fly over this part of the sea. Moreover, much of this mining is executed in rough and foggy weather, when it is impossible to see a ship a few hundred yards away. But always behind the mine layers stands a big battle fleet, which alone makes it possible to establish the mine field almost within sight of the enemy. Without that British Grand Fleet, with its United States squadron of dreadnoughts, these barriers to the German submarine could not be planted.

Out they go, each one of them with a cargo of explosive big enough to blow not only herself but all the rest of the fleet into kindling wood; and when they reach their stations the work of mine laying begins. The tracks on the single-decked layers converge at the stern, and so do the tracks on the two deckers and the three deckers.

The tracks converge at the stern. Here there is a square opening, with a chute attachment, and down that chute the mines are sent, one after another, at the distances specified. There are men stationed all along the tracks moving the mines down; and men at the chutes to perform various final offices. There is where the man stands and hammers on the tin can. There is a bell, or other signal device; but the real signalman uses his handspike and tin can. He gets better effect that way.

The course is set. The captain gives orders to proceed with mine laying. The distances are known and the depths decided upon, all of which regulatory machinery has been set on the mines also. Then the word comes: "Lay mines!"

Dropping the Pills

The mine nearest the chute is shoved along. The final and vital adjustments are made. A quick look assays the thing as it hesitates there to see that all is right. Then—Splang! goes the handspike on the old tin can; and the lever is pulled and the mine drops into the water to settle to its proper position. Instantly another mine is moved up and the same preliminaries invoked. Splang! again; and this one drops. And so on while the ship moves over the designated course.

The work proceeds with method and rapidity. The men are expert at it. The duration of time between the dropping of each mine is identical. At regular intervals the signalman hits his tin can a wallop; and that wallop is the sign that more trouble is in store for Fritz—trouble which is inescapable if he comes that way, and trouble that is real trouble.

Thus, until the cargo is all deposited beneath the water, the signalman bangs out his signals, beating this tinny knell for the Kaiser, and the mines go down to do their jobs. In smooth water it is a methodical and regulated task. In rough water it is as exciting as the most ardent seeker after thrills could desire. Picture a ship tossing up and down, loaded with pills of murderous destruction, each one of which carries enough TNT to blow all on the face of the surrounding waters to bits! Suppose one should fall against the ship! Suppose a heavy roll should throw one sidewise instead of out and down!

Well, it would be all over but the casualty list. But these men are experts and they know how to handle these things. The man with the handspike and the old tin can judges to the fraction of a minute when the ship is in proper position to drop the mine. A lot depends on the accurate whanging of that old tin can—a lot more than the knelling of the Kaiser. If it is whanged at the wrong time it may be a knell for a good many Americans also.

Occasionally a mine does explode on its way down to its proper position and anchorage; for they are very closely adjusted, and delicately, and some untoward circumstance may enhance the explosion or something be hit. There have been times when one of these pills has torn up the face of the ocean during the laying process; but before I was there no damage save the loss of the mine had been done. Final adjustments are not made until just before the mine leaves the ship; so those on board are safe enough unless the mine should explode right beneath the stern. That hasn't happened. Then, again, there are occasional explosions in the field and breaking away from the anchorages, and so on, which require constant supervision and upkeep of the barrage to render its effectiveness complete.

Hard Work and Good Living

Depth of anchorage is determined before the mines are laid, and is maintained by appliances that are interesting and complicated. Though a mine looks, to most outward appearances, merely like an iron globe of large size attached to an iron box, in reality it is full of machinery of one kind and another of the most intricate and complicated description. A mine isn't the unwieldy brute it seems to be. It is a sensitive, highly organized, highly dangerous combination of explosives and mechanism, and should have most respectful consideration. Otherwise there will be disagreeable happenings.

The messes at the bases and aboard the mine layers are up to the usual standard of the American Navy, which means that no person in this war-stricken world is living any better than these sailor lads. Great kitchens and bakeries supply the food, and great storehouses, constantly replenished by supply ships from home, are full of things the sailors like. They have white bread and pie, and plenty of meat and sugar and butter; and they are a healthy and a husky lot. The Y. M. C. A. operates a hut at each base, where the sailors find rest, refreshment and recreation. There are towns of sufficient size in these vicinities to make liberty attractive. There is a good barracks band and they have moving-picture shows now and then.

They are more than three thousand miles away from home, in a country that is strange to them; but they get along happily and go at their work with great energy. Most of the specialized men have been trained since they came to this base and many experts have been developed. They are real gobs, with all the characteristics of gobs and all the high spirits of them—manly, hearty chaps, doing their jobs and hurrying up to get the war over so they can go back home.

Though it has no connection other than the connection of service, this is as good a place as any to tell of another naval enterprise in this vicinity—a great American naval hospital, which has been established in a salubrious spot with a view to ultimate combat contingencies in waters where the navies of the Allies and the Huns may clash—where it is hoped the Allies and the Huns will clash, to put it in another way—and where they probably will clash if the Hun decides to come out of his hole, quit hiding and take a fighting chance on the sea.

In fact, our navy has two hospitals in that vicinity—one established and the other in process of organization when I was there, not too near together, but each in a place where effective service may be rendered not only to the large number of American sailors thereabouts, in one sort of employment or another, but in case the longed-for big sea battle ever takes place. As yet our navy in that vicinity has been quite free from both sickness or accident; but all preparations are made for eventualities.

Concluded on Page 37

A Double Service Belt

Most good belts are built so as to have either fine pulley-gripping surface and less ruggedness, or plenty of ruggedness and less traction.

SparOak, one of Graton & Knight Standardized Series Leather Belts, is a unique belt because it has super-gripping power and the firmness that resists the mauling of hard usage.

The side of SparOak next to the pulley is Graton & Knight Spartan—the belting leather with the highest co-efficient of friction ever attained in any belting material; the outside is the finest quality of Graton & Knight special oak tanned, extra firm center stock. Combined, they form a belt of absolutely unique quality.

The outer part of SparOak is firm, heavy, selected special oak tanned center stock.
SPAR OAK
The side of SparOak next the pulley is Spartan leather, giving the maximum grip on the pulley.

SparOak Belting

SparOak stands high speeds without slipping or burning. It stays flat under strain. The punching of shifters and rapping of pulley flanges affect SparOak surprisingly little. SparOak belts in actual use carry their traction power up to speeds of more than a mile a minute. In the hard test of "mule spinning," SparOak has set new standards of what belting efficiency is.

If you have a vexatious belting problem, tell us about it and let us tell you whether or not SparOak is the belt required. There are thousands of cantankerous drives in the United States that will lose much of their crankiness when operated by SparOak. If you have such a one, it is well worth your while to write us about it.

Write for information about Standardization as applied to Belting

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More people should use fountain pens for every writing purpose. The reason they don't is that they have an idea there isn't just the pen that writes like them.

But there is—the Tempoint Pen—the fountain pen with a particular writing point for every hand, young or old, light or heavy, fast or slow. Among them is the very pen that writes like you, and you can try it for ten days before you decide to keep it.

Step into any Tempoint dealer's. Select the pen that writes like you. You'll know at once that at last you have a pen that fits your hand and your writing mood.

But if it seems almost too good to be true that you really have a pen in hand that writes like you, try the Tempoint for ten days. Put it to every writing test. If you continue to be delighted you'll be glad to keep it. If not, take it back and the dealer has our authority to refund the full purchase price.

That puts the full responsibility of writing satisfaction on the Tempoint. This is a daring offer. But we know that the Tempoint will more than meet the test.

This is the pen with the hand hammered gold nib, unaffected by harmful ink acids or hard, continuous writing. No matter how severe the writing strain the pen can not become sprung. It is always a perfect writing friend.

There are nine other distinctive Tempoint features. Your dealer will be glad to point them out to you. After seeing them you will indeed agree that here mechanical excellence and writing perfection are wondrously combined.

Made in both Screw Joint and Self Filling styles, for chain, pocket or handbag. Prices $2.50 up. Every pen sold under this same sweeping guarantee.

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(Concluded from Page 34)

The one that was in operation when I was there is domiciled in a summer and health resort in the hills, and has taken over two or three big hotels, remodeling them into complete and well-equipped hospitals. This hospital is in executive charge of a naval medical officer of the regular service, and it is staffed by a hospital unit recruited in California. It has accommodations for a large number of patients, and all its equipment is of the latest scientific and sanitary sort, all brought from the United States.

The doctor in charge of the hospital work is a famous Californian and his assistants are all men of high attainments. The place is equipped for all contingencies, from casualties arising from engagements at sea to the ordinary diseases.

It has many specialized wards and many specialists. Its operating rooms are the equals of any in the most modern hospitals at home, and its nursing staff is ample and competent.

Among other places taken over was a hydropathic establishment; for there are mineral springs here and the waters of them have been utilized in the usual way. Inasmuch as recourse to German and Austrian baths is closed by the war, there was a fear lest the navy would close these baths, too, and thus deprive certain citizens who seek to boil out their gouts and rheumatisms and obesities of the opportunity for such endeavor.

The officers in charge are kind and compassionate men, and they said that persons outside the service might have the benefit of the waters and the baths free, but that a Red Cross contribution box would be placed in the lobby of the spring house for such voluntary contributions as might be made. This works very well, except in occasional instances. On the day I was there they found some threepenny silver bits in the box, which shows that some thrifty souls had been along.

A hotel keeper in the place, who was very loud in his denunciation of the navy plan for taking over the main hotels and turning them into hospitals, on the ground that it would not only ruin his business but impoverish the village because the usual summer boarders would not come, and who protested all the way up to the War Council, showed some thrift himself after he saw that his protests were unavailing. He advertised in many British papers that, though the springs had been taken over by the United States Navy, the Navy was treating all comers free; and that, of course, the only place for the afflicted to stop, those who took advantage of this wonderful generosity and liberality on the part of the United States, was at his hotel. That didn't last long.

A good success has been secured at this hospital in the treatment of shell-shock cases, those unfortunates who lose control of their nerves through their experiences in battle and who are most pitiable objects. One man, an officer, was severely shocked and lost the sight of one eye. Thereupon, he became convinced that he could not see out of the other eye; and he was, to all intents and purposes, blind, though repeated examinations had shown that the other eye was not affected and that the alleged loss of sight in it was due to nervous conviction on the part of the sufferer.

He was led about by his wife and finally came to this hospital, where there is a famous specialist in nervous affections, who wears a naval uniform. The specialist talked to the officer, who assured the doctor that he couldn't see, that he was totally and irretrievably blind, and was a most despondent and pathetic figure.

The doctor talked to him several times, assured him that he only thought he was blind; that he was not blind at all; soothed him, studied him, I abied him, jollied him. And, suddenly, one day when the doctor, the officer and his wife were all in a pleasant room together, the doctor held up three fingers and said peremptorily:

"Here, now; let's have an end of this nonsense! Of course you can see! How many fingers am I holding up? Quick, now! How many fingers?"

"Three," replied the officer promptly. Then he gave a shout: "My God, I can see!"

"Certainly you can see!" said the doctor. "Who's this?"

The officer turned his head and looked at his wife.

"My wife!" he faltered; and both he and his wife began to cry.

The doctor cheered them up and sent them away.

"No more of this!" he said as they left the place. "You can see perfectly well; and don't let me catch you saying you can't."

Another man, a British soldier, came for treatment. He had been shell-shocked also, and had the delusion that one of his legs was shorter than the other. He hobbled about on crutches and insisted that the leg was shorter; carried it so, and protested that he could not straighten it. A careful examination showed there was nothing wrong with the leg, that it was normal, and that the shortening of it existed only in the man's mind.

The doctor talked to him several times. He was kind and sympathetic, but always led the conversations to the assumption that perhaps the leg wasn't really shorter than the other; that he might possibly be mistaken. He worked along these lines for a few days. Then, one morning he said sharply: "Now, Bill, this is the morning for you to walk off without your crutches. Ready, now! Shoulder crutches! March!"

Bill shouldered his crutches and marched; and he has been marching without them ever since.

Thus, in this vicinity, the United States is ready to care for the wounded and the sick of the navy—ready to the ultimate detail that science and skill and unstinted expenditure can suggest. And, as I write, our Navy is on its way to the successful completion of its larger share of the most ambitious mine-laying project ever planned and executed.

It is not permitted me to define its position or its extent, but it may be said that it is many miles long—a great many; and it is made up of thousands upon thousands of mines. Furthermore, it is precisely in a place where it will annoy Fritz greatly and disrupt his naval plans considerably.

The big end of it is American—more than seventy-five per cent. And that end of it is strictly American, bossed by an American rear admiral, using American ships, sailors, mines—all strictly homemade and transported to this far-distant scene. Many millions of American dollars have gone into this contribution of the United States Navy to the allied cause. It is one section of the varied activities of our Navy in foreign waters, and a section of consequence; a part of our contribution to the general and desired result of defeating the Hun.

Our Navy in this enterprise has worked smoothly and satisfactorily with the British Navy, and deserves the credit of having done a good job in a workmanlike manner. Mine laying on this scale was an entirely new business for us, or for any other nation; but we took hold of it and worked it out satisfactorily, supplying our own instruments and our own instrumentalities.

The success of it goes to prove in another way the efficiency of the American Navy abroad, and the complete spirit of coöperation that exists between the British and ourselves. There is no attempt to swank over it or be vainglorious. This was part of our job, and we did it modestly and effectively.

The British have laid uncounted acres of mines themselves, and know the game. They say it is a good job. When you come to think it over it is a good job; for everything that went into our part of that fence of death originated more than three thousand miles from where the fence was set.

Furthermore, when the American people come to be informed as to the size, extent and location of this enterprise they, too, will think it is a good job; a good American job done in a real American way.

IT ISN'T WHAT YOU'VE EARNED

(Continued from Page 9)

And so they had given him his supper with an air of mournful indulgence as though he were a condemned man having his farewell breakfast just previous to being hung.

"Say, what's the matter?" he asked Maude as soon as he could get a chance to speak to her privately. "Did Mary bring bad news or something?"

"No," sighed Maude; and realizing that she might as well let him have it now as later she mournfully added: "The folks next door have got a brand-new car—a big one. They went out for a ride just before you came home; and oh, Ben, if you could have heard the way that Great Shanghai laughed at me and Mary; and the way old Fat Face blew his horn!"

Ben said nothing—his habit of silence coming in handy—but it didn't take him long to see that in the warfare of Neighborly Rivalry that he and Maude had been fighting ever since they were married he had come at last to a decisive battle, and that unless he launched a counter-attack the only thing left was unconditional surrender. He must either hold his end up or take a back seat. He must either follow the leader or confess himself out of the game.

As you can see, I am referring to these matters as lightly as I can; but as you can probably realize, especially if you have ever lived on a street like Pleasant Avenue, it was no light matter to Benjamin Warner, and it was no light matter to Maude.

"It's up to me to get a car too," thought Ben as he sat at his desk that night after Maude and Mary had gone to bed, "or Maude'll always think she married a dub. . . . The way I caught her looking at me to-night—as though she was a school-teacher and I was a poor little kid who couldn't do my sums. . . . And yet, hang it all!" he reflected with more bitterness than he had felt before in his married life. "I bring my thirty dollars home every Saturday afternoon; and the old gentleman never made more than twelve—and mother saved money out of that—and raised a family too!"

Still buried in somber reflection he dipped a pen in the ink and began drawing on a scratch pad one of those jumbles of words and figures and sketches that you will generally find on the wall by the side of a telephone or anywhere else where a man has sat or stood with a pencil in his hand and something to write on, and nobody there to watch him. And as he sits there, drawing triangles and stars and writing "30—30—30—" over and over again, and multiplying 30 by 52, and drawing the profile of a pretty girl—who looked like Maude—with a feather in her hat right next to a skull and crossbones and a section of brick wall, I will try in somewhat similar manner to draw Ben for you as he sat at his desk that night, as many a man has sat before and many a man will sit again, looking at the future with a mournful eye and trying to figure out what the morrow has in store for him.

Ben was one of those thin, rugged, stern, rather quiet boys who are usually described as typical Americans—keen in the face—keen in the mind—a sort of a young Uncle Sam, if you can imagine one.

In his youth he had learned the machinist's trade, but before he married Maude he had been promoted to the office, where it had been in his heart of hearts to learn the ins and outs of the business, and later to start up for himself. As a machinist he had made eighteen dollars a week—these were the days before the war—and when he first drew twenty in the office, and then twenty-five, and finally thirty, he had regarded himself as being on the highroad to fortune. But meanwhile, in that irresistible manner which I have tried to indicate, the warfare of Neighborly Rivalry had gradually drawn him in and spent his money and dipped him deep in debt as well.

"And what's the use?" he sadly asked himself as he sat at his desk that night. "I can't buy a car any more than I could buy a battleship; and every time the Holtons go out in their machine Maude will think I'm a dead one who can't afford to keep my wife the way other men keep theirs."

He scratched away at his pad again and drew a long breath, desperately trying to keep out of his mind the thought that a wife may sometimes be less of a help to a man than a hindrance.

"All the same," he confessed with a sigh, "we seem to be drifting farther apart every day we live; always driving with a whip in her hand, never satisfied. And even if I made ten thousand a year she'd

Showing Gilmer Endless Belt as used on battery of Internal Grinders by Hess-Bright Mfg. Co., Philadelphia

THE belt of precision and production! Gilmer Woven Endless Belts are used where accuracy is vital and volume is another word for "Victory."

The machine shown above was photographed in motion. The spindle made more than twenty thousand revolutions during the exposure. No trace of vibration.

Gilmer Woven Endless Belts run with the smooth precision necessary to accurate work. Perfect in balance. Uniform in thickness and weight. No thin spots; no thick spots; no awkward splice to thump the pulleys.

Gilmer Woven Endless Belts increase production by reducing to a minimum the usual delays for adjustment and repair. The foreman in a Gilmerized plant said: "The Gilmer Belt wears out in faithful service before it needs attention."

Woven of tough, long fibre cotton. Unaffected by grease, grit, mineral oils, ordinary heat or moisture. Resilient grip that improves with use.

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ENDLESS BELTS

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The Hand that Holds the Strap Rubs in the Lather

DISEASED hands, dirty hands, sweaty hands, millions of all kinds of hands, grasp the car-strap. And car-straps cannot be kept clean; they abound with all kinds of disease germs.

When the strap-hanger shaves he carries a germ laden hand to his face. He rubs the germs into his skin and—if his skin is broken—into his blood.

Do away with the risks of infection that surround shaving. Adopt the Antiseptic Shave. Use

LYSOL

Antiseptic Shaving Cream

It kills the germs on brush, razor and face, and also sterilizes the fingers that rub in the lather because it contains Lysol, one of the world's most reliable disinfectants. Use it whenever you shave and thus keep off dangerous and unsightly skin diseases.

Lysol Shaving Cream gives the smooth lather [illegible] Notwithstanding its protective and curative merits Lysol Shaving Cream [illegible] a tube. Ask your druggist.

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Foot-Wise Army Men

Here's a shoe by Coward that is equal to the rigors of military service. Army men find that it meets its duties willingly and persistently. It is as good in the field as at inspection.

True to the regulation last but put together of excellent leathers with particular care as to joining and stitching. It is as waterproof as a leather shoe can be made. Hard or soft toe-cap. We are experienced in fitting by mail. Write Dept. G for booklet.

James S. Coward

262-274 Greenwich St., New York

(Near Warren St.) *Sold Nowhere Else*

spend it. She'd move over to the Plains and start in competition with that bunch of millionaires over there."

Again he dipped his pen in the ink and turning the paper over he figured and drew on the other side, meanwhile busy with his thoughts and roused at last only by the clock striking twelve.

"I'll get up early in the morning and make the coffee," he thought, bending over to unlace his shoes. "Now if she's only asleep ——"

He noiselessly stole upstairs.

"'Sleep, honey?" he whispered.

She didn't answer him, and when the clock struck one—yes, and when the clock struck two—they both lay there staring up into the dark, each busy with thoughts that wouldn't be still, each thinking the other was asleep, and reminding me more than anything else of My Old Dutch set to the music of Strangers Yet and accompanied by Worry on an organ out of tune.

■

WHEN Ben woke the next morning, which was Sunday—sleeping late, as a man generally does when he can't close his eyes till dawn—he found that Maude had already gone downstairs.

"I guess she's laying for me to have it out about that car." And raising himself on his elbow the better to listen he continued: "Here she comes now—bringing Mary a cup of coffee, I guess."

It was Ben, however, to whom the cup of coffee was consigned, which surprised him beyond measure, *café au lait* being a new dish to him; but when Maude sat down on the side of the bed and began talking to him as he drank it Ben soon knew that he was now finding out for the first time in his life what astonishment really was.

"Did you sleep well?" she began.

"Not very," he truthfully replied.

"I didn't either. I was thinking of the folks next door."

"M-m-m," groaned Ben in the cup, "it's coming."

"Ben."

"Ye-e-e-eh?"

"I was thinking last night when I couldn't sleep about those men at the shop who are making fifty dollars a week. Why don't you get a job like that?"

"But they're mechanics," he patiently explained.

"Yes, I know. But last night when I couldn't sleep I began thinking that maybe we're all mechanics, if it comes to that. They're shop mechanics—and you're an office mechanic—and I'm a kitchen mechanic."

"But they wear overalls."

"Well, I wear aprons."

By that time Ben had begun to get the drift of her meaning, and that is when he found out for the first time in his life what astonishment really was.

"But great Scott!" he gasped, sitting up. "What would the neighbors say?"

"Oh, shoot the neighbors!" was Maude's inelegant reply. "It came to me last night, Ben, that we've been on the wrong track entirely. I think it was Namaline who first opened my eyes—long before I knew the folks next door had a car. We've been just like a tribe of I-don't-know-what—everybody on this street—each one trying to do more than the next one, and make a better show. Yes, and when it comes to spending, the folks next door have got us beat, Ben. It's no use talking any more about that. They've gone and shown us that they can spend the most; but you and I, we'll turn round now and show 'em we can save the most! How about that?"

Ben looked at his Maude as though she were a stranger who had just dropped in to tell him that Uncle Pierpont was dead and had left him all his wealth.

"And here's another thing," said Maude more earnestly than ever: "Did you ever hear before of mechanics' making fifty dollars a week?"

"Never!"

"No; and never will again—not in a thousand years. I tell you, Ben, there's never been such a chance in the world for poor people like us to save money and get ahead. So to-morrow morning you tell 'em at the office that you want to get back into the shop; and every cent you earn there we'll just stick it in the bank and see how big it grows!"

"But we've got to live, you know," said the shining-eyed Benjamin.

"Sure we have; but we haven't got to live off your fifty. I'm going to do the same as people used to do when I was a girl. I'm going to keep boarders, and we'll live off them!"

For a few moments Ben's heart seemed to stop beating, and he had the awed look of a man who stands in the presence of something supernatural.

"Of course, nobody on Pleasant Avenue keeps boarders," continued Maude, "but that's all the more reason why they'd like to come. Who wouldn't like to come and live in a beautiful house like this! And—don't you see?—Mary could stay and help me. I've always wanted her to come and make a real long visit, but somehow I've never felt that we could really afford it. She's got no chance at all in that poky little place where she lives—but here—with a houseful of nice young boarders!"

She smiled; and yet it was an earnest smile—the smile of one who was leaving the shallows and was about to embark on the deeps of life.

"I must go now and help Mary get breakfast," she said, bending over and kissing him. "But I thought I'd bring you a cup of coffee first and tell you what I'd been thinking."

She kissed him again, a sudden tenderness having fallen upon her.

"Ben," she said, looking deep, deep, deep into his eyes, "you aren't sorry that you ever married me, are you?"

"Sorry!" he scoffed; and reassured her in the immemorial manner. She left, then, and as soon as he heard her going down the stairs Ben stared round the room as though he quite expected to see a ghost.

"Now doesn't that beat all?" he whispered to himself. "She might have read my thoughts last night!"

And yet if he had only seen Maude that morning when she had first gone downstairs, her words and conduct wouldn't have puzzled him for a moment. While the coffee had been percolating Maude had straightened the rooms downstairs, coming at last to Master Benjamin's desk.

"What's the Use? I Can't Buy a Car Any More Than I Could Buy a Battleship"

There on the top was the scratch pad with its rows of figures, its profile of a pretty girl—who looked like Maude—its skull and crossbones and other strange conceits. Turning it over with frowning attention Maude had come to the following lines:

If I worked in shop	$50 per
5 boarders at 8 dolls	40 per
Tee-total	$90 per

SOME total! Why NOT?
Har-Har! We are sassiety people. Sir, who are you? Home, James!

And just underneath was a sketch of a picture frame containing one of the wisest sayings ever framed by man, a saying that Master Benny had heard in his youth, little dreaming that some day it would bob up again to change the whole course of his life.

▼

AS HE had expected, it didn't require much persuasion on Ben's part to get himself transferred back to the shop; for though on account of the scarcity of help his company had a slight appetite for office workers it was simply ravenous for anyone who could act as chauffeur to a first-class machine tool. So on Monday noon he thrust his legs into overalls again, and before the day was over he was hitting it up on a high-speed lathe with the best of them and turning out Piece No. K177 at a gait that made the oil smoke.

Yes, that part was easy enough; but when we come to Maude's problem of picking her five young boarders we immediately arrive at a subject that is worthy of a Dickens, a Fitch and a Byron rolled into one.

"Mary," she began, "which do you like best, dark men or light ones?" As one would say, "Which do you prefer, light meat or dark meat?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mary, smiling at the thought; and after a few minutes' introspection she added: "Seems to me they're both nice—when they are nice; you know what I mean."

"M-m-m," said Maude, with that abstraction which sometimes falls upon a woman when she is planning her Christmas shopping; and whether it was accident or design she ended her first week with two light young men and two dark ones. As you can imagine they weren't found in a minute, and she didn't take the first four applicants who offered themselves, either—not by any manner of means. But Maude didn't have a bright spark of life for nothing; and just to give you an idea of the way she worked I will tell you how she started things going.

In the first place she wrote a note on her engraved stationery, one to the local Y. M. C. A., and three others to the largest employers of labor in town. She had accommodations, she said, for a few good boarders who would appreciate an exceptionally nice home and a pleasant neighborhood. Terms, nine dollars a week. As that was a dollar more than ordinary board was worth Maude calculated that this would eliminate the less desirable candidates.

It did; but of course it didn't eliminate middle-aged, fussy boarders, for instance; nor bold-eyed boarders who smiled too much the moment they saw her; nor sporty boarders with scented handkerchiefs and white-edged waistcoats; nor scowling boarders; nor boarders who needed a shave, a shine and a good

(Continued on Page 41)

Pyorrhea
Acidity of the Mouth
Bleeding Gums
Receding Gums
Tartar Deposits
Decaying Teeth

Signs that Point This Way

DENTIST

If you suffer from any of the troubles listed, go to your dentist at once. Don't wait—don't *guess* that some drugged dentifrice will fit. It may misfit. Get your *dentist's* prescription—the *exact* one for your case.

DENTAL safety lies in *cleanliness*—not guessing. Cleanliness is important at all times—helps to ward off any of the above troubles. And it requires a *safe* dentifrice; one without drugs. Dr. Lyon's is the favorite with refined people and has been for fifty years. It *cleans* the teeth thoroughly without danger through *misapplication* of strong drugs—it is free of them. There is pleasure as well as safety in its use.

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The Dentifrice that made fine teeth Fashionable

Powder *Cream*

Originated in America by Americans and manufactured by them for Americans.

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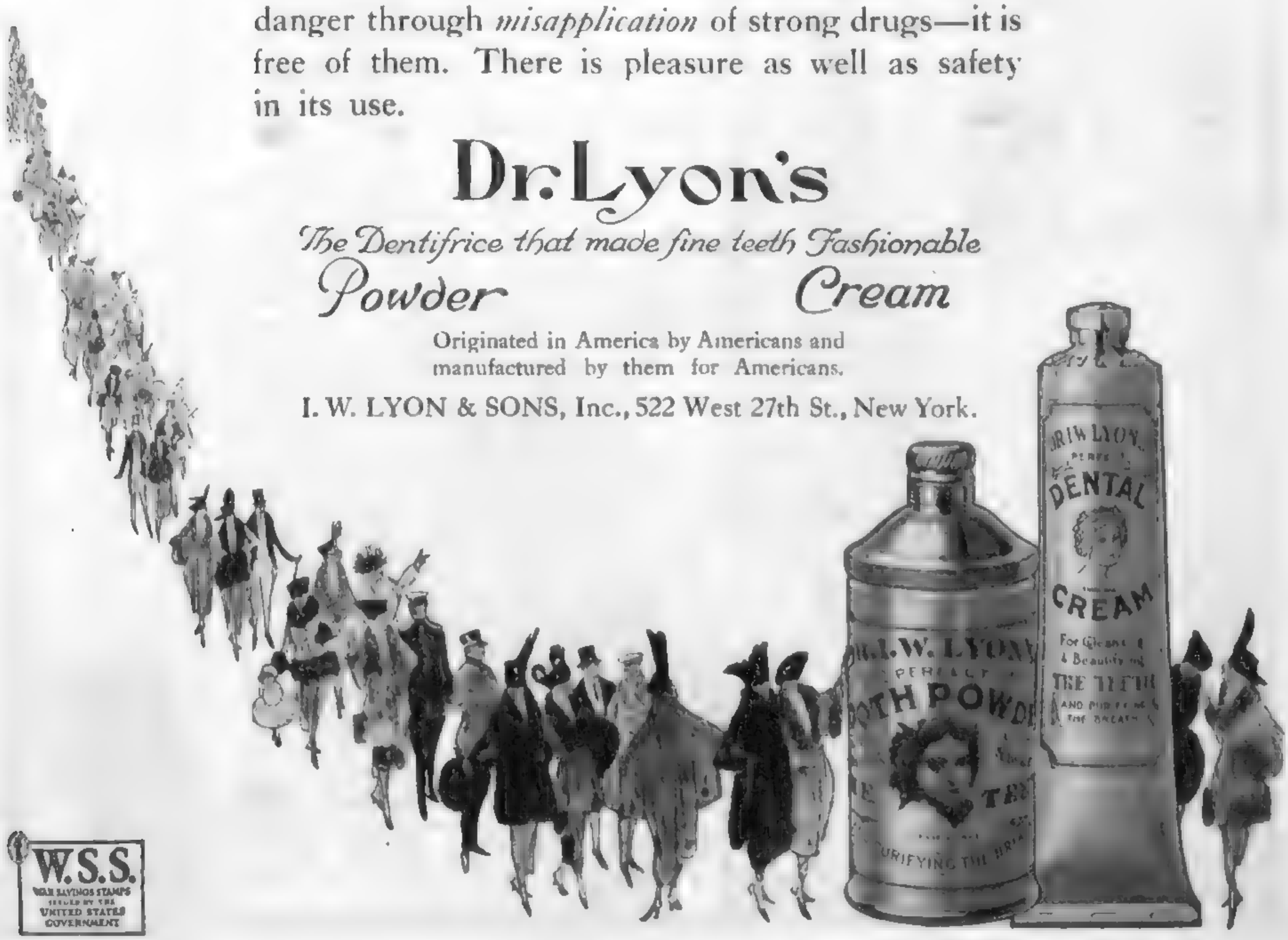

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$5
Complete, with or without space for name and address

The Gift that he *needs*.

Here is the one thing that will contribute more to his comfort than anything else you could give him.

To the military man, who is *required* to keep a clean-shaven face all the time, there is nothing so delightful as a *keen-edged* blade.

To be *really keen*, any razor blade must be stropped just before shaving. The edge of a blade is composed of tiny teeth, so sensitive that even changes of temperature get them out of line like this ⌐¬⌐¬⌐¬. Stropping smooths the teeth back into line like this ⌐⌐⌐⌐⌐⌐, and produces a perfect, smooth-cutting edge that is a delight to shave with. All blades should be stropped when *new* and kept stropped.

Twinplex strops double-edged, safety razor blades *right*.

Its two leather-covered rollers revolve in opposite directions, stropping two edges at once. At every turn, the blade is automatically reversed, stropping the other side—just as the barber does. Blades are kept at exactly the correct angle and pressure to insure a perfect edge. No skill required—it can't fail. Twinplex gives

100 velvet shaves from *ONE* blade.

With one packet of double-edged blades and a Twinplex Stropper, any man over there or over here is equipped for comfort-shaving as long as the war may last. Getting new blades won't *be* a problem, because he won't need more for many months.

Buy Twinplex now—send it to your boy.

The Government urges early Xmas shopping for everybody. If your boy is in France or at a cantonment, there is still more reason to get Twinplex now and mail it to him quickly. Twinplex is so compact that it fits right in with the "necessary toilet articles" permitted as regulation equipment.

See the Khaki Outfits—four styles

At Drug, Hardware, Cutlery and Department Stores, everywhere. Twinplex is sold by dealers on 30 days' trial and guaranteed 10 years. Eight years of success—over half a million in use. Write for free booklet.

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Solves Blade Shortage Problem

$5
Complete

Takes little room in overseas package

$7.50
Complete, with one dozen double-edged blades and price of duty

Twinplex Stropper
The Stropper of Economy

(Continued from Page 38)

shampoo. All such Maude tactfully turned down as only a bright young woman can. But every time a promising candidate presented himself the hook was laid behind the door and the finer tools of diplomacy were called into play.

"Would you expect to go home on Sundays?"

That was a very artful question, as you will perceive upon consideration, and generally succeeded in weeding out the benedicts.

"Are you acquainted here in town?" "Would you expect to stay permanently if you were suited?" "Do you expect to be drafted?" The result of these methods, as I have said, were two light young men and two dark young men; and the very first Sunday morning they were there Mary had this male quartet out under the apple tree back of the house, helping her freeze the cream.

And if you could have seen the folks next door—their mingled triumph and curiosity, and the way the Great Shanghai kept her eye on things, especially when she came in or went out in the car!

That car gave Maude another idea.

"Ben," she said, "I've been thinking. Do you think you could fix our shed up so it would hold a car?"

"Sure. A pair of new doors would do it. Why?"

"Oh, nothing, only I've been thinking. If we could get a nice young boarder with a car ——"

Ben started on the new doors within the next five minutes, and that night Maude resorted again to her engraved stationery and wrote a note to the two leading automobile agencies in town. She had accommodations, she said, for one or two exceptionally good boarders who would appreciate a good home with privilege of use of garage.

Before the next day was over a young demonstrator for the Goulden-Eagle people changed his address to Number 31 Pleasant Avenue; and as long as she lives Maude will never forget how she felt the next Sunday afternoon when she and Mary and Ben took a spin in the new boarder's car.

They hadn't gone many miles, you know, when they saw the folks next door ahead of them, tooling along in the same direction.

"Do you think you can pass 'em?" asked Maude in a tense whisper.

"Why, this car can go backward faster than that car can go frontward," kindly explained the proud young demonstrator. "Watch!"

He hooted his horn with a loud, imperious "Out of the way, snails!" and—no, not till the last day she lives will Maude forget how the man next door tried to race them when he saw who it was, how the Great Shanghai nearly threw a fit in the back seat, and how they finally roared past the car next door as though it were stuck in a rut.

"Ha-ha-ha-a-a-a!" crowed Maude in the back seat—pretending to laugh at something which Ben was saying. "Ha-ha-ha-a-a-a-a!" crowed she.

But you mustn't think it was all rides and romance.

When Maude had had no one but Ben to look after, breakfast had always been a simple affair, ready in ten minutes from the first turn of the coffee grinder, and going from producer to consumer without leaving the cozy confines of the kitchen. The midday meal had been easier yet, Ben patronizing a lunch room near the office and Maude nearly always finding something in the refrigerator that could be made to harmonize with a cup of tea without any deep study of the cookbooks or any great array of linen, china and glass. And, after all, dinner for two isn't a weighty matter, especially if you know that as long as you leave out parsnips, nutmeg, ginger and cold rice pudding without raisins in it your husband will eat any blessed thing that you care to set before him.

But when she was suddenly called upon to cater for eight people—five of whom were paying her a snug sum each week for services rendered—Maude didn't have much time to wonder whether elephant gray or old taupe was to be the coming fashionable shade. Indeed, there were times when her chief cause for wonderment was whether her head would split immediately before her back broke—or vice versa, as the Latintats have it.

Yet whenever she felt that the spirits in her tube would never rise again she had only to go to her bottom bureau drawer and take out the candy box that was hidden there. This box had a cardboard tray in it, and underneath the tray she kept the bank book.

She loved to read that bank book—it was a poultice, a lotion, a tonic, a gentle massage, a healing medicine—all the way from the name of the bank on the front cover to Rules for Depositors in the back.

And how the column of 50's grew and grew! It grew and grew until at last it grew into one of the strangest things. It grew into a great temptation.

"Darn it; all my life," thought Maude, "I've wanted ——"

And then she told herself what she had always wanted—yearned for, longed for, sighed for, mourned for—and had never been able to afford it till now.

"Darn it all," she thought again, "I've worked hard enough for it!" The phrase saved her, reminding her of one of the sayings of her grandfather, whom she had once heard describing a neighbor thus: "He worked for his money like a horse—and he spent it like an ass."

"A nice thing to write on my tombstone!" smiled Maude—the temptation fading into mist before the light of her smile; and thinking then of the wise old saying that Ben had unconsciously written on his scratch pad that night she added: "It's right, too—and it's just as true as gospel. But what an awful lot of people have forgotten all about it!"

So the column of 50's went on growing and growing, till it filled the first page, and the second, and started on the third; such a noble continued column that the teller of the bank mentioned it one day to the cashier; and a little later—in the strictest confidence, of course—Maude showed it to Mrs. Landry, of Number 66, who was having the Willing Workers at her house that afternoon and wanted to borrow Maude's ice-cream freezer.

"I don't suppose it's any use inviting you," said Mrs. Landry, with a sort of honey-and-vinegar smile.

"No," said Maude. "I don't have much time for those things any more."

"We were all so sorry," said Mrs. Landry, still looking as though her mouth was full of lemon drops, "when your husband lost his position in the office."

Maude laughed, all treacle and jam, and told how she had been the cause of poor Ben's demotion from thirty to fifty dollars a week, and it was then—in the strictest confidence, of course—that she showed Mrs. Landry the bank book.

The visitor's eyes went big and round. A moment before she had looked as though she were gazing through the wrong end of a pair of opera glasses, but now she looked as though she had suddenly reversed them—and she hurriedly tried to count the 50's; though I must say that Maude juggled the leaves a little and made it appear as though there were two more pages than there really were.

"Why!" exclaimed Mrs. Landry. "You—you'll be quite rich if you do this long enough!"

It was of course all in the strictest confidence, but in the next few days Maude noticed a change in the neighbors' attitude toward her.

"The women have stopped pitying me," she proudly confided to Ben; "and yesterday I met Mr. Higgins and Jack Krause on the street, and they both looked as though they thought I was great."

"Better not let me catch 'em!" said Master Ben, raising his muscle in a minatory manner. "Feel this!"

Maude felt it.

"Feel this!" she said, pursing her lips and rising on tiptoe.

Ben felt it.

"I think you two are awful," said Mary, who was dusting the piano.

Maude turned on her sister like a tiger. "One more word from you, miss," she said, "and I'll tell Ben what you told me last night!"

"Oho!" said Master Benny as Mary vanished with a face like a crimson rambler crossed with a golden sunset. "So we're going to have a wedding here after all, are we?"

"You bet we are!" said Maude in growing triumph.

"Which one is it?"

"Can't you tell?"

"No."

"Haven't you seen?"

"Seen what?"

Maude made a helpless gesture.

HEINZ Mince-Meat

THERE are many ingredients in really good mince meat. And each of these many ingredients gives Heinz an opportunity to show his resources in procuring the best—choice apples from the wind-swept orchards of Northern New York, Grecian currants—fruity and clean—raisins from Valencia, beef from America's great plains and fragrant spices from the Orient.

With each ingredient good as it can be, Heinz Mince Meat adds goodness to goodness—blending, seasoning, bringing out the flavor, until the result is a triumph.

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HEINZ Plum Pudding

This fine pudding, sacred to festivities for hundreds of years, is made by Heinz according to the best English traditions, and is a perfect ending for a good dinner.

HEINZ Fig Pudding

Here is a pudding that is simple and wholesome but choice enough for your most particular dinner party, especially if served with the sauce for which the recipe is given on the can.

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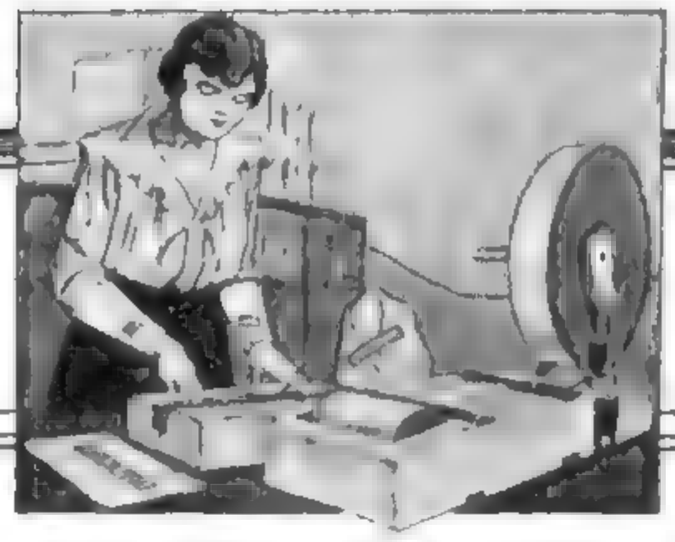

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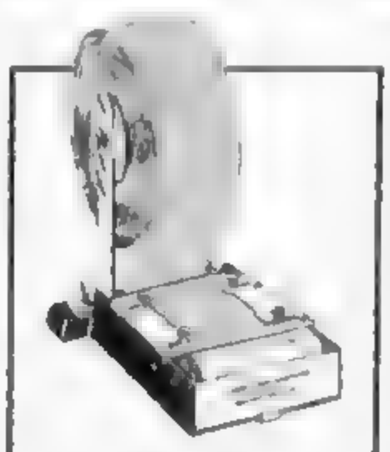
Sealing with Tiedy Tape and the Liberty Junior Moistener costs less and is more reliable.

Pull tape over the moistener—tear; put on the package; run your finger over the tape. Your package is sealed—in less time—at smaller cost—*more securely than with string!*



The Liberty Moistener, for use with Liberty Tape, sent on approval **$5.00**

Tiedy Tape ("Gummed tape that sticks tight") is the new, convenient binder for packages. It seals them securely—discourages tampering. Use it to patch leaking cartons, torn patterns, documents, books, folders and toys—for labels on preserves, boxes, shelves, bottles—*to seal boxes of furs and winter clothes against moths.*

Liberty Junior (The Tiedy Tape Moistener) moistens all gummed surfaces—envelopes, stamps and stickers in a sanitary, efficient manner. Price without tape $1.50. If not obtainable locally, a Liberty Junior and two rolls of Tiedy Tape sent for $1.80.

To Manufacturers

Send for free samples of *Liberty Tape*—made from Nibroc Kraft—all widths, colors and weights—plain or printed. *Guaranteed to meet railroad strength requirements.*

LIBERTY PAPER COMPANY

Executive Offices: 52 Vanderbilt Avenue
New York City New York
Mills: Bellows Falls, Vermont

This is Mrs. Cynips Tinctoria

To this lady from far off Arabia, you owe the fact that Carter's Writing Fluid turns black and will never fade.

To safeguard her eggs, she bores holes in the tender twigs of the oak trees. This results in a swelling or gall about the size of an acorn.

From these gall nuts, Carter chemists extract the tannin, add a salt of iron and by an exact chemical combination secure a colorless liquid that is the basis of Carter's Writing Fluid. Because you want to see plainly as you write, Carter chemists add that unusually beautiful blue color that has made Carter's Writing Fluid so desirable.

This pleasing blue, after the writing has been exposed to the light, turns to an intense permanent black, and continued exposure to light, which fades writing made with other types of inks, only intensifies writing made with Carter's Writing Fluid.

Particularly now you should be sure to ask for **Carter's Writing Fluid** *because it writes the same snappy, rich blue today that distinguished it before the war made good ink colors scarce.*

For pen and fountain pen use there are, in all, some thirty kinds of

Carter Inx

Besides these there are nearly three hundred separate formulas for special Carter Inx, adhesives—including **CICO,** Carter typewriter ribbons and carbons.

Anything in the Carter Inx family can be had at your stationer's.

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY
Boston Chicago New York Montreal

"Oh, you men!" she despaired. "I sometimes wonder how you're able to find your way home at night without getting lost!"

"That's all right," said Ben, sulking a little. "If you don't want to tell me which one it is, I guess you needn't. I guess I can find out myself."

"How?"

"By asking the one who I think it is," said the artless man.

"Ben!" she gasped. "And anyhow," she added with the true womanly touch, "it wouldn't do you a bit of good, because he doesn't know himself yet which one it is!"

She disappeared in search of Mary, and this time it was Ben's turn to make the helpless gesture—that gesture which man has made since time immemorial when dealing with the ladies, and which has lately been translated into a classical query.

Curiously enough the man next door asked himself the same question before the night was over. He sat at his desk going over his monthly bills. Some of these were politely stamped "Please Remit," and more than one bore the generous assumption "This account, now long past due, has doubtless escaped your attention." He added them together—a formidable list that nearly covered the back of an envelope and ended as follows:

Dentist	$12 00
Doctor	7 50
Dry goods	27 10
Shoes	16 00
Two tires	88 06
Inner tube	5 50
Gas	19 80
State tax	13 50
Liability insurance	37 50
Repairs	24 10

That, you must remember, was only the end of the list, the total amounting to $510.76. His bank balance, painfully verified, was $37.28.

"And every cent that I make this month," he reflected with a pang, "will go for living expenses."

Again he compared the $510.76 with the $37.28.

"That's where I stand, all right," he thought with one of those empty feelings at the stomach; and that is when he made the helpless gesture aforesaid—that gesture which man has made since time immemorial, and which has lately been translated into the classical query, "Where do we go from here?"

VI

YOU know the way it is with good sound wheat when it's ripe for the harvest—to say nothing of how much of a crop you'd have if the seed were never planted. Well, one day when Ben's wheat stood high in the bank book—row after row of yellow grain—and when wind and weather and circumstance were all in tune, the cashier of the bank sent for Master Benny and looked him over in a casual sort of way.

"You're a mechanical man, Mr. Warner," he said. "Do you know anything about metal plating?"

Spending his words like a miser Ben told him how little he knew.

"You think you could learn?"

Ben knew he could learn.

"You know the Pluto Plating Company?"

He knew where the plant was.

"Properly run," said the cashier, "it's one of the best paying little businesses in town. It has contracts with a number of our leading manufacturers that ought to be worth ten or fifteen thousand a year—that is, mind you, if the business is properly run. For the last few years it hasn't been. The owner has neglected it and has spent a great deal too much money on his personal account. As a result he started borrowing money, and he has continued to borrow money until at last we have been obliged to take the company over to protect ourselves and our depositors."

"Too bad," nodded Ben.

"From your account here," continued the cashier, "and from what we learn outside it would seem to us that you are careful, saving and steady—three things that a bank always admires. Now if you can find five thousand dollars to put into this metal-plating business I'm not sure that we wouldn't be willing to turn the whole thing over to you—provided, of course, that you will assume its debts and obligations. I've had a statement of its affairs made out You might take it and think it over. Personally," he added with a casual glance at one of Ben's waistcoat buttons, "I think it's a very good thing—if properly run."

Ben could hardly speak for spluttering when he started to repeat this talk to Maude.

"Why, in ten years we'd be rich as Grease-us!" he concluded, a little shaky on his mythology but clear enough in what he meant. "Heiblein made all sorts of money there till he moved over to the Plains and started living way past his means. The only trouble is I'll need five thousand dollars; and hang it, we haven't quite got three!"

"Bob's got nearly twenty-five hundred saved," said Maude.

"Who's Bob?" demanded Ben.

"Bob Williams, our boarder. He's an awfully good salesman too. Perhaps you two could go into partnership; anyhow, it would keep it in the family"

"What do you mean—keep it in the family?" demanded Ben again.

"Why," smiled Maude, "he's the one who's going to marry Mary."

"Great Scott! I thought he was always the quietest when she was round."

"He was," said Maude. "But gracious, Ben, every girl knows that the man who jollies her the most loves her the least."

"But, great Scott," said Ben again, "it always seemed to me that all the others showed her a better time than he did!"

"Oh, that's nothing to go by," explained Maude in the patient tone of a teacher teaching A B C. "Most any man will show a pretty girl a good time. But Bob was the only one who showed her what he'd saved; and if I were you I'd have a talk with him to-night and see what he says."

Which was the genesis of the Warner-Williams Plating Company. How Ben and Bob succeeded in getting their impoverished plant to hold up its head and flower itself into profit again is another story entirely, having nothing to do with that form of Neighborly Rivalry which has marred more lives than any man living can count.

The week before Mary was married, the folks next door moved away; and when Ben came home that night he couldn't help noticing how quiet Maude was.

"They came in to bid me good-by, poor things," she said. "And honestly, Ben, I felt as bad as though it had happened to us. They had an awful time with themselves when they had to sell their car, but I think they've gotten over the worst of it now."

Ben was quiet for a while, one of Maude's tender spells suddenly falling upon her.

"Yes, sir, and it might have been us," he said at last, his thoughts reverting to the folks next door, "if it hadn't been for you and what you've done."

"It might have been us, you mean," said Maude, "if it hadn't been for you and what you wrote."

Whereupon of course Ben gave her one of his helpless looks—those helpless looks which man has given since time immemorial when dealing with the ladies.

"Me and what I wrote?" he asked. "What do you mean?"

Maude hummed her way to the candy box, and from underneath the bank book she produced the scratch pad on which Master Benny had scribbled that night when he sat up so late.

"This set me thinking terribly hard," she said, pretending his knee was a park bench and showing him the disjointed fragment which has already been quoted; "but I think it was this that settled me."

She pressed her cheek lightly against his, and together they looked at the picture frame that Ben had drawn on the night when he had sketched the pretty girl—who looked like Maude—the skull and crossbones, and all and sundry. It was a large frame, covering nearly half a sheet of the paper, and in it were roughly lettered the following words:

When you're old, Dog Tray,
When you're old,
It isn't what you've earned
It's what you've saved
That's going to help you,
When you're old, Dog Tray,
When you're old!

CHALMERS
Inrox
and Porosknit made of full-combed cotton

For months the [illegible] taken the entire output of [illegible]. Until some of the machinery is [illegible] it may be [illegible] for Chalmers Underwear [illegible].

YOU CAN TELL THE DIFFERENCE

Not the slight difference that must be pointed out by your underwear dealer, but the finer quality you can see for yourself. The difference in Chalmers Underwear is in the smoothness, softness, fineness and fit that you don't remember seeing before.

Chalmers Inrox for cool and cold weather is knitted of special, soft, combed cotton on the new Inrox machines—not only finer elastic ribs, but *stronger* by many months' wear.

To fully realize these facts, take what you supposed was the best garment you could buy, compare it with Chalmers Inrox

—You can tell *the difference*.

CHALMERS UNDERWEAR

MILLS AT AMSTERDAM, N. Y

Columbia Batteries

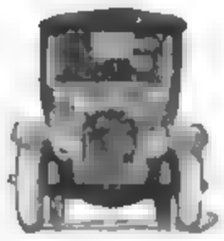
Dry Batteries

Boys and their elders—***both*** use Columbia Dry Batteries. For these fiery little bundles of electric energy will run a toy—or a mammoth truck or tractor. They put "go" into autos and motorboats, and stationary engines. They light up lanterns; ring bells; make telephones speak up—both toy and regular kinds.

The biggest battery factory makes Columbias—has made them, in fact, for a quarter century. Into every cell is packed all the power that expert knowledge can put there.

Columbias are used for every battery need—and everywhere.

Though they cost no more, Columbias last longer. Fahnestock Spring Clip Binding Posts, no extra charge.



Storage Batteries

First, we build Columbia Storage Batteries right.

Second, we appoint Columbia Service Dealers everywhere to inspect, water, or charge your battery. If it must be taken apart, the Columbia Service Dealer will forward it to a nearby Columbia Service Station, where ***only skilled specialists are authorized to make repairs.***

Third, we guarantee Columbia Storage Batteries to do definite work for a definite period—and we furnish another battery without extra cost if the first battery fails within the guarantee period. This straightforward guarantee is made possible not only because of the 18 distinctive features embodied in the Columbia, but also because of this definite service plan.

Any Columbia Service Dealer or Service Station will gladly tell you why you will profit with this unique Columbia Storage Battery Service for your car.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.
Cleveland, Ohio

In Canada Columbia Batteries are made and sold by Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto (Ontario)

THE NEW STOICS

(Continued from Page 16)

evening, and I supposed that he wanted to read about the offensive. Not at all! After a glance at the headlines he turned to the baseball news. Do you understand him?"

"No," said his mother.

"At his age I should have been in this war, with or without my parents' consent. Mind you, I don't want him in it—not for a year or two. But why doesn't he want to get in? He's not a coward."

"No," said his mother, and then she added: "I've thought a great deal about it, and I think it's because he's so young—so immature."

"Immature!" cried Mr. Brougham. "Why, he's always using words I don't know the meaning of!"

"Perhaps he doesn't either," said his wife. "That's immature, isn't it? But I meant the immaturity of not seeing responsibilities—not taking them up, at least. You see, my dear, he's very young—only a year out of school. It's natural enough."

"It's not natural at all," answered Mr. Brougham. "Just out of school—school is the very place to learn patriotism—drilling and all that—and I'm sure Granby is one of the most patriotic men I ever knew. He inspires most of his boys. No, I don't understand. I shall speak to David about his attitude."

"Oh, don't! You'll have him enlisting to-morrow."

"No; for I shall explain to him that he must wait."

She smiled. "You're going to stir him up to want to do something which you won't allow him to do. Is that sensible, dear?"

It wasn't sensible, but—more important—it was inevitable. Mr. Brougham, feeling as he did, could not be silent. He had always been proud of his boys, had always assumed they were stuff to be proud of. They had done decently in their lessons, well in their athletics. What could a father ask more? Now for the first time he found himself questioning his right to be proud, and the doubt was like poison in his system. He must speak to his son.

The difficulty of "speaking to" people is that we either take too portentous a tone, and thus ruffle the minds we mean to impress, or else that we speak so casually as to make no impression at all. Mr. Brougham's leanings were all to the former manner, and recognizing this weakness he made one more effort at the indirect attack. Hearing that his nephew, a lieutenant of infantry, was about to sail, he sent for him to come and dine. In his greeting of the young man he tried to express his respect for the uniform, even when decorated by nothing more than a gold bar.

"I envy you, my boy," he said. "I remember how I felt when I first put on those clothes in 1898—not that we can compare that war with this, but the emotion is the same—the emotion is always the same. We all envy you in this house."

David looked rather impish. "Envy him!" he said. "And him such a bad sailor!"

At this Brougham's brows contracted, but the lieutenant smiled.

"Yes," he said; "won't I wish I had stayed at home!"

This sentiment would have shocked Mr. Brougham except that he believed he recognized in it the decent Anglo-Saxon cloak of a profound feeling—very different from David's cold inaction.

As soon as dinner was over he left the boys alone and took a chair on the piazza, from which he could watch the expressions of their faces. They fell at once into a conversation of the deepest interest; so interesting that they began to move their hands about in unaccustomed gestures. Once David lifted his and brought it down with a sidewise swoop.

"That's it!" a voice rang out. "It's great!"

Mr. Brougham felt justified in moving a little nearer. He then found that the subject of discussion was jazz-band records for the phonograph.

The next morning, looking out of his window early, he saw David in his bathing suit trying, with a seriousness that might have drilled a company, to teach a new handspring to Lawrence. And this made it impossible for Mr. Brougham to be silent any longer.

When David came back to the house, dressed, but with his hair still dark and wet from his swim, his father stopped him.

"Sit down a minute," he said. "I want to speak to you. I want you to explain your attitude toward this war."

This opening sentence, which he had thought of while the handsprings were going on, would have been excellent if he could have given his son time to answer it, but he couldn't; his emotions swept him on, and at the end of five minutes he was still talking.

"The Civil War was fought by boys your age or younger. I don't say it was best, but it's the fact. And here you are—you've had every advantage—of education, of luxury, of protection. Don't you care for the traditions of your country? You're not a child any more. You're old enough to understand that a hideous catastrophe has come upon the world, and before long you must take your part in remedying it. What's your attitude to the war?"

"I think we're going to win it, sir, in the end."

"Other people are going to win it?"

"Would you approve of my enlisting at once? I understood ——"

"No, I would not approve of it, as I've told you," answered his father, feeling that somehow he was being unjustly cornered. "But because a man's too young to make a soldier, that doesn't mean he shouldn't have any patriotism in his make-up—should be absolutely indifferent, with his head full of handsprings and jazz bands."

"I'm not indifferent," said David; "and as for jazz bands, even the men at the Front like them."

"But you're not at the Front—if you get my point."

"I don't believe I do," said David.

Civil as David's tone was there was of course a trace of hostility in the words themselves, and in his distress Mr. Brougham decided to go and consult Granby, the head of the school where David had been for five years and where Lawrence still was.

Brougham only went to Granby in desperate straits, for he was a little afraid of his sons' schoolmaster. Granby was a tall bald man of fifty, with an expression at once stern and humble—stern with the habit of innumerable decisions, humble with the consciousness that half of them had been wrong. Brougham admired him, but could not be his friend, owing to the fact that he always became in Granby's presence an essential parent and nothing else. Mrs. Brougham, with the protection of her long silences, managed better to retain her individuality in his presence.

"I've come to consult you about David," he began.

Granby visibly shrank. "Don't tell me he's gone too!"

"No—he hasn't; that's it."

Brougham managed to tell his story very satisfactorily, for Granby had the power, rarer than is supposed, of extracting an idea from spoken words.

"He has no enthusiasm—no emotion. I can't understand him. At his age, I venture to say, I would —— Well, I've come to you. You've had thirty years' experience of boys."

"Yes," said Granby with his reserved, pedagogic manner. "I've been at it thirty years." He stared at the floor and then, looking up, added: "But I've only had four years of boys as they are now."

This was a new idea to Brougham.

"You mean boys are different?"

"Of course, they're different!" said Granby. "Even we are different, and they —— Boys I was giving demerits to and scolding about Latin prose last winter are fighting the war for us to-day. Roberts—I used to make Roberts' life a burden to him about the dative of reference—he was killed last month rescuing his machine gun; and here I am doing the same safe task —— Well, I never felt like that about my work before. Different? Of course they're different! They are not boys any more. They are men; and we are old men."

There was, naturally enough, a pause, for this was by no means a conception of life which Mr. Brougham could accept offhand; and in the silence the door opened and David himself strode in—and stopped with every appearance of disappointment on seeing his father.

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If the old top leaks, a new covering of Neverleek, the guaranteed Top Material, will give perfect protection. It is impervious to rain or melting snow; it will not crack, sag nor fade

A Neverleek top will brighten up the car and add to its value. Neverleek is the top material used by custom body builders, good top-makers, and by the manufacturers of more than 50 high grade cars as regular equipment.

Samples and full information on request. Write for an interesting booklet "Style in Motor Tops."

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TOP MATERIAL

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is What Makes the CONKLIN
Distinctive-and Dominant

It is easily the foremost filling device It's *different*. It's stronger, it's simpler, it's more durable, it's easier to get at. It's the *pioneer* self-filler. What's more, the CONKLIN writes as easily as it fills—and *never leaks!*

Ask any leading stationer, jeweler, druggist or department store to prove it to you.

The Conklin Pen Mfg. Co.
Toledo, Ohio

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NON-LEAKABLE

Right Here

Let the Y. M. C. A. do it for you

You can't send chocolate to the boys across the water—but the Triangle workers can hand it to them. You can't serve them, but you can hearten them.

You can't furnish them with music, light, warmth, books, magazines, inspiring speakers, a place to write and materials to write home—*except* by your contributions to the Y. M. C. A.

Earl Balleu, Y. M. C. A. worker, giving chocolate and smokes to sentries in advanced listening post. This is the extreme advanced position on the active front

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Sensible Economy

IN these days when extravagances are in poor taste, EVERWEAR is the sensible hosiery for the whole family Handsome enough for "occasions", yet economical for every-day wear.

Specially reinforced toes, heels and tops give a real durability, even in hosiery that is unusually sheer and dressy.

The Flexweev feature means a lasting snugness at the ankle that is characteristic of

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If you have thought that hosiery can either be stylish *or* durable—but not both—the neat elegance and wearing qualities of EVERWEAR Flexweev will be a revelation.

You can get **EVERWEAR Everywhere**—in many weights and shades—silk, lisle or cotton—for men, women and children—and in a wide range of prices.

Probably your dealer has it.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO.
172 Fifth St., Dept. 111, Milwaukee

See that the next hosiery you buy bears the thrift stamp "EVERWEAR"

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I'm afraid I'm interrupting you. I'll come back."

"What did you want?" said Mr. Granby.

David paused, looking less like a man and more like a boy in his indecision. Then his jaw set as he took his determination.

"I wanted you to tell my father something, but as long as he's here I'd better tell him myself. I took the examinations last month for an aviation camp, and I've just heard that I'm accepted."

Relief and horror struggling in Mr. Brougham like opposing waves resulted in calm.

"But, my son," he said, "why have you concealed it? You did not think I'd oppose you?"

David moved restlessly.

"Oh, no," he answered. "It wasn't that." He looked at Mr. Granby and smiled. "Father's awfully tyrannical about this war," he said. "He wants everyone to feel just as he does."

"But don't you feel as I do?" asked his father. "Why, you've just proved that you do!"

"Not a bit!" said David, and he spoke with a force neither of the men had ever heard from him before. "I don't feel a bit as you do, sir, and what's more, I don't want to!" He stopped. "But we needn't go into that," he added, and seemed about to leave the room.

Granby looked at Brougham. "It must be right here if we could get at it," he said. "Tell us, David, what is it in your father's attitude that you don't sympathize with?"

"And my mother's too."

"And mine?" asked Granby.

David hesitated an instant.

"You don't seem to care so much about having us all feel the way you do if what we do is right. But my father and mother don't care what I do unless I get excited about it."

"A healthy emotion is not excitement," said Mr. Brougham. "But you have been cold, absolutely cold to the horror of the world's bleeding to death, to all this unnatural disaster that has come upon us."

"It doesn't seem exactly unnatural to me," answered the boy slowly. "At least I've got used to it. You see, sir, ever since I knew anything—ever since I was Lawrence's age—war has been about the most natural thing going. I suppose it's very different for all of you. Coming at the end of a perfectly peaceful life, it must seem like a sort of dirty accident; but even so, it's awfully queer to me the way you and mother have to lash yourselves up to doing anything ——"

"Lash ourselves up?" exclaimed Mr. Brougham.

"Yes, with the idea of patriotism and self-sacrifice, when it's so perfectly clear what we all have to do. Why, father, I feel just as if I were a policeman, or, no, a fireman—I feel as if I were a fireman and you expected me to get off something about patriotism and self-sacrifice every time I went to put out a fire. A fireman goes, all right—it's his job; but I dare say he often wishes he could stay in bed. No one says his heart is cold, and no more it is, to my mind. It must be fun to go off in a burst of patriotic enthusiasm. I know, for I've often felt like that about football. But this is different. This isn't a sport—it's a long disagreeable job. And I must say, father, it makes me pretty tired to have you think me a slacker because I don't get, and don't want to get, excited about it."

"You misunderstand me," said his father. "I don't think any man a slacker who waits to think it over before he makes the supreme sacrifice and offers"—Mr. Brougham's voice took a deeper note—"his life."

David turned sharply to Granby.

"There," he said, "that's what I hate! I hate that attitude toward death—as if it were something you couldn't speak of in the drawing-room. Death isn't so bad," he added, as if saying what he could for an absent friend.

With this Mr. Brougham couldn't even pretend to agree; death seemed to him very bad indeed—about the worst possible, though not to be evaded by brave men on that account.

"Ah," he said to Granby, "that's the beauty of youth—it doesn't think about death at all."

"Nonsense," said David. "I beg your pardon, sir, but isn't it nonsense? Of course, we think of it—a lot more than you do. The chances are about one in twenty that I'll be killed. When you were my age you were planning your career, and college, and you thought you'd be married sometime, and you were getting your name put up at clubs you couldn't get into for years. But fellows of my age aren't making any plans—it would be pretty foolish if we did. We haven't got any future, as you had it. I don't know if you call that thinking about death. I do—thinking about it as a fact, not a horror. We've been up against it for the last four years, and we've got used to it. That's what none of you older people seem to be able to get into your heads. We don't particularly mind the idea of dying. And now I think I'll run home and tell my mother."

Neither of the men spoke for a few minutes after he had gone. Mr. Brougham was shocked. He had just caught himself back from telling David that he ought to be afraid of dying—which of course was not at all what he meant. He himself had always feared death—most of the men he knew feared it—only hadn't allowed that fear to influence their actions. He had always regarded this fear as a great universal limitation. He felt as if a great gulf had suddenly opened between him and his son. More than that, he felt that to live free from the terror was too great an emancipation for one so young.

"If they're not afraid of death, what are they afraid of?" he found himself thinking.

He himself in his youth had never thought about dying—except sometimes in church in connection with music and crowns and glassy seas. Then once, when he was only a little younger than David, he had been very ill in the school infirmary; another boy had died, and then, he remembered, he did for the first time consider the possibility of his, Walter Brougham's, coming to end, stopping, going out perhaps like a candle. It had been an uncomfortable experience, and when his mother had come to take care of him he had distinctly clung to her—as if she could have done any good. Had these boys gone through that and come out on the other side? He found it alarmed him to think that David wasn't afraid.

Good heavens, what would they do—this new generation, young and healthy and unafraid of death, not because they had never thought about it but because they had been familiar with it since they went into long trousers?

Mr. Granby broke the silence. He said: "To order ourselves lowly and reverently to all our betters?"

Brougham was puzzled by these words, and he felt that it was no time for puzzling him.

"Did you think David was impertinent to me, Mr. Granby?" he asked. "Is that what you meant?"

"No, that isn't what I meant, Mr. Brougham."

Brougham didn't inquire any further. He shook his head and went home. He found his wife and David sitting hand in hand on the piazza looking out to sea, with the same blank grave look on both their faces. Yet they were thinking very different thoughts.

Mrs. Brougham was thinking that she had been strangely stupid not to know that this was just exactly the way David would do it; but she added to herself she had allowed her vision to be clouded by her husband.

David was carefully reviewing the small stock of his technical knowledge of aëroplanes.

For 13 years he was an *ordinary* business man— Then—"he went to school again"

"In the past eight years, I have increased my salary just 750%. The Course has been the foundation of my business training."

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A year after enrolling he wrote to us, saying:

"I have followed the work closely and intend to finish the Course in the same way. The work is certainly interesting.

"I believe it is the finest possible assistance to the man who desires to keep constantly at the front!"

Two years after enrolling, he again writes:

"The Course has been of great help to me. Innumerable business questions and problems come up which I solve profitably because of the training I have received from the Course.

"It taught me accounting, cost finding and helped me considerably in organizing work.

"It might also interest you to know that my salary has been increased ***over seven hundred and fifty percent!***"

No man is so brilliant or well educated that he cannot profit by the successful experience of others.

No man can find within the scope of his own department, or even of his own company, all the help he needs.

A thoro grounding in the broad, basic fundamentals that underlie all business is essential to rapid growth and real progress.

The man who knows Financing, or Accounting, or Organization, or Marketing, can become a more successful man only as he develops his understanding of the other fundamentals of business.

The man who knows selling, or advertising, or transportation, or exporting—he, too, must train himself in the other fundamentals of business, if he is to reach the greatest possible success.

The men enrolled are your kind of men

In the list of the 75,000 men enrolled for the Course, thousands are found who already have reached the top. These men realized by actual experience the need for further knowledge and understanding of all phases, factors and fundamentals of business. The list includes men in every business, every occupation from Presidents to order clerks.

These 75,000 men are just as busy as you are

Unless they realized the vital need—the great profit—to be derived from the Course they would never have enrolled.

This need is *your* need. It is the need of every man—young or old—who is sincerely ambitious to be more successful and is willing to do *his* part to achieve it.

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MODERN BUSINESS

"In this war there is no short cut to victory. Success will come only through the daily consecration of every American to the cause." —W. B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor

"A King's The Thing!"

THAT has been the solution of delivery and haulage problems for scores of the country's leading industrial concerns. With a shortage of both man and motive power, there is only one way out—increase the working capacity of your present truck equipment so as to get the greatest possible haulage from each truck and each man. And there's only one way to do that—by the use of scientifically designed and constructed Transport Units, specially adapted to your business. It's the economical way, also.

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These Transport Units enable you to accomplish two things of vital importance. They will make each of your trucks handle from two to four times its present capacity load. And they will practically eliminate the idle time of the truck—the hours, often amounting to half its working day, while it is being loaded or unloaded.

King Trailers are not merely an adjunct to the motor truck. So far as actual increased efficiency is concerned, they are the truck's better half. And they are produced by men who have given years of study to transportation and delivery problems. The patented exclusive King coupling device makes the six-wheeled truck and Transport Unit as easy to handle as the truck alone.

"A King's the Thing" In Your Business, Too

King Trailers, in one of their various sizes, are adapted to any make of motor truck and to ninety per cent of haulage needs.

Very probably we can save you time, money and worry by suggesting a way to fit them to your business. At any rate, write us. We'll place all the facts before you, and give you the experience of others in similar lines.

To Dealers

King Trailers make possible the use of motor trucks by thousands of concerns which could not otherwise use them to advantage.

We have prepared a folder devoted to the advantages of King Trailers in connection with the truck you handle, and shall be glad to supply you with them. Write us, giving make of motor truck you sell

"A King's the Thing" for dealer as well as user.

King Trailer Company

2050 Main St., Ann Arbor, Michigan

THE ARTILLERY MILL AT OLD FORT SILL

(Continued from Page 15)

Henry and the unsung heroes who, just because they happen to know all about it, must stay home from France and teach a greenhorn how to do his bit by proxy. As I write this article I have just commenced to shoot; and now I must leave the school and complete my course—where? *Quién sabe?* My regiment is going to that bourn from which some of us will not return—so I am ordered back, half-baked, but ever so much wiser and more dangerous than when I arrived.

But because I have been on the inside looking out I elect to tell the fellow who is paying for my education just how much of a run he is getting for his Thrift Stamps and Liberty Bonds, and at the same time to assure the prospective soldier with a leaning toward a commission in the "red legs" that there exists no tangible reason why he should permit the alleged mysteries of indirect laying to frighten him into the infantry. The only disturbing thing about artillery is at the other end of the trajectory, albeit there is to the beginner something horrifying in the language of artillery. They tell you about a micrometer—and you shudder. Presently you meet a micrometer and discover it's only a little thingumajig that you in your innocence would call a screw. And so on.

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Major General William J. Snow, Chief of Field Artillery, U. S. A.

One by one you solve the alleged mysteries, and presently the whole thing dawns on you like a sunrise in the Grand Cañon. It's as simple as pulling a rabbit out of a plug hat—when the trick is explained to you. And if you know plane geometry, a little trig, and algebra to simple quadratic equations, if you have an orderly and practical mind and a heart that's in the game, you'll shoot with the best of them, and have a perfectly bully time while you last.

The Artilleryman's Dream

Along in 1911 it began to be suspected in Washington that our regular field artillery officers could do everything but shoot. It was no fault of the officers, however. The last good shoot the Army had had was Tientsin and Peking, and since we didn't anticipate trouble with our neighbors one hundred rounds of ammunition was considered an ample annual allowance for a field battery to use in target practice. I know that my brigadier had thirteen thousand rounds to fire in a few weeks last spring, and I'm certain he used to wake up at night and wonder if it was true or just a wonderful dream. You must know of course that a United States artillery officer has only two dreams: One is that some day he'll have all the ammunition he wants; and the other is that on some equally memorable day he'll go to war and catch an enemy battery when it's limbering or unlimbering. The bloodthirsty fellow wants to get the horses as well as the gun crews with shrapnel, and then bust up the guns with H. E. Messy sort of dream, I call it.

Well, as I started to remark, in 1911 it was decided to start a School of Fire for Field Artillery, not only to furbish up our regular officers but to encourage those sad but infinitely patient and dogged chaps, the militia, whose firing pins had been exploding make-believe cartridges since 1899. Accordingly the school was established at Fort Sill, where the gently rolling country, alternately wooded and open, offers one of the most wonderful target ranges in the world. At that time the school graduated sixty officers annually, and most of their education was gleaned in firing open-warfare problems. Such a thing as the close shooting we have to-day as the result of trench warfare was practically unknown.

It will be recalled that Kitchener, soldier of the old frontier school that he was, had more faith in shrapnel than in high explosive at the beginning of the present war; hence it would seem that in 1911 we were doing the best that could be expected of us, and in 1911 model fighting would doubtless have done some very excellent shooting. However, as the old settler remarked, "Them happy days has fled."

In the beginning there were two classes—a spring class and a fall class. Fort Sill, as an army post, was practically in a state of desuetude. Old Chief Geronimo, the last relic of the gladsome days, having terminated his period of confinement at Fort Sill by going the way of all flesh, somewhat tardily, it is to be feared, and his tribe having taken to cheap automobiles and motion pictures, Fort Sill had been allowed to grow old gracefully. Consequently there were no buildings to accommodate the school, so classes were held out under the trees! Naturally each class and each instructor tried to file a claim on the shadiest trees, and as a result the trees came to be named. Section A met under Major Jones' tree—a graceful, wide-spreading old elm; while from the meager shade of a scrub oak Major Smith and Section B sweltered and prayed for the day when Jones would get a lieutenant colonelcy and move on.

This modest beginning, however, bore excellent results, and during 1914 and 1915 extensive experiments in field gunnery were made, and very accurate statistical information was gleaned on dispersion in field firing. This research work is now of tremendous importance in the course. In 1916, due to the Mexican Border excitement, the school was closed; but in July, 1917, it was again opened, and one hundred and twenty officers were detailed to Fort Sill to take the course. It is amusing to relate that the students arrived before the instructors!

Some Raid

Maj. Gen. William J. Snow, now Chief of Artillery, but at that time a colonel, was named commandant of the school. Colonel Snow arrived, looked over the ground and had a vision. Indeed he had had it for a long time, only nobody could see with his eyes. After a lifetime in the Army he had a real job at last, and he proceeded to prepare for the rush.

His first move was to go to Washington. I am not in the general's confidence, so I do not know whether he used a saw or an ax, but at any rate he was back in ten days with three-quarters of a million dollars to spend and not a single strand of red tape clinging to him anywhere. Some raid!

I can well imagine the bewilderment of another well-known artillery officer when he heard the news. He tried to put over a raid once. Like his brother officers, he had for many years cherished an idea. He was

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TOMORROW, you buy a pair of Ivory Garters, put them right into service and get the joy of freedom from "garter bind," from agitated leg muscles, from leg nerves! For, Ivory Garters gird your legs so gently you'd never know you had garters only that your socks are so perfectly held up!

Ivory Garters are a revelation! They give new realization of what garter comfort *can* be! Free from metal that rusts and starts irritations; no pads! Light as a silk sock, yet strong and durable. You'll wonder how you ever worried along in the old way once you get on Ivorys! Buy them everywhere men's goods are sold. 50c per pair and up.

IVORY GARTER CO., New Orleans, U. S. A.

stationed in the state of Washington and longed to march his battery to Washington, D. C., to see how the battery would stand it, and then make an interesting report on the subject, for all artillery officers are specialists on something. With one it is material, with another it is dispersion and probabilities, with another it is horses. Well, this officer saved up his leave for a couple of years and then took the accumulated leave in a lump and went to Washington to put over his idea. Unfortunately, nobody would listen to him, and one day, feeling very blue, he wandered into a certain bureau to weep on the shoulder of a friend on staff duty.

In the course of conversation the friend remarked: "I wish they'd relieve me of this desk job and send me back to my battery. I grow weary of the fierce light that beats about the throne."

To which the pilgrim replied: "I'm going back to my battery. I'm weary of the fierce beats that light about the throne."

All of which of course happened in the old days when we regarded the Atlantic and the Pacific as our best friends, and sent our children to Germany to be educated. However, to get back to our subject:

With the return of the commandant things commenced to hum. Barracks capable of housing twelve hundred student officers were designed and erected; likewise classrooms and quarters for instructors detailed from the Regular Army. A course of study designed to meet the rapidly changing methods of modern warfare was drawn up, and by December, 1917, the school was opened. In six months the School of Fire had prepared to turn out six thousand battery commanders yearly instead of sixty, and before the close of the present year it will be turning out ten thousand.

The Newest Imported Styles

Each week that passes sees an improvement in the course. Primed with the very latest reports on the changing styles in field artillery warfare, Frenchmen, Britishers and Americans drop in from the Western Front to help the game along. Each day sees the course more closely coördinated, the students selected with more painstaking care, their studies presented to them in greater detail and simplicity, and with the graduates of Jones' tree and Smith's tree coming back to learn the game all over again. And when they have learned it, back to their regiments they go, to prepare for the course those officers who still have it before them or whom the exigencies of the service will force to complete their education from practical experience in the field or at a brigade training center in France.

From now on the education of the United States field artillery officer will begin in the artillery training center at Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky. Here are gathered as this article is written all the officer candidates from the divisional training camps established last May. The graduates of the third officers' training camps were the selected enlisted men and civilians trained within their divisions. This method was not found comprehensive enough to meet conditions, the principal difficulty being to get competent instructors for each camp and to coördinate the course of training. The fourth class was accordingly shipped to this huge new training center at Camp Taylor, where each officer candidate receives the same course of instruction.

Though the course is necessarily a primary one it is nevertheless extremely thorough. Those students who graduate are commissioned and sent at once to the F. A. R. D.—field artillery replacement draft—at Camp Jackson, South Carolina. Here they do duty with troops until sent to France to replace casualties or to Fort Sill to take their ten weeks' "college" course. Those who go to France attend schools similar to the one at Fort Sill eventually.

When Lieut. Henry Perkins, having graduated from Fort Sill, proceeds overseas and presently loses the number of his mess, his abrupt departure causes no inconvenience. His brigadier merely wires to the replacement depot, and another shavetail will be doing Henry's job within twenty-four hours. If he doesn't do it well he will be relieved *muy pronto* and put at something he can do better; and if he proves himself incompetent there he gets a free trip back to civil life—and the draft board; from which new starting point he can try again as a private!

Life at the School of Fire is serious business. For the time being you forget to a large extent that you are an officer, remembering it only when some principle of deportment presents itself, for it is dangerous to revert to enlisted habits or forget that with the acquisition of a commission you became automatically an officer and a gentleman, regardless of any opinions the folks at home may entertain to the contrary. The students occupy huge squad rooms—probably thirty officers to a room. Each officer has a chair, a plain unpainted table with a drawer in it, a drop light, a plain iron cot, a mattress, and a shelf upon which to pile his kit. Officers bring their own bedding, make their own beds, clean their own boots and pay their own board at a very excellent mess provided by the school. The barracks are cared for and the meals cooked and served by a school detachment of enlisted men.

The discipline at the School of Fire is rigid but just, and enforced upon student officers as effectively as upon enlisted men. At a quarter past six you are awakened by first call.

You leap into your clothes faster than any fireman and attend reveille roll call. If you miss it there goes a cute little black mark against your efficiency record; so you do not miss it, for somehow or other a fellow values his reputation a whole lot more in the Army than he does in civil life.

Well, at six-thirty, having performed your morning ablutions, you eat breakfast, and by seven-fifteen you are shaved and out on the sidewalk, where you are formed by the senior officer in your section and marched at attention to your classroom. You have a recitation or a lecture on a different subject every hour until eleven-thirty. At one-thirty you are boiled out again, with no respite until five-thirty, when you return to your squad room, remove your putties, don a sleeveless athletic shirt and put in twenty minutes at a brand of calisthenics calculated to make a man realize his age. Then under a cold shower, into clean linen and to the mess hall, feeling perfectly bully and resolved to get your money's worth from the mess officer.

The Still Small Voice

After dinner you stretch out on your plain iron cot and smoke, and cuss your instructor because you're a bonehead and he expects too much of you anyhow. You wonder why the devil you went in for a commission anyhow; you recall what a happy, happy life you led as a private; and in the midst of your beefing a still small voice whispers to you: "Get busy, boy! Remember you have a battle map to draw to-night, and the drill regulations for to-morrow deal with reciprocal laying, and you know mighty well you never can remember whether in laying with the rammer staff you subtract 3200 mils from the guns on the right of the directing piece or add it. First thing you know, my son, you'll be flunking the Saturday-morning test, and they'll be taking those shoulder straps off you. And what will the folks at home say to that, eh?"

This still small voice seems to reach everybody in the squad room at once, for all get busy simultaneously and keep busy right up until half-past eleven, when the old Regular Army colonel, who is taking the course with a second lieutenant who was recently his sergeant major, says "Lights out!" in a way that somehow makes you reach up, switch off your light and undress in the dark.

The curriculum begins and ends with a paternal lecture by General Lawson, the present commandant. Each time he tells you what he expects of you. After the first lecture you're afraid to fail him and after the last you're ashamed to. Having been welcomed into the fold you are promptly fed into the artillery hopper. Specialists in artillery material lead you down under the trees, a gun crew takes a 75 rifle apart if you are taking the light artillery course or a 4.7 and a 155 howitzer if you are in the heavies. Every little nut or screw has a meaning all its own, and you learn the names and uses of them all, for if an officer is to shoot a gun he must know it thoroughly and how to keep it in order and preserve it from deterioration.

In service the guns are always hidden if possible, the battery commander taking a station where he can see the target and sending his orders for the control of fire

(Concluded on Page 52)

"Young men should study business thoroly. As to opportunities, there are ten today where there was one sixty years ago."
—JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

"The Captains of Industry in America are not seeking money; they are looking for brains—specialized brains."
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"Have been advanced five positions since taking LaSalle Course." H. C. L.

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"Have tried cases with some of the best lawyers here and lost but one." A. J. C.

Have more than doubled salary since beginning the course." E. R. W.

Salary has been increased 185 per cent." H. R. B.

"Have been before the Supreme Court and came out successful." L. S. S.

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Stay where you are while you are getting this knowledge which makes promotion certain. Train by mail in your spare time under the direction of LaSalle experts who will give you precisely the training for which Business gladly pays the large salaries. LaSalle training is intensely practical. It will give you a completeness of information which it has cost others years of experience to get, and yet by the LaSalle extension method you can get this specialized knowledge in months. You will be trained by men who will hand on to you their accumulated experience and direct you at every step.

Your enrollment brings not only this higher training but also the privilege of our Consulting Service, which entitles you to the free advice of our experts on any special business problem at any time.

Read in the margin of this page what LaSalle training has done for others. The only advantage they have over you is in their "specialized brains" gained thru the LaSalle extension method. You can easily and quickly parallel their success if you too will get this training now.

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Have been promoted from local agent to division agent and am in charge of express work of two divisions of the Pennsylvania R. R. Salary more than doubled." I. L. P.

"Am drawing 100 per cent more salary than six months ago." A. R. D.

"Have had salary increase of 150% from studying your course." C. P. M.

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"LaSalle Extension University is a sound concern and it limits itself to those fields in which work can be done by correspondence." George E. MacLean, former President, State University of Iowa.

"The teaching force of the LaSalle Extension University is above the standard, in my opinion, and a prospective student need have no fears that he will not be treated with the highest possible courtesy and fairness." R. H. Forsyth, University of Utah, Salt Lake City.

"The values of your texts and the new editions of them that you send me from time to time are always looked over with keen interest. I am glad to have them, and in two of my courses am using them as texts." Professor Ernest E. Dewsnap, University of Illinois.

"I look upon instruction by mail as one of the most wonderful and phenomenal developments of this age." Theodore Roosevelt.

The work done by correspondence [illegible] that done in the [illegible] R. Harper, [illegible] of the University of [illegible]

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Step into the offices of almost any of our largest corporations and you will find LaSalle members in responsible positions. Here are a few of these big corporations which have employed from 150 to more than 1000:

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American Telegraph & Telephone Company	*267*	*Chicago & N. W. Ry.*	*414*
U. S. Steel Corporation	*250*	*Ford Motor Company*	*148*
Baltimore & Ohio R. R.	*572*	*Swift & Company*	*200*
		Standard Oil Company	*193*

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[illegible] Electric Company — *Wells Fargo Express Company*
International Harvester Co. — *Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company*
B. F. Goodrich Company
and every important railroad company in the United States.

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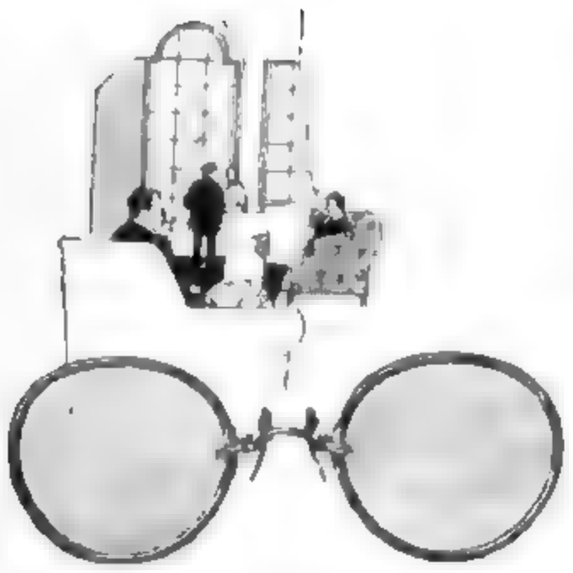

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(Concluded from Page 50)

down to the guns by telephone. Hence the artillery officer is taught to be a pretty fair lineman, and since telephones get out of order and lines are cut by artillery fire he must know how to repair telephones, how to test them, how to care for them, for should his line go out his fire must cease unless he has means of visual signaling, which are frequently lacking. Also he must know how to operate a telephone exchange.

In the heavies, which use unfixed ammunition, various charges of powder are used for various ranges. The battery commander must know exactly what his gun can do and what kind of fuse to use against certain targets in order to achieve the proper effect. He must know how to figure the components of the wind; that is, if a fifteen-mile wind is blowing from a certain direction it has two components—lateral and longitudinal. A lateral wind blows the projectile to the right or to the left, and he must know just how many mils of error in deflection will result at varying ranges. If the longitudinal wind is behind the projectile the range will be increased considerably; if the wind is blowing against the projectile the range will be decreased. The battery commander has means of knowing how much it will be increased or decreased and must make his range correction accordingly.

Bathing-Suit Shooting

The time of flight of a projectile is figured on a projectile of a certain standard weight; hence the range will be affected by a shell a fraction of a kilogram heavier or lighter; and in addition the range is always affected by the temperature of the air, the barometric pressure and the temperature of the powder. The range also varies with certain lots of powder, and a change is still further introduced through the wear of the gun. The battery commander must know how to correct his range for all these variations, and also for the "drift" of the projectile, which is always to the right. He must be able to cause his shrapnel to burst at the proper height in order to get the proper effect on infantry; he must know how to train his gun crews, and in order to do this he must himself be trained thoroughly in the duties of every member of the gun crew.

Motor trucks, motor cars, motorcycles and tractors are indispensable to the transportation of a modern heavy artillery unit. At Fort Sill the prospective battery commander is given a thorough course in motor transportation and is required to know this material, how to repair it and how to start it again when it balks. He must learn to drive the heavy army motor truck and the caterpillar tractor, and when he thinks he has assimilated a lot of knowledge along motor lines the instructor cheerfully leads his class to a line of motor trucks that have been put out of business and invites him to find the trouble and get under way. I had a notion that I possessed more than an intimate acquaintance with motors before I entered the service, but a gill of water poured into the carburetor baffled me for an hour. I felt that I had been imposed on and was hopping mad at the finish, but I agreed with the instructor that the only way to learn a thing is to do it.

A thorough knowledge of sketching, map making and map reading is indispensable to a field artillery officer's education. In the School of Fire one is taught to make road and position sketches, to make panoramic sketches of a sector, to make a battle map of it and plot in the targets, to shoot by the map and locate by coördinates, to ascertain deflections by means of the prismatic compass, aiming circle, battery commander's telescope or range finder; how to operate the range finder; and when none of these instruments is available how to estimate the range and measure the deflection from aiming point to target with one's hand. Quite usually one has all the scientific aids, but occasionally one hasn't; *ergo*, the field artillery officer must be able, as my brigadier once informed me, "to shoot in his bathing suit."

About the time one is beginning to think he knows something he discovers that there is a heap to learn about fuses, projectiles and explosives, the care of harness and horses. If a horse declines to eat his oats you must know why he doesn't eat them—so right off you examine the oats to see if they are musty or dirty. If they are clean you next proceed to examine the horse. You must know how to detect certain diseases of the animal and how to cure parasitic diseases, saddle galls, cuts, rope burns and colic. You must be a good hostler and you must know how to ride.

Equitation will probably be found the hardest item in the course. Perhaps you have played polo or been a park rider. If so you'll forget that style of riding in the Army. They'll make you lengthen your stirrups, sit down in the saddle and bend from the waist only. Then they'll take the stirrups away from you and you ride a mile at a fast hard trot, after which you'll be exceedingly careful in your selection of a place to sit for the next few days. And of course you'll open a map while seated on the hurricane deck of a nag fresh from the remount station, and he'll kink and police you; whereupon you will be laughed at—if you aren't killed outright.

All of the foregoing, including a stiff course in the theory of field gunnery, the trajectory and dispersion, lectures and studies in aërial communication, detection of targets by means of aërial photographs, simulated fire at the smoke bomb range and a quantity of other interesting information provided by experts—will occupy the first half of your course. In the sixth week you practice reconnaissance and occupation of a battery position—and you begin shooting on the target range. During that first week on the range you take your time while firing; you may even do some very foolish things without getting "killed." You are coaxed along, matters are explained to you patiently and good-naturedly, and you learn from your own mistakes and those of others.

Beginning with the seventh week, however, you are sensible of a general tightening up; you are required to show some human intelligence and an appreciation of the high cost of ammunition; you must work quickly, think quickly, decide quickly and act instantly upon your decisions, for the indecisive man has no place in the field artillery. For that matter, he has no place anywhere, since wherever you put him he is extremely apt to be one of life's failures.

A Great Life

At first they start you on easy targets and moderate ranges. Gradually the targets are harder to locate and increasingly difficult to keep located with your field glass. They are peeping from behind slopes, and you have to figure the proper angle of fall to reach them; or there is a deep cañon just over the hill into which your overs drop and are lost—and you wonder what's happened. You will shoot at targets among trees and on top of hills and you will have to conduct your fire by flank, lateral and bilateral observation, which appears perfectly impossible at first and is in reality absurdly simple. You will learn to give certain commands and give them in proper sequence, in order that you may not confuse your gun crews; you will shoot at blockhouses, old discarded artillery in position, a single board panel representing a machine gun, a bush behind which a mythical scout is concealed or a lone tree in the branches of which a make-believe enemy observer is stationed.

And presently there comes to you an unconscious knowledge of your gun and your new profession; instinctively you know what the gun will do and how easily you can make it perform with good gun crews; and with your mounting confidence the quality of your shooting increases. You know that a little practice is all that you need to make you a crackajack; only if you are really worth while the colonel who directs the Department of Gunnery will know it before you, and your commission is safe, even if you do make a few bad breaks.

Up until the time you go on the target range the course is apt to require of the student a trifle more application and hard work than he has previously experienced. He is apt to worry and think the course is too heavy, that too much is expected of him. Of course, he is quite in error about this, since no officer knows what really hard work is until he goes into field service with his battery and has to work twice as hard, with the additional handicap of having the other fellow shooting at him while he does it!

Along toward the last week of the course you are required to figure out a barrage table and you pull off the supreme test, a rolling barrage. As a preliminary to firing it you conduct a battery out into the terrain at one o'clock in the morning, and then seated in your dugout and confident of your data you await the fateful zero hour.

This rolling barrage will be your graduating exercise, as it were. The next day you "clear," say good-by to the strangest Alma Mater this country has ever produced, and go forth to prove you're worth your salt.

You are a lieutenant, and as the train whirls you out across the flat, level, shimmering Oklahoma plains you dream of the day when you will command a battery. As a lieutenant you do not conduct the fire unless the captain gets knocked out, and from experience you know that after all there are only two men in a battery who have any standing or any fun. One is the captain and the other is the first sergeant! What you long to do is shoot. You dream of the woolly little puffs of smoke where your shrapnel is breaking over Heinie or the black geysers of smoke where your high explosive is tearing up his trenches.

You long to have your brain direct that fire, to have your voice bark out the commands to the gun crews. And the peculiar part of it is that the fellow seated alongside of you, and who has just received his majority, feels just as you do.

If you press him for his reasons he answers: "Well, they've made me a major. I suppose I ought to feel happy, but I do not. Damn it, I'll never again command a field battery!"

Nothing Like the Guns

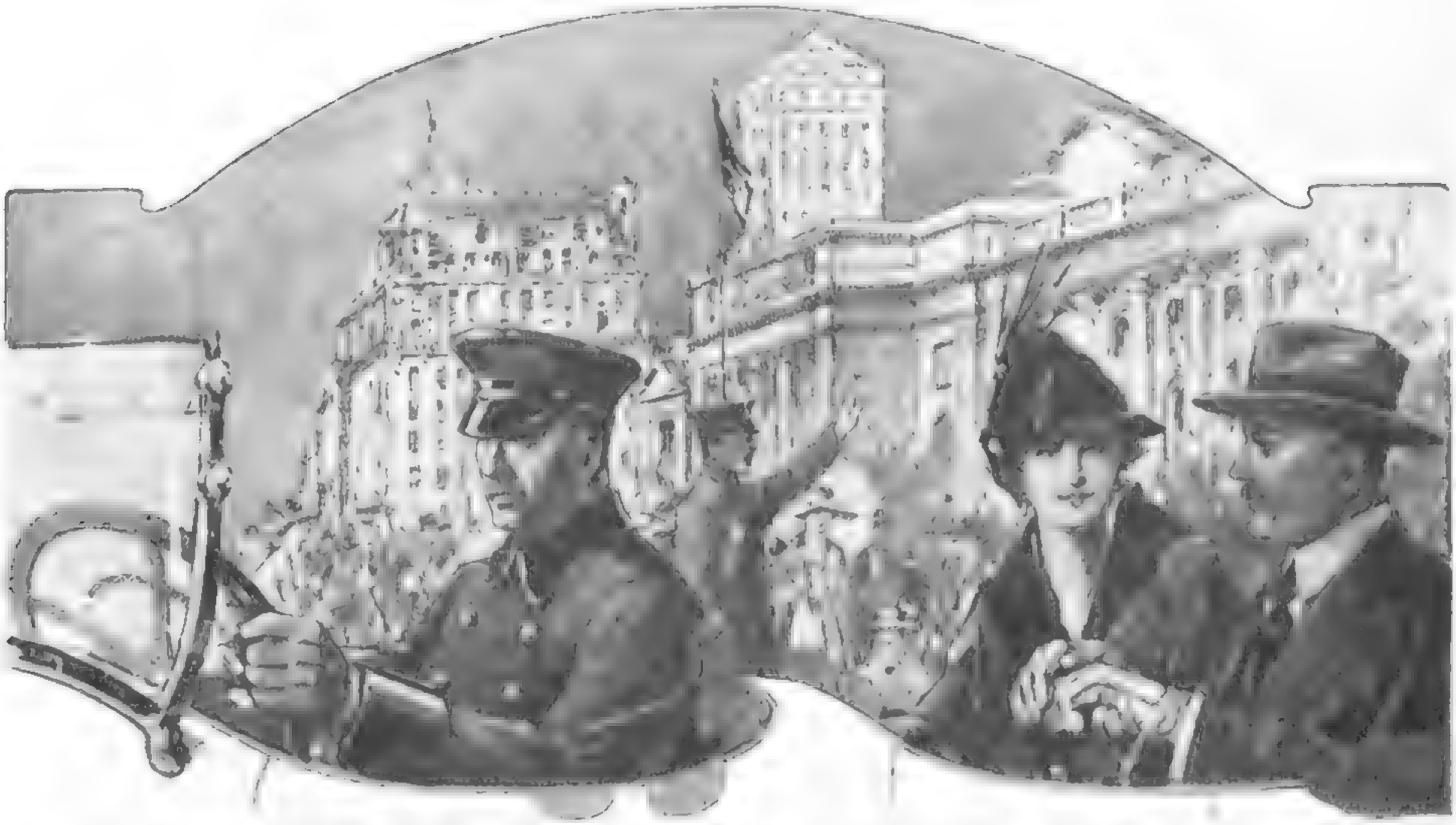
It is rather unfortunate for the artillery that so many men of technical education and training—mining, electrical, mechanical and civil engineers—seem to think that the logical place for them in the service is the engineer corps. The ideal man for a battery commander is not the young man just out of college, the farmer, the bank cashier or the chemist, but men of mature years with experience in handling men and with technical education and experience. To such men the task of learning to be a battery commander, and a corking good one, is the easiest thing in life, and it is a pity that more of them do not go in for the guns. If they only knew the fascination of the game, the sheer delight of being a red leg, they'd never waste themselves on roads and bridges.

Such men do not have to jimmy their way into a commission. If they are physically sound and of good moral character all they have to do is to make application to the army officer on duty as professor of military science and tactics at the educational institution nearest the residence of the applicant. This may be done either in writing or in person. Blank application forms will be furnished and must be filled out in detail and accompanied by at least three testimonials by reputable persons as to the good character of the applicant, in addition to a record of the applicant's physical examination, submitted on the prescribed form and made by a reputable physician.

These papers will then be considered by the professor of military science and tactics and the applicant notified to appear in person for a preliminary examination into his qualifications. If the professor is favorably impressed—and though he has to be shown, heaven knows he is willing to be reasonable—he indorses his approval and forwards the papers in the case to the commanding officer of the Central Artillery Training Center at Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky, who in turn notifies the applicant when and where to proceed to join the wagon soldiery.

I repeat that there is a heap of fun in the game. As I drop this article into the mail I am en route back to my battery; and I feel like a father going home to his children. My sergeant is going to blow in last month's ration savings on a big feed to celebrate my arrival; I have a hundred and fifteen new men I've never seen, and I'm mighty curious about them. Half of my old trained men have gone overseas to replace casualties—and they all volunteered. What has the good Lord given me in their place? The old men were crackajacks. Yow! I'm going back to my own. God bless them! And presently, my brethren, like a gentle rain over a hitherto arid district, the sound of guns shooting at live birds will descend upon our souls, stale with training and longing, and we shall have come into our own—at last.

Verily, there's nothing on earth like the guns!



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FROM THE ROMANOFFS TO THE BOLSHEVIKI

(Continued from Page 7)

self-made man. At any rate, Saturday, when it was announced he was liberated, because Téréschtchenko "had asked for his advice and help in directing the ministry of finance," there was a small demonstration of enthusiasm and regret at parting from him, which must have touched the prisoner greatly.

A similar case was that of Prince Victor Kotchoubey, who was of the highest aristocracy, rich and powerful in his own right, and brother-in-law of Orloff. To everyone's surprise he was liberated after a few hours at the Duma; and not only that, but he was asked to continue in charge of his department until it should be liquidated and the fortune of the imperial family turned to government uses in the Ministry of Agriculture. He was given carte blanche as to the time this would take and the best arrangements for carrying out all measures in his department, which had been the ministry for the administration of all the imperial estates. Both Bark and Kotchoubey had been friends of the Grand Duke Nicholas-Mihailovitch, and I accused the latter one day of having given them his protection, which he laughingly admitted he had done. Hundreds of prisoners were set free immediately after their arrest, as my husband was; while others lingered many days; and a number ended up at the fortress, where they dragged out a miserable existence for months. None was actually executed, as one of Kerensky's first measures was the suppression of capital punishment.

My husband, who had gone to Petrograd on business, had reached the capital on the morning of Sunday, February twenty-sixth; and finding all traffic stopped and no means of locomotion, save his own feet, had with his soldier servant, Davidka, carried their light baggage across the silent city to his club. He said everything looked ominous to him, the city dead, and that he found his friends at the club greatly excited and concerned for the safety of the city. It was said the revolution would be upon them in a few hours. Mike saw his mother and family that day; found the former greatly excited, and decided that because of the threatening disorders our boy should not return to school, as was usual, on Sunday evening.

Protopopoff Flies

Monday morning, when the revolution broke out in earnest, with shooting growing more violent all over the town as the hours passed, circulation in the street became almost impossible. For part of the day Mike saw some of the troops who still held with the government fighting masses of workmen, and other troops already passing over to the crowd. But they were all only reserves or new recruits living in the barracks of the regiments whose names they bore, and whom they expected to join shortly at the Front. In their actual state they were neither well-disciplined units nor good honest elements, for after nearly three years of war and subterranean revolutionary propaganda their patriotism had for months been gradually sapping away. The officers in charge were few, and were entirely helpless against the agents scattered among the soldiers, and most of the reservists were mobilized from the city workmen's class, with whom they were now fraternizing. The police were brave enough, but their position was also hopeless from the first, and they were by degrees killed or overpowered.

At a cabinet session on Monday forenoon Protopopoff was dismissed by his colleagues, while a bloodthirsty mob on the square below called for him. He wept, broke down, and then fled for protection to the house of Doctor Badmaeff, a Persian—a friend of him, of Rasputin and of Madame Wiroboff. After these events the Ministry of the Interior ceased to exist. There was no one to give orders to the police, and after two days of lonely defense they gave up the struggle. They had begun by putting quick-firing guns on all the public buildings, by Protopopoff's orders; and they fired from these points into the streets without other result than to make the mob more furious, and these armed buildings targets.

Though many people were circulating on foot, tram cars and conveyances were all stopped. Banks and shops were closed, and trains arrived and left the city but accidentally, now and then. The ministers realized the imperial proclamation closing Parliament was the most fatal and mad measure that the crown could have taken, and that there was no longer anything for them to do, once they had disposed of their colleague, Protopopoff. They wrote out their resignations at once, to be forwarded to the sovereign. These would not take effect, however, until they had been accepted by His Majesty; but the cabinet felt the imperial act of Thursday—when His Majesty had given a promise, only to break it so soon and without warning—left them no road open but that of resignation.

On the other hand, they were all too brave to fly, save only the trusted Protopopoff, so they decided, since as a body they could do nothing more, each individual minister should return to his offices, attend to what he could of routine work, protect what he could of the imperial property intrusted to his care, and there await events. This was done; and patiently and quietly all these strong men sat at their desks waiting through the long strain of the hours. Pokrowsky and some of the others decided to speak with Rodzanko and Goutchkoff, and to obtain a guard of revolutionary soldiers for their archives. Others decided to depend on the personnel of their own departments for protecting government property.

Days of Disorder

Wednesday most of the ministers were arrested and conducted in motor trucks or on foot to the Duma, and were there handed over to the provisional committee. Some few were put under house arrest at their own ministries. All this was done by bands of revolutionary volunteers without authority, and no minister was arrested by official warrant or by order of the newly created provisionals. All the tyrannical or violent acts of the week were carried through by these vague volunteer groups, who visited public buildings and private houses and, more or less tipsy, more or less rough, made inspections, requisitions and arrests; generally stealing anything lying about; and always carrying off all arms, old or new. Aided by the rabble these units sacked and despoiled the Astoria Hotel, where my mother-in-law had an apartment. In my brother-in-law's home they carried off his war accouterment, his shooting paraphernalia and a collection of ancient and rare swords and guns. I heard of a thousand other such cases in Petrograd. Sometimes these soldiers were well behaved, and they announced they were only looking for spies and firearms; and when they arrested the house owners or confiscated property it was with a pretension of doing it for the public safety.

In all cases resistance was worse than useless. There were many victims, due to misunderstandings or hostility to the soldiers. So it was that General Stackelberg was shot, and some few others were wounded. People with German names were sorely handicapped, and certainly many were falsely accused of having commerce with the enemy.

At the yacht club the members who were living there were Prince Engalitcheff, ex-governor general of Warsaw, with a purely Russian name; Prince Karageorgevitch, brother of King Peter of Serbia and a general in the Russian Army, decorated for personal bravery in the field, and beyond suspicion; Count Wrevoposky of the Hussars of the Guards, aid-de-camp of the Emperor, Polish by birth and family, and my husband, who, with his Greek name and South Russian traditions and wearing the imperial aiguillettes and a St. George's sword, was commander of the Cuirassiers of His Majesty and might have seemed a safe person. But irrupting half tipsy into the club apartments ten or a dozen soldier hooligans, after examining these gentlemen's baggage, confiscating their arms, boots, money, and any other property which pleased their fancy, examined their papers; and declaring these not in order they arrested them as German spies and said they must go to the Duma.

Naturally the officers felt indignant, but they, *nolens volens*, had to accept the situation. Prince Engalitcheff wished to resist, but was persuaded to be calm and cause no unnecessary irritation as the little procession started on its long and dangerous walk through the agitated city. The four men had been previously disarmed by their captors and were obliged to remove their imperial aiguillettes. The long two hours' walk by the Grand Morskaia, up the Nevskii, and across to the Tauride Palace, with their lives hanging by a thread, was a fatiguing, harassing and humiliating experience. Yet, true to their traditional, Russian, childish good nature, even these half tipsy soldiers treated their prisoners illogically well, and when Prince Karageorgevitch broke down because of an injured foot, which he had come from the Front to treat, he was hoisted on a passing motor truck and sent on in that way to the Duma.

After the first fifteen minutes my husband took the whole party in charge, and gave his captors orders to conduct them directly to Goutchkoff's office at the Duma; which was done immediately on their arrival. This member of the provisional committee was amazed to see my husband and his party appear. He at once liberated them, returning their papers and giving them certificates to show they had already been through this ordeal and were to be allowed now to circulate freely about the city or elsewhere. Then Goutchkoff drove Mike back to the club in his own motor, and the latter was none the worse for his trial except for the loss of his sword and revolver, which had been stolen. These he had greatly valued, the sword having been worn through the Turkish War by an uncle, and the revolver had been carried by my own father through his campaigns; but the loss of these arms was nothing compared to the dangers escaped. As to the aiguillettes and the imperial initials on my husband's epaulets, he never replaced them, as the following morning the Emperor's abdication was announced.

To obey the imperial will, as expressed by proclamation, meant to serve the new government faithfully and to aid in driving the enemy from our frontier, so Mike, with all the other officers, remained in their positions; and he continued to command the Imperial Cuirassiers, whose designation was changed to Podolsky Cuirassiers, in memory of the town from which their original quota had been drawn, away back in Russian history.

Boublikoff's Prophecy

There was no move in the revolution against officers or aristocrats, except in individual cases. The whole drama was made on a seemingly patriotic basis—for the war and for national liberty, as against the tyranny of the German or Occult party at court. It was all an attack on the form of government, autocratic and bureaucratic.

After his arrest Mike kept in constant telephonic communication with a certain deputy of the Duma, Monsieur Boublikoff, whom we had long known as a talented young engineer and who since his election to the lower house was one of its most brilliant members. In the crowd at the Tauride my husband had seen him, and after cordial greetings they had held some conversation. Boublikoff had seemed cool and powerful in the midst of the excitement round him. He told my husband of the various phases they had traversed; and of the terrible position in which the committee found itself, forced to act by the danger of mob rule, yet desiring if possible to save the throne. Later it was through Boublikoff that Mike learned of the Emperor's stop at Pskof and the departure of the deputation from the Duma to propose his abdication in favor of his son, who should reign as a constitutional monarch with a group of guardians named by the people to direct him.

Boublikoff said the men who went to meet the sovereign felt their reception by His Majesty might be of any kind, from cold tolerance to active hostility, and that the Duma was living during their absence its worst hours of anxiety, not knowing what turn events might take. If their ambassadors were arrested or shot by imperial order as traitors there would be terrible dramas enacted everywhere, and no one could control the situation. Early Thursday morning Mike asked Boublikoff for news of the travelers and learned that the latter had returned with the imperial proclamation safely, but the sovereign had abdicated for both himself and his son in favor of his brother.

Mike said he supposed this would be the solution of all difficulties; to which Boublikoff replied, with a remarkably prophetic vision: "No, Prince. You will see that this will lose all the good of the revolution. If the Czarevitch had been our Emperor to-day all the liberal and conservative forces would have rallied round his banner. Tradition, dear to many Russian hearts, would have been kept, to bind all parties, while the best of democracy would have reenforced the best of the old administration; whereas now we shall do what we can, but, lacking the strength of traditional background and the machinery of government, the revolution in my opinion cannot succeed in the long run."

Perhaps I misquote Boublikoff's exact words, but the sense of his opinion was as above, and it struck me deeply when my husband repeated it to me. Afterward I often thought of him, seeing the revolution develop; and I wondered, had things been as he wished and the young and feeble boy been our Emperor, if the new government would have had more strength.

Bolshevik Beginnings

Thursday morning after the abdicating proclamation was placarded everywhere, suddenly order seemed to emerge from the chaos. Banks and shops opened, and people went freely about the city; shooting and arrests ceased. It was almost uncanny to see, for underneath the surface nothing was yet established on a secure basis. There was no organization or real power, and no disciplined force could be counted on. Yet the streets and churches were crowded with smiling people, most of whom were beribboned or cockaded with scarlet, and the town was decorated with red flags. The imperial arms were removed from shops and palaces, and this without much show of violence or hatred. There had been comparatively little destruction of property, little drunkenness or loss of life. Suddenly now there was food and fuel, and the thoughtless public never realized they were living on precious reserves, but went about their business, trusting that all was well with Russia since they had what sufficed for immediate needs. On Saturday my husband was able to leave for the Front, having at last, on Friday, transacted the business for which he had gone north. He left the town quiet and apparently safe, and our boy had returned to school.

Over the whole country the news of the revolution was received with a thankfulness almost religious; and order reigned everywhere, though the police were at once gathered in by mobilization and sent to the Front to fight, leaving prison doors open and streets and highways unguarded. Unfortunately even the frontiers were left open for six days, so that anyone might pass in without question or papers. By the time the provisional government sent soldiers to replace the frontier guardians thousands of German spies and agents had passed our gates unmolested and had settled down to their deadly work of organizing and forming the Bolsheviki party, which in the beginning had been but a rabble. The dramatic side of this neglect was soon realized by the provisionals, but the results could never be corrected.

In the first wild days a promise was also made that the troops then in Petrograd should never be sent to the Front or disbanded but should remain where they were, to protect the capital an honor won them by their part in the revolutionary movement. This measure came, ready-made, from the Catherine Hall deputies, and was signed by the first government. It was afterward much discussed whether the ministry knew what difficulties they were putting in their own path for the near future by placing these already undisciplined and disloyal troops in such an unassailable position. This act, with its far-reaching results, and the decree, which was called the "Number One Order to the Army," suppressing all law and discipline, creating committees of soldiers in each unit to discuss obedience to their officers and legally putting complete freedom into the hands of the lowest placed, were the two weights which later dragged the ideals and possibilities of the revolution to the depths of

(Continued on Page 58)

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(Continued from Page 55)

the swamp in which it ended. Some officers who were at hand protested against these two edicts when they were made, but the small group of conservative men at the head were either powerless to handle the rabble, save by concessions, or else they were blinded by the danger of a general massacre at the Duma.

The Number One Order to the Army was printed immediately, and thousands of copies were sent by special agents directly to the soldiers all along the battle front. It was thus spread among them first, without reaching their officers. This I have been told by many who were at the Front. Commanders were dumfounded that a decision of such grave importance should have been taken so quickly, and sent in this way, instead of through the usual channel of the staff, to be passed on down to army corps, divisions, brigades and regiments.

I have been told also by several reliable officers, who were during these days attached to the provisional government in the Tauride Palace, that they had made personal investigations at the time and had found the presses used to print these orders were handled by Germans; also, that the messengers who had carried off the bundles of proclamations to the Front were Germans or in German pay. They had protested at once and had asked the provisional committee to order a small posse of soldiers to arrest these enemies, but had not succeeded in obtaining permission or men for such service. No one in the new government could order the soldiers within reach to do anything, and naturally enough no soldier would volunteer for duty connected with fighting their new-found rights. It was much more amusing and interesting to their minds to find occupation in arresting members of the ex-government, or to visit buildings which till now they had known only from the outside.

The fatality of these two edicts was not visible for some time to the general public; but the officers knew trouble must come from disorganizing the army at the Front and from setting the uniformed mob in the capital on such a pedestal; and from the first moment of the revolution the best of the officers were very pessimistic as to the future and saw our only salvation in military help from the Allies.

The officers, one and all, acted with loyalty to the new government, however, since it was provisional and their Emperor had commanded all true sons to remain at their posts and fight the enemy. Thanks to the superhuman work of this element the army was held together for months by the old traditions and the personal influence and relations between officers and men. They ended in accepting martyrdom rather than be guilty of giving up the cause of the war.

The Arrest of the Empress

As soon as the Emperor had abdicated and the new government was formed we heard that deputies were sent to Tzarskoe to take charge of the ex-Empress and her children, see to their safety and put Her Majesty beyond the possibility of making a demonstration. When the Empress had realized on Monday that the movement at the capital was serious she had sent for Rodzanko, who, besieged in the Tauride, had not been able to reply to her summons. She had counted on Ivanoff's arrival, but his train was stopped and turned back, as the Emperor's had been. The Empress then sent out various people, who were doing palace service, as messengers in different directions.

None of these returned. They were either arrested or they drifted and abandoned her cause.

Seriously alarmed finally, for the town of Tzarskoe reflected the emotion in the capital and crowds were besieging her gates, Her Majesty lived through Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, shut up with her children and attendants. Thursday morning, before he left Pskof to return to the staff, the Emperor had spoken to his wife by private wire, saying he would not join her immediately but would return to headquarters, as he had made all arrangements with the Duma's deputation for remedying the situation in Petrograd. This somewhat reassured the Empress, especially as the sovereign neglected to tell her he had abdicated for himself and his son.

In some way no news of this measure reached Her Majesty till a deputation was announced to her during the day of Thursday. She immediately replied she would receive it in audience in one of the palace halls. As she entered the room she found herself facing a group of unpretentious-looking men, whose spokesman, a young colonel, announced to her that he had the painful duty of arresting Her Majesty. She indignantly asked how and why, and was given a short history of events in the capital, of which she had been totally ignorant. Also, she learned that Ivanoff had been stopped and turned back, that Protopopoff had fled, the old government was broken up, the new ministry named and in charge.

"But His Majesty?" she inquired with impatience.

And then she was told that her husband had abdicated the night before, for himself and his heir. At this the Empress' knees gave way and she stumbled forward, catching and bracing herself on a table.

"It is not true! It is a lie! I spoke to His Majesty by private wire as he was leaving Pskof, and he said nothing of it."

The imperial proclamation was handed her to read, and then, in spite of all the bitterness and despair she must have felt, she drew herself up proudly and faced the deputies: "I have nothing more to say."

Friendless Monarchs

They told her she might remain in her palace, and would be guarded and her comfort seen to.

"And what about the children? They are ill and cannot be disturbed."

They should remain also. Then she asked two favors. That the old sailor who had been near her son as an attendant since the boy's birth should be left to him, and that the doctor might come from outside as usual, and these were granted too. Only she herself must not go out. It would not be safe, and was against the orders of those who must guard her.

And the ex-Empress, now a prisoner in her own palace, passed from the great hall without another word. She did not know what would come next, what her husband was doing or when he would return. She waited in patience, outwardly proud and calm, and told the children nothing. She saw the mob about her gates, and listening to their threatening racket she saw the Imperial Escort of Cossacks, of her guard, pass over to the revolutionary party. Even the corps of palace servants asked to leave her, all save a few for personal service. Never was anyone so abandoned and alone. Only one or two palace ladies remained with Her Majesty, and she had no news of her husband or of events outside her walls.

Rodzanko sent her word that if she wished to turn her jewels over to him for safe-keeping he would give a receipt and would answer for them. She refused the offer, and kept her jewels and her children near her. Once her arrest was an accomplished fact, she was well guarded from all danger; but no one seemed to waste a thought on her forlorn condition or on the anxiety she was enduring; and there are no reports or anecdotes of any sayings and doings of the ex-Empress. Sympathy was expressed on all sides by the humbler classes for her children, who were all down with measles; for the Empress-Mother; and for the various grand dukes and grand duchesses, all of whom had adherents and protectors among their followers, friends and servants; but in the whole great empire, where they had reigned for more than twenty years, there seemed no word of praise or pity for the miserable pair who had been all-powerful sovereigns only a few days previously. No one raised a hand to defend their banner. This seemed to me one of the most eloquent details of the whole revolution.

Since his arrest and liberation on the Wednesday, my husband had gone about the streets in complete freedom. He wore no side arms, as none of the officers were doing so in town, but he put these on again on Saturday to start for the Front, where he found his regiment in a state of amazement and fermentation. The great news was just then reaching the army from the capital and the Order Number One had been already spread among his soldiers. Mike was in time to confirm the stories and interpret the extraordinary document in such fashion that his men and officers were welded together in a common desire to prove their patriotism and the value of their discipline. They decided once and for all to live up to their past traditions; and they did it through eight months of constant temptation. So remarkably did this unit stand the strain of revolutionary experiences that they were counted unique on the whole Front, were given the most difficult work to do, and made for themselves a reputation which was a credit to their own and their commander's steadfastness.

Shortly after the revolution Mike was promoted to a brigade command, consisting of his own Cuirassiers and of their sister regiment, which in old-régime days had been the Cuirassiers of the Empress-Mother. In leaving the head of his regiment, commanded for so many months under fire, Mike had been very sad to break up the associations. His consolation was only in the fact that besides including it as one of the units of his brigade the Cuirassiers' new commander—Prince Tcherkass—and all the officers clung to him, making a personal group of adherents, almost as if they were his staff; while the soldiers, in spite of the introduction of revolutionary ideals, kept toward Mike their old attitude, always called him "our prince," and came to him with their personal and committee troubles, quite in the ancient, patriarchal manner. They even consulted him as to how they must take the new democratic theories and as to how to apply them. In late July, at a meeting of the regimental soviet, these men voted unanimously to give Mike the right to use their uniform for life, and telegraphed to staff headquarters for permission to make this exception in doing him an honor which was a custom of the old régime, abolished by the revolutionary government.

Later the soldiers of this regiment gave many proofs of their good feeling for their officers, not the least of which was to elect a number of the latter to their committee, till the end of its existence. Relations were so exceptional as to excite interest and comment; and all through the last months of the regiment's existence I heard the Podolsky Cuirassiers cited as alone of their kind in Russia.

My husband's new command was ordered at once to Kief, there to maintain quiet in the city, where upheavals were much feared. They were also to stop the deserters, who were coming through Kief from the Front daily by the hundreds. Mike deeply regretted the work he had before him. Though Kief had not been through such troubles as had Petrograd, and though it possessed a more conservative and richer lower class than the northern city and was a most attractive place to live in, the commander of troops there faced a task which was as much diplomatic as military, and which promised to be well-nigh hopeless.

Conditions in Kief

There was no possible way of forcing deserting soldiers to return to the Front, since unless they chose they were no longer obliged to obey their superiors. Mike's own troops obeyed him from a desire to do so, and no one could say how long this might last, though they protested such confidence and devotion. In Kief he must also get on with a group of civilian commissioners, and with deputations representing the new confusion of authority in Petrograd, who were one and all entirely inexperienced and filled with the vaguest theories. My husband felt ready for anything, and he desperately determined to do all that could be done. It became a matter of great personal pride to him that in spite of its nearness to the Front, and in spite of all the political intrigues that were hatching there constantly during the time he was in charge—the vast Ukrainian propaganda especially—Kief remained the quietest, safest and best-behaved city in the empire till the moment when, early in November, it was taken over by the Bolsheviki and Ukrainian powers, and the provisional government finally fell once and for all. When he was ordered to Kief Mike wrote me of his dislike for the kind of work ahead of him; but since it was in a large and comfortable city he said he would like me to join him if all went well, and that he would take a house and settle down to a more stable life than he had enjoyed for two and a half years. I was only too delighted to go; but I decided to visit the capital for some business first and to see our boy there, as rumors were afloat as to the closing of his school, the Imperial Lyceum, together with all other schools founded and protected by the ancient sovereigns.

The first week following the revolution traveling had been almost impossible, and one could not reserve berths or even seats in any cars. All the population seemed suddenly to wish to move about the country. Baggage was always being lost, and one was knocked about beyond belief. Compartments were crowded, even first-class, with such ruffians that people's clothes were almost dragged from them, and sleep or rest was out of the question. Car windows were smashed to admit the mob, gone wild in its orgy of democracy. Everyone was entirely good-natured, and there was no intentional ill-treatment, I heard; but I waited till some of the excitement should have subsided before undertaking my three days' trip across the country.

Two days before I started for Petrograd I read in the local Crimean paper that my husband's old chief, the Grand Duke Nicholas-Nicholaïovitch, had arrived at his villa, Tchaïre, near us, accompanied by his wife, his brother and his sister-in-law. In attendance were only Prince and Princess Orloff, who had followed the chief through devotion, and without salary or official position. Their old servants had also come with them, however, and all the countryside was keen to show the party care and attention. There was a very general feeling that the Grand Duke had been ill-treated in the last years of the old régime, and was now being similarly treated by the new.

The Grand Duke's Trumps

In the first hours of the revolution he had been called to the supreme military command by a telegram from the provisional government, signed by Prince Lvoff, and upon his arrival at Moghileff headquarters he was met by a deputation from the cabinet, who with respectful excuses and many wordy regrets explained there had been a mistake in his being ordered to the staff, but that he might in peace and liberty choose any of his numerous palaces or estates to settle in, and that the representatives of the government would accompany him to his home and see that everything was done for his comfort and convenience on the road. The Grand Duke's usual trump cards—his pride and simple dignity—saved him from the painful side of this discussion. He immediately decided to leave his official household and aids-de-camp at Moghileff, giving them their freedom in spite of their protestations.

Then he sent in his resignation to the provisional government, and with only Orloff, Doctor Malama and his servants he joined the Grand Duchess at Kief, where she was awaiting him; and from there they journeyed to the Crimea, still by a special train and with the governmental deputation in attendance. On the road south, as the train stopped at each station, vast crowds were assembled to see His Imperial Highness, and they stood wildly cheering at his car window, calling for the great national hero. It was clear that he was not one of the group against whom the revolution was aimed; and when on one occasion the chief showed himself, his apparition in the splendid Circassian dress he wore was the signal for supreme, mad enthusiasm for his magnificent personality.

Yet he was but an exile with a broken career, and a member of the overthrown imperial house, only he stood personally for all that was finest, greatest and best in old Russia; and the people recognized the grandeur and beauty of this standard bearer who, free to choose his future home anywhere abroad, still elected to remain a Russian among Russians and to live on his simplest estate, the lovely Tchaïre Villa on the shores of the Black Sea.

Immediately after this arrival came another sadder traveler to the Crimea. The Empress-Mother with quiet dignity arrived and settled with the Grand Duchess Xénia and the latter's husband, the Grand Duke Alexander-Mihallovitch, at the latter's home. They also had been given a choice of residence.

After so many years of kindness at their hands I felt I must make a demonstration of sympathetic loyalty to all these sad victims of others' faults; so I put myself at their disposal to carry any letters or packages to the capital, knowing it would be their only opportunity of escaping censors, who I heard now stopped all imperial correspondence. I found the refugees were glad to avail themselves of the occasion my departure offered; and I carried away a large bagful of letters, of every shape and size, in the lining of my dressing case. I was somewhat frightened when I thought

(Continued on Page 61)

A Civil War Photographer with Portable Darkroom and Equipment

Photograph of a Shell Explosion in No-Man's Land

Photography Goes "Over the Top"

TRUNDLING his horse-drawn darkroom from battlefield to battlefield, Matthew Brady made upon collodion wet-plates his great picture history of our Civil War. Brady had no modern lens, no light and compact films, no means of registering objects in motion. His work was done before ever the instantaneous photograph was known.

The hand camera of today, equipped with lens and shutter of incredible speed, makes scores of snap-shots in the time Brady needed to obtain a single "view." Moreover, the motion picture has been achieved through the application of the instantaneous or stop-motion principle. And so are now recorded, in both still and moving pictures, the rush of men, the sweep of airplanes, the sudden, tremendous upheaval of shell explosions, all with the detailed accuracy of truth itself.

Thus do current war pictures form a chapter of history as yet in the writing. Long after we have won the war, other generations may still see today's battles re-fought across the screen; and in the march of the science which makes such wonders possible, we trust it will be vouchsafed the Eastman Kodak Company to maintain, as in the past, its high traditions of service and leadership.

Something New and Vital in Shoes

The TRUPEDIC SHOE is a scientific innovation in shoe construction and *standardization*. It is Ralston's anticipation of and contribution to the needs of the times and of the Nation.

Good health, better posture, increased efficiency are demanded of our young men that they may prove equal to the tremendous task ahead of them.

The Guarantee of Scientific Standard

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

It designates the type and identifies the shoe. Write to-day for the Trupedic booklet, "Something New and Vital in Shoes."

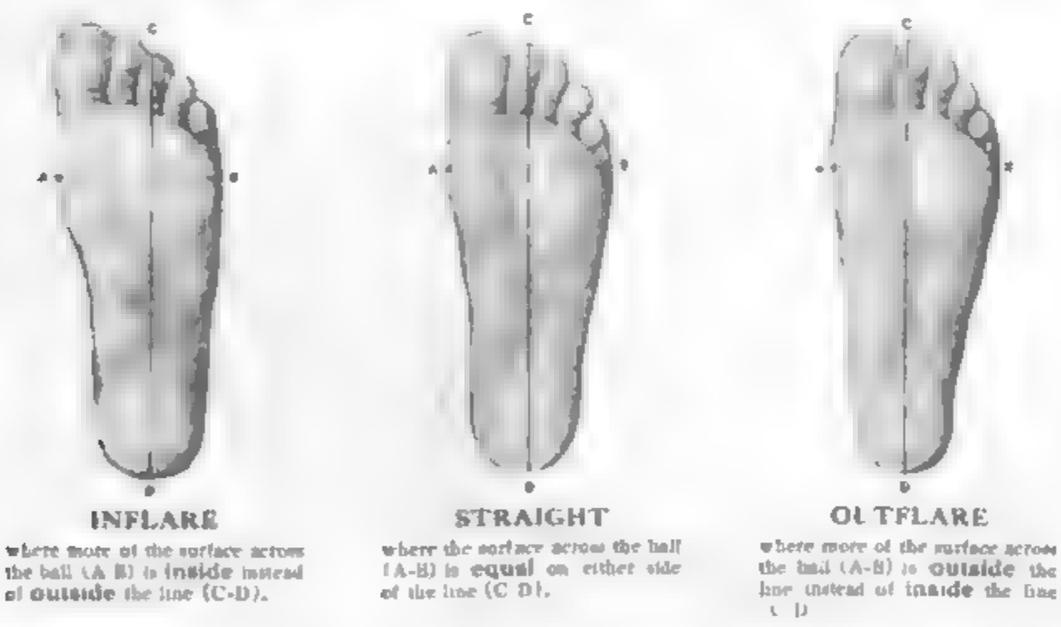
The Ralston TRUPEDIC is a genuine anatomical shoe. It is built on sane and scientific principles. It is the result of close *practical* co-operation with the American Posture League, a National Health Organization of high standing, numbering among its members many of America's foremost orthopedic surgeons, doctors, physical trainers and school hygienists.

The American Posture League, after long original research, study and investigation, world wide in its scope, has established the apparently hitherto unrecognized fact that, instead of there being only one normal type of foot, there are actually THREE DISTINCT TYPES.

Consequently—and this is common-sense as well as a scientific fact—there must be made, in order to properly fit the foot of every man, *three distinct types of shoe in any one style of shoe.*

The Tru-pe-dic SHOE Ralston MADE

is made in three distinct types according to the ground plan of the foot, as approved and recommended by the scientists of the American Posture League, as illustrated:



INFLARE
where more of the surface across the ball (A-B) is **inside** instead of **outside** the line (C-D).

STRAIGHT
where the surface across the ball (A-B) is **equal** on either side of the line (C-D).

OUTFLARE
where more of the surface across the ball (A-B) is **outside** the line instead of **inside** the line (C-D).

The Ralston TRUPEDIC is a shoe—*wholly without the freak-shoe* look—which conforms to the natural shape of the foot, allowing ample room for the toes, yet fitting glove-like over instep and ankle. Its *narrow shank* holds the upper so that it grasps and supports the arch naturally, preventing the foot from sliding forward; the heel of the foot resting firmly but easily in a shallow socket prescribed by science and foot form.

Designed primarily to meet the needs and approval of forward-looking young men, the TRUPEDIC Shoe will be welcomed by *all* men. It is not a corrective shoe, but a trim, good-looking shoe built on correct anatomical principles to promote health, comfort and efficiency—*a universal shoe for universal service*, and there are forty years of practical shoe-making experience behind the TRUPEDIC Shoe. "Ralston Made" is your assurance of quality and satisfaction.

You really cannot appreciate the all-around goodness of TRUPEDIC shoes until you actually try them on and wear them. And *standardizing* YOUR KIND OF A SHOE we make it possible for you to *always* have what you may have *always wanted.* Because standardized you can always depend on getting the same shoe *wherever* you buy it under the name TRUPEDIC—a dependable, trim-looking shoe that frees you from all foot discomfort and affords a-lot-of-wear in the bargain. Go to the Ralston dealer in your neighborhood (if you don't know him write for his name) and get *your* type of shoe by actually trying on the three types. Each pair of TRUPEDIC shoes carries a label indicating its type—straight, inflare or outflare. Your *feet* will know the *right one.*

A Scientifically Standardized Shoe—made only in Blucher pattern, in one style toe; Black and one shade of Tan—$8.00 to $10.00.

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS

Makers of the famous Ralston Shoes for men

CAMPELLO STATION (BROCKTON), MASS.

DEALERS: There is one sure way to increase your volume of business. *Broaden your appeal—be in touch with the times.* The TRUPEDIC fills the ever increasing national demand for better health, better posture and greater efficiency for men. *To meet the demand* TRUPEDIC shoes will be carried in stock. Write for our proposition.

(Continued from Page 58)

of what might happen if I chanced to be searched. Luckily I completely escaped the interest of those in power. The new régime knew nothing and cared nothing about my responsibilities, and I was able to deliver documents from Her Majesty to her business man, and to the grand master of her former court, and to put one from her to the Dowager-Queen Alexandra of England into the hands of a sure messenger in Petrograd, who carried it over the frontier.

From the old chief, also, to the actual Prime Minister and to the Minister of War I carried letters, as well as a number of business letters from him as to the direction of his private affairs. Then there were letters from all the grand duchesses.

I was enchanted, for once, to be enabled to repay a small part of what these people had done for me through the seventeen years I had spent in Russia. Certainly I had never supposed I should be granted by Fate any such chance, and it was with joy that I undertook the delicate task. I found in Petrograd I really was able to deliver each message in safety.

I had been to Tchaire and had heard from the Grand Duchess of the revolutionary experiences she had gone through in Tiflis, and of the call of the chief to the staff, her anxieties for him, and his reception and disappointment at Moghileff. Also of the triumphs of their trip southward. I had seen also the Grand Duke Alexander and heard the details of the four days which the Empress-Mother and he had spent at the staff with the ex-Emperor, and of the latter's arrest; also of the mother's return to Kief, the respectful sympathy shown her there and during her trip.

All these members of the imperial family were hopeful for the future of Russia; and they thought the provisional government would be able to push the war. They believed also they would live in peace in the Crimea or on their country estates; but they were most anxious as to their financial situation. None of them had large personal fortunes, and they had depended on the pensions they drew from the Emperor's civil lists or from the imperial family estates. None of them, however, complained of their losses. All of this group had foreseen the troubles and seemed to me less agitated now than they had been before the cataclysm.

Making the Best of It

I remarked on this to Orloff, whom I was perfectly enchanted to see again after his long absence in the Caucasus. He said it seemed natural to him, and his own feeling was the same; as long as there had been hope of saving the dynasty and keeping the Emperor on the throne everyone had felt ready to sacrifice anything to that duty; but once the sovereign had lost all, there was nothing more to do but accept the situation with what philosophy one could.

I told the chief of Mike's revolutionary experiences in the capital and of his new command at Kief; and he said he was glad my husband had remained in the service and at his post, and he wished him every success and sent him his affectionate blessing. I am sure his approval was sincere, since his own patriotism had made him ready to accept the command of our armies when it was offered him by the Prime Minister of the new régime. The ex-sovereigns would go into exile, everyone supposed, but nothing was known of their future, and the Empress-Mother was very anxious to hear what measures the new powers would take with reference to her son.

No member of the imperial family in the Crimea mentioned to me personally either the ex-Emperor or his consort. Daily the newspapers published articles giving what purported to be true details of the inner palace and political life of Tzarskoe during the last months of the empire, and these appeared vastly degrading and humiliating. Having some foundation they were very generally believed. All these refugees in the Crimea whom I now saw knew more of the truth than did the public. They had used their influence to fight the Occult powers, and all had suffered for their protests. The chief had been nearly two years an exile to a Caucasian province; and the son-in-law of the Grand Duke Alexander and Grand Duchess Xénia, young Prince Youssoupoff, had just now been liberated by the revolution from his banishment to his country estates, where he had lived since the killing of Rasputin.

We all agreed the provisional cabinet was well chosen and promised on the whole to be conservative and intelligent; and we looked forward to the probability of the constituent assembly being in favor of a constitutional monarchy. Some member of the imperial family would then naturally be chosen as Emperor, possibly the ever popular and always strong old chief, or the Grand Duke Michael, whose wife came from the merchant class of Moscow; or perhaps Kyril, who was next in succession and had an imperial wife.

There was also a chance, it seemed, of the Grand Duke Nicholas-Mihallovitch being the people's choice. He was supremely intelligent and had made a study of politics for years; also had been a revolutionist in his ideas, while his democratic mode of life had given him occasion to make many friends in every group and class in the empire. He had a large personal fortune, and estates which he managed himself, excellently. He had written several historical books, universally approved; he knew the intelligencia class of Russia; and the artistic classes knew him and his collections, and were his admirers. In the Duma and the Zemstvos he had many warm friends, and in racing and sporting circles his interest in horse breeding and his admirable shooting placed him high. He had been banished in disgrace by the ex-Empress, and had only returned to Petrograd just in time to play an evident rôle in the debates of the Duma during the troubled revolutionary days; and he was a great favorite of the Empress-Mother.

A Quiet City

It was with intense curiosity, some anxiety and much hope that I went to Petrograd at the very end of March. My trip was comfortable, and quite ordinarily calm and monotonous; and my package of letters remained safely at the bottom of my *nécessaire* in spite of my sister-in-law's predictions, which had been terribly gloomy and pessimistic as to all the things that would happen to me when I should be arrested and searched and the package brought to light. My maid had become an ardent partisan of the revolution from the quiet little imperialist I had seen her through ten years, and I myself was in sympathy with what I had heard so far of the movement, and with the ideals upon which it seemed to be based.

I arrived in Petrograd on the last day of March, Good Friday, and the revolution was exactly a month old. My boy was at the station to meet me with his grandmother's carriage. As the train came in the platform was packed with a vast crowd of people, mostly soldiers in unbuttoned and untidy uniforms; but all of them grinning and good-natured. My baggage was seized by ready hands and carried from the train to our vehicle. On my inquiring why soldiers did this work my boy said the troops now ruled the town, and no one dared gainsay them; so they promenaded about, suavely careless and smoking, requisitioning what they liked to eat, refusing to drill or obey orders. Among other things they had taken possession of the station, finding the work of baggage carriers easy, amusing and profitable.

My next impression was of the Princess' coachman with a large red bow pinned to the breast of his livery. My boy added to my amazement by telling me that grandmamma was the most revolutionary of the revolutionists, and was full of enthusiasm for the destruction of all the old traditions, and rejoiced in the red flag of the Winter Palace, and especially in the closing of his school, which she considered "privileged." This, it seems, was really temporarily the case, and the Princess told me at our first meeting how her "French-republican heart beat in unison with all the new ideals." The rest of our family did not agree with my mother-in-law in this, and seemed very pessimistic.

Both attitudes surprised me, for though I could not but mourn the downfall of what I had seen so brilliant and so highly placed, and of all the old poetic traditions; and though the suffering of those who were paying heavily for the sins of a small group they had been too loyal to destroy distressed me greatly—it seemed to me, nevertheless, that Russia's future was full of promise, if only because all the strongest and best elements in the country were ready with heart and soul to give their services for carrying out ideals that should quickly lead to victory and reorganization. On the other hand, I didn't like to see the beautiful statue of the Empress Catherine in front of the imperial theater with a red flag pushed into her hand, where some wag had placed it; and the revolutionary red which floated over the imperial palace and the Fortress of Peter the Great, in place of the Emperor's standard, seemed to me out of place and very tragic. Besides, I missed the great golden eagles which had been torn down, and which had represented to my mind more than three hundred years of picturesque history!

At the Hôtel d'Europe, my usual apartment seemed cozy and homelike, and the servants, all old acquaintances of mine, had much to tell me of their personal experiences in the great days just passed. How frightened they had been when they heard the Astoria Hotel had been sacked; but now it was all well. "The city was quiet. Our hotel had not been threatened, and I would be as comfortable as usual, and would see how the results of one month of freedom and good government made for safety!" Evidently there were varied points of view from which to contemplate the new conditions.

My poor boy was bravely facing a very difficult situation. He had not been ill-treated during the dramatic days of change, and after the Emperor's abdication he had moved freely about the streets, but his heart was bleeding for the destruction of the school he loved, with all its beautiful, distinguished traditions of more than a century's growth. A large portion of Russia's best writers, poets, statesmen and diplomats had studied within the Lyceum walls and walked and played in its great gardens, afterward leaving to their old school collections and manuscripts, paintings and souvenirs of great historic value and interest, and to the boys who followed them a great pride in the old place.

I did my best to comfort and console my young student, whose view of the whole revolution was naturally colored by the unjust treatment from which the Lyceum suffered. It was the first serious calamity in young Mike's sixteen years of life, and was a great blow to all the loyal young fellows in the quaint green uniforms who made up the corps, three hundred strong, of the Imperial Lyceum. Little by little his mind was converted to a patriotism large enough to include a whole country and its people, as well as a school and a traditional régime; but I was pleased and proud of the feeling I saw among this boys' group, who wearing the imperial monogram as a school crest had not been too easily influenced by the general enthusiasm and excitement. It seemed to me a strong trait in those boys, and I do not know whether the pupils of other imperial institutions showed the same fine feelings.

Contradictory Insignia

The crowds appreciated such principles, as during the disorders all the Lyceum boys went unmolested, save one who wore upon the street a red ribbon tied to his buttonhole. He was stopped by a group of soldiers.

"Take that off," said one of the latter.

"Why?" asked the boy, surprised.

"Because with that on you are either a traitor or a liar," was the response. "The red ribbon does not go with the imperial monogram you wear!"

But in three hundred only one boy had even thought of putting on the revolutionary color. This year studies were to be finished by the Lyceum students on May first, and the school was to be closed. Our boy desired afterward to transfer to the Petrograd University. This settled, I had nearly a month to spend with him in the capital, and I looked forward with much interest to what I should see and hear.

First the Easter celebrations had seemed very strange without the features of the great ceremonies at the palaces, and without the dashing court carriages and sleighs in the streets; but the churches were packed with devout crowds and there was a new spirit abroad of released hope, and a touching show of brotherhood. There was also marvelous order, though not a policeman was to be seen in the street. The atmosphere of the capital was really very wonderful. The public acted as if there were a solemn function going on in the streets, and on all holidays I had the impression of being in a cathedral when I went out. There were food and fuel enough now, and the lower classes were smiling, content and trustful. They showed perfect respect to those whom they had always regarded as superiors. The shops were full of supplies, and everyone was buying, since prices had been lowered by order of the provisional government.

The optimism of the street was not reflected, however, in the salons where I went, save apparently in the minds of the Allied ambassadors, who were convinced the war would be pushed rapidly now that the Occult forces were overthrown. It did not occur to them that with the old régime all the machinery of administration had disappeared, and they were entirely confident in the new government's powers.

Among my own group of friends I found an entirely different viewpoint. Nearly everyone admired and liked individually the members of the provisional cabinet. They wanted to help and uphold them in every possible manner, and to see them last through till the constituent assembly; but the Russians of the upper class, when they spoke of the situation, expressed great fear of certain dangers which loomed large to their eyes on the political horizon. First, there was a grave probability of the army's complete disintegration. It was fully confessed already that the Order Number One had been a terrible mistake; also, the cry of "Land and Freedom," which the soviets were starting under German suggestion, raised the question of the land's immediate distribution. This made workmen and soldiers desert in vast numbers, vaguely believing what German agents told them, that they must hurry back to their homes to receive their portion of the spoils. What could the government do to obtain this land which was to be given away to the populace? So to our minds the army and the land question were both serious stumbling blocks.

Then, also, provision reserves made by the old government were being rapidly squandered now, while nothing was done to gather new stores, and transportation was as disorganized as ever. The police had been destroyed, and the vague civilian militia which replaced them could be of no service in a real necessity. Even now they scarcely ever were in their places in the street which they were supposed to be patrolling.

Kerensky's Problems

The country was filled with spies and criminals, who were free to live and act as they chose. The proclamation giving Petrograd's garrison the right to remain forever in the capital, and the lack of discipline among these troops, made us realize that in case of further uprising one could not expect them to act in the public service; yet they had the arms and ammunition of the capital in their hands. At present the populace was behaving well in the belief of a speedy millennium, and Kerensky's elemental eloquence together with natural gentleness and ancient habits of good behavior still gave excellent outside appearance to the citizen soldiers and the general public.

The factories were not working. The workmen all were members of committees, and they were busy governing or were merely doing nothing, and were finding life too agreeable to return to their duties. The soviets of workmen and soldiers still in residence at the Tauride Palace composed the government within the government, and were becoming a force with which the ministry was obliged to reckon. They made proclamations independently, and insisted that the cabinet must have their consent to all its measures; otherwise these would not be representing popular opinion. Kerensky still held their confidence, and he handled them with genius; but it was difficult for him to accord the ideas of the workmen and soldiers with those of his ministerial colleagues, and his health was breaking rapidly under the strain of his speeches and travels.

The government was puzzled and distressed, beset with unanswerable problems, and it turned this way and that, trying by concessions and diplomacy to carry the country over the dangerous interval of provisional power. It had a terrible responsibility, and the members of the cabinet put all their patriotism into a policy which was doomed to failure from the first. Some had hopes in the future, especially if the assembly could be brought about soon and a permanent form given to the government. We wanted at least to save the war and our national prestige, even if our own fortunes and personal property must be lost.

(Continued on Page 65

THE UNARMED SOLDIER

Roosevelt says, "Being a 'Y' man is no shell-proof job." Many "Y" men are among the casualties! The unarmed soldier carries up food for men who can't leave the trenches. One "Y" man was decorated for serving chocolate during a bombardment so heavy that the soldiers were ordered to "stand down." When our boys are going into action we want such "Y" men along the whole front.

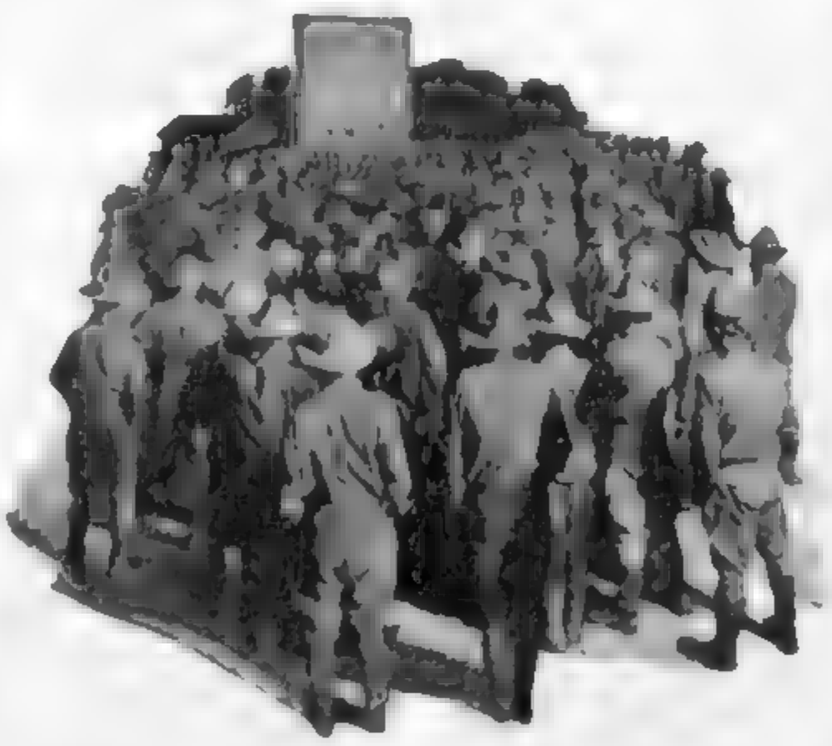
Pershing says:

"A sense of obligation for the varied and useful service rendered to the Army in France by the Y. M. C. A. prompts me to join in the appeal for its further financial support. I have opportunity to observe its operations, measure the quality of its personnel and mark its beneficial influence upon our troops, and I wish unreservedly to commend its work for the Army."

—CABLED FROM FRANCE, AUGUST 21, 1918

THE Y. M. C. A. and its allied organizations need one hundred and seventy million dollars to help our men in khaki and navy blue.

Where shall we get the money? From you, and men and women like you, who have the welfare of our boys in mind, must come the greater share. No sacrifice is too great to show our Pay-as-you-go, Behave-as-you-go Army that every home in America is back of them.



AT THE MOVIES

Movies tonight! Both the Navy and Army rooms are packed to suffocation. General Pershing has made the Y. M. C. A. responsible for all exhibits in France. It has become the biggest exhibitor of motion pictures in the world. 15 miles of film sent to France every week. A corps of skilled operators. The boys see Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin *free*. Keep the movies coming!

When our boys come home, let us be able to meet them, knowing that not one thing was left undone that they expected of us. Let us, who have escaped their experience of descending into hell, be eager to give.

Major Gen. O'Ryan says: "Money can be turned over to the Y. M. C. A. with every confidence that it will be expended *along the lines most acceptable to soldiers.*"

Sick and away from home!

Imagine the weeks spent recovering—the monotony, the loneliness, the despondency. The Y. M. C. A. men, knowing what we would do for our own boys, do it for us. They give concerts to make the blind and wounded forget; they read aloud; they write letters for those in bandages; they leave nothing undone to make our boys realize how much others care.

Tender care of the dead

When regular Army burial is not available, then the Y. M. C. A. buries the dead. It gathers up letters, valuables, personal belongings, and sends them home, gets the French mothers to keep flowers on the graves and to teach the French children the significance of the death of American men.

Life to the walking wounded

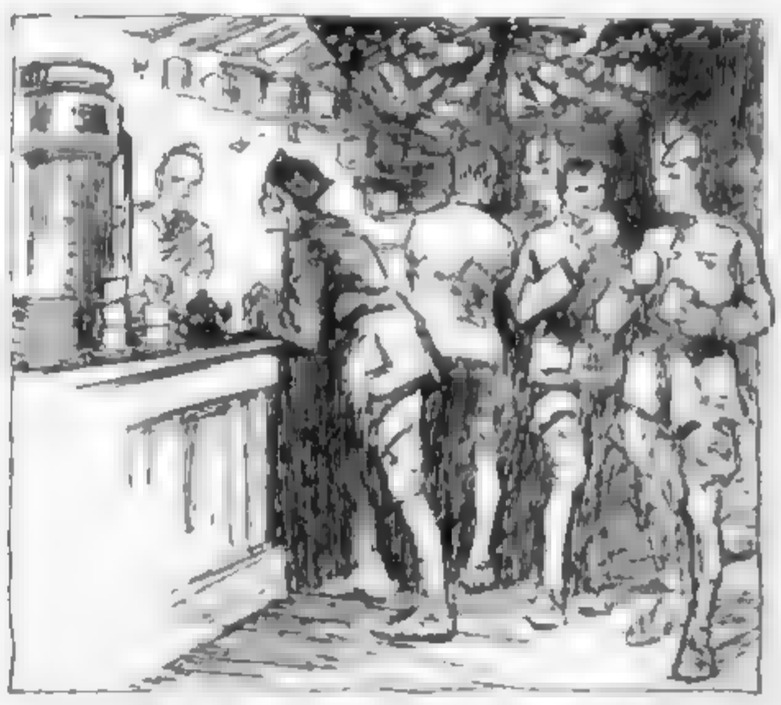
Only the prostrate wounded are carried back. The rest walk. Some can barely stumble along, faint with loss of blood, dazed with horrors of that rush through hell-fires. Up and down the trenches the "Y" man goes with hot drinks and smokes, giving the walking wounded their first nourishment. At every stopping place the Red Triangle puts a bit of new life in them. Think of what *they* are giving—and then give freely, lovingly.

"IF I COULD ONLY FORGET!"

After our boys have seen their comrades wounded or have left them on the battle-field, what keeps them from brooding? *Active sports!* This was demonstrated by the American forces. Now the English and French are asking for them. The Y. M. C. A. has already shipped 132,000 baseballs, 24,000 bats, 21,000 indoor baseballs, 6,000 Rugby footballs, 8,000 soccer footballs, 700 sets of boxing gloves. Every day the boys ask when we expect more. Your money would help.

A FEW DAYS' LEAVE!

Where can our boys spend it? Such beautiful places as this historic palace are now run by the Y. M. C. A. It runs all the big hotels in Aix-les-Bains—the finest resort in France—just for our boys on leave. Food at cost; entertainment of every kind, cheap. Over two million boys with seven days' leave every four months! Think how much these hotels are needed. Your money will help supply them.



THE BIGGEST JOB THE Y. M. C. A. HAS

General Pershing has ordered the Y. M. C. A. to run all Post Exchanges for our Overseas Army. These are official army stores, where our men can buy at cost supplies not furnished by the Army. Five hundred tons of good things leave our ports every week to carry to the boys the assurance that you have not forgotten. Chocolate, cigarettes, soap, safety razors, gum, jam, jelly—over two hundred extras the boys are daily requesting. Not to disappoint them, the "Y" must have money.

YMCA

Seven allied activities, all endorsed by the Government, are combined in the United War Campaign, with the budgets distributed as follows: Y. M. C. A., $100,000,000; Y. W. C. A., $15,000,000, National Catholic War Council (including the work of the Knights of Columbus and special war activities for women), $30,000,000; Jewish Welfare Board, $3,500,000 American Library Association, $3,500,000, War Camp Community Service, $15,000,000, Salvation Army, $3,500,000.

YMCA

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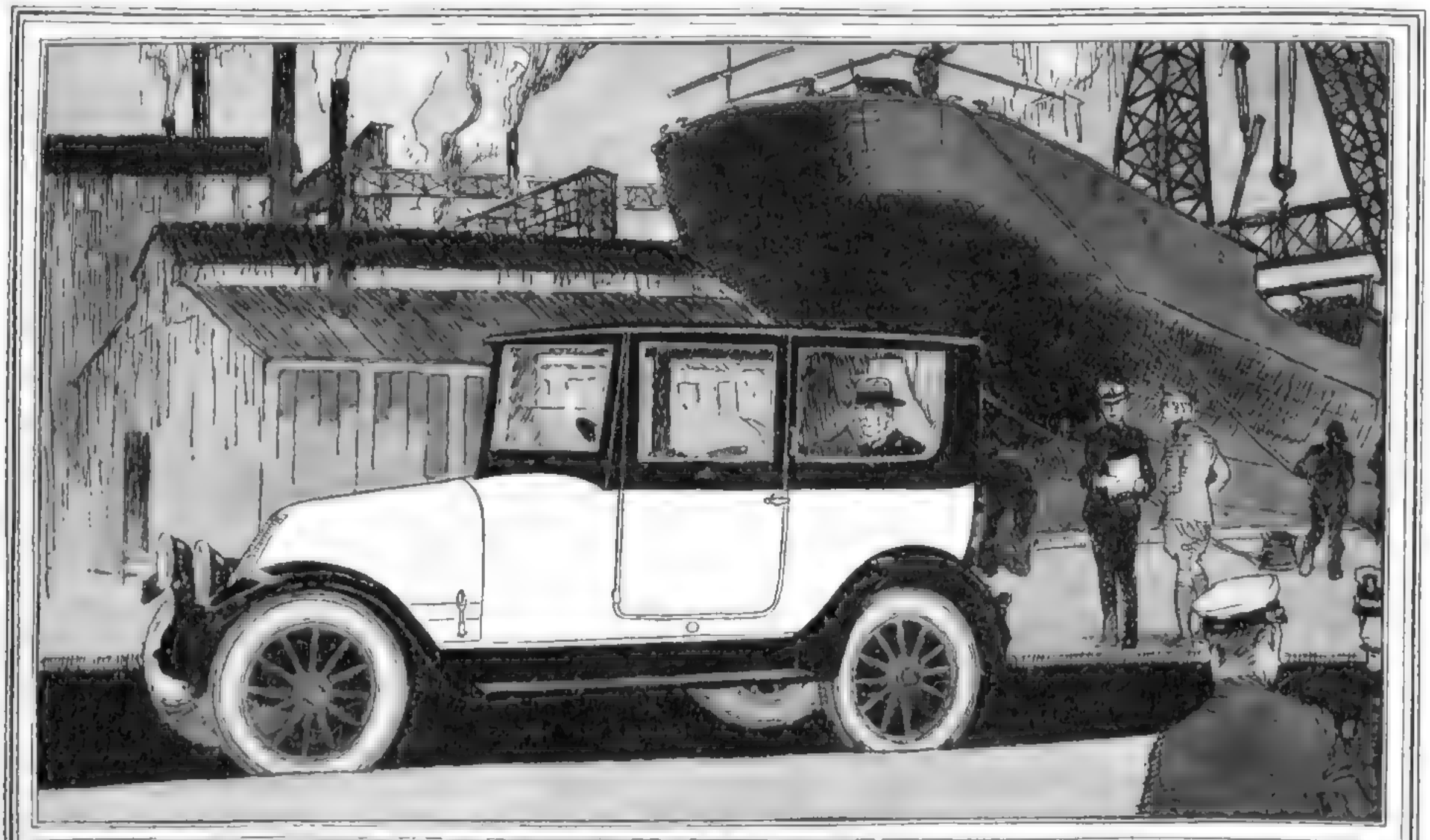

THE FRANKLIN CAR

And the Present-Day Standard of Motor Car Service

Frequently special conditions give new significance to old facts. And *now* is the time when conditions give added importance to the long established economy facts of the Franklin Car—a steady day-by-day delivery of

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline—
instead of the usual 10

10,000 miles to the set of tires—
instead of the usual 5,000

For when the Nation is geared to tremendous effort, the aid of an efficient automobile can do much to bring about the vitally necessary economy of gasoline and tires.

The simple Franklin facts speak for themselves.

If all cars were as efficient as the Franklin, on the basis of its daily performance, the automobile owners of the country would save this year 400,000,000 gallons of gasoline and would cut their tire bills $192,000,000.

For sixteen years the Franklin Car has delivered an economy consistently ahead of the times. Besides this performance in the hands of owners, it has won every prominent official economy test ever held.

Moreover, the Franklin depreciates 50% slower than the average car—an important fact today when conditions demand that motor cars give longer service than ever before.

Its ability to render this remarkable economy and long life is due to engineering principles involving the simplicity of Direct Air Cooling, Light Weight and Resilient Construction, as opposed to water cooling, heavy weight and rigid construction.

The Franklin Car delivers a war-time motoring service simply because the Franklin Company has held true to the principle that the main object in owning an automobile is transportation, with the greatest comfort, safety and reliability—at the least expense.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Orders for Franklin Cars for post war delivery will be filled in the order of their receipt by our dealers.

"You can tell a real patriot by the way he works—Full-time work by both employers and wage earners will win the war"—W. B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor.

(Continued from Page 61)

Meantime German agents were everywhere fomenting trouble, disorganization and discontent. All the exiled and imprisoned revolutionists were arriving from abroad and from Siberia, bringing the addition of their theories and Utopian ideals to the general salad of complications.

Yet there was much to be admired as I looked at the city about me in these first days. The ex-sovereigns lived with quiet and comfort in their Tzarskoe Palace, guarded but unmolested; all but a few of the old régime ministers had been entirely liberated; and in the main the prisoners retained in the fortress belonged there. Woyeikoff and Madame Wiroboff had been added to Soukhomlinoff, Schégiovitoff, Protopopoff and Stürmer. There were a few who certainly were there by mistake, martyrs to others' crimes; but Pokrowsky, Krivaschêne, Bark and many others of the ex-government were leading their ordinary free existence, and seemed even glad to be out of their earlier great positions. The imperial suite and the court officials were not disturbed in any manner.

I saw my friends informally and constantly as usual; keeping a salonful daily about my tea table. If anything they were all better humored than in the winter, and much less preoccupied, having no responsibilities now. I went frequently to all the houses where I had been a habitué, even to see the families of some of the men now in the fortress, whom I felt disinclined to neglect in the moment of their disgrace, and therefore visited quite openly.

The eighteenth of April—Labor Day—passed with great processions and with meetings in the street. Disorders were expected but everything went off quietly, and from this fact people drew confidence. All the forenoon processions of government and ministry employees, soldiers, sailors, poor factory workers of both sexes, and school children wandered about the main streets with red banners on which were written various mottoes, such as "Land and Freedom," "Liberty and Freedom." They chanted religious songs or their bands played the Marseillaise, which had replaced our own national anthem; and, though I had been warned of possible danger, twice I walked out to see the sights. The religious progresses were immense, and those who took part wore exalted, soft faces and their voices were sweet and low, as those of our people always are. The general public were entirely sympathetic and their behavior respectful and full of dignity. There was not a policeman in town, yet no single disorderly incident marred the celebrations anywhere. To see the people in this phase was to love them, and I was infinitely touched by the beauty of the Russian nature and its simple nobility.

The Views of Albert Thomas

There were comic suggestions here and there in the catchwords of the period. All the stock phrases in their speeches, mottoes, inscriptions—in their accusations, also—contained invariably the expressions "we must uphold the revolution," or "they are attacking the revolution," or "we must protect the revolution." It would seem to anyone outside that the revolution was a personage attacked, reviled or ill-treated, and with too little power and strength to stand alone by its own merits and popularity. These phrases to me always contained a grotesque element and carried the revolution farther and farther away from the sublime claim of universal popularity on which it had at first been created, till finally with Trotzky and Lenine "protecting the revolution" and "upholding it," the poor thing reached the depths of shame!

Albert Thomas, the great French Socialist, was visiting Petrograd in April, and being an old acquaintance of mine he came to me several times for a cup of tea and a chat. I was greatly interested in hearing him talk of our present situation, which he admitted gave him many surprises. First of all he said he had been told that he was to come out to converse with men of his party—that is, Socialists.

"But your definitions are different from ours in France; and when I found myself facing the representatives of my supposed opinions here, I discovered these were not Socialists but what we call in France anarchists and communards."

He was cheerful and optimistic, however, and insisted the future of our country would be better than the present. He counted upon our being able to reorganize rapidly for a supreme war effort during the summer. He told me one day that there was a very strange situation between Kerensky and Miliukoff in the cabinet—"with which I have nothing to do, except that it makes my work more difficult, since as I am sent by the French Government to yours I am directed to act with and through Miliukoff, your Minister of Foreign Affairs; and on the other hand I am charged with a mission from my party in France to their comrades in opinion here, Kerensky at their head; therefore, with a misunderstanding between Miliukoff and Kerensky I am obliged to wait with crossed arms till the questions are settled between them before I can accomplish anything." He said he had come to replace Paléologue temporarily, as the latter had been too closely identified with czardom to be of much use in the present current of Russian ideas.

I was enchanted with Albert Thomas. All his theories and hopes for Russia interested me deeply, but I did not see him again, though he remained in our country till late summer and traveled and studied us in our various phases. Before he departed for France I heard his opinions were greatly changed, and even that he had declared that he had always thought ill of our Emperor before for abusing and suppressing the Russians; but now he admired him for having managed to reign over them peacefully during twenty years and more.

Royal Scandals

As a contrast to Thomas I saw several times the Grand Duchess Victoria, wife of Kyril-Vladimirovitch, who next after the Emperor's brother was in the line of succession to the throne. I was very sorry for her, as I had known her ever since her arrival in Russia and had had many occasions to admire her fine qualities, besides finding her a most sympathetic person. People were saying that the Grand Duke Kyril in joining the revolutionary movement at the very beginning hoped the imperial crown would fall upon his head, he and his wife having always been very simple and democratic in their lives, and always in opposition to the Occult forces of the old régime.

It was with good reason they had held their positions so well in Petrograd circles. Victoria was born a princess of the English royal house. Her father was the second son of Queen Victoria, styled Duke of Edinburgh and Coburg, and he had married the Grand Duchess Marie-Alexandrovna of Russia, sister of Alexander III and of Vladimir, Kyril's own father. Victoria had first married in her teens the Grand Duke of Hesse, brother of our Russian Empress. Her husband was her own first cousin on her father's side, since the mother of Hesse and of our Empress was the Princess Alice of England. For seven years the Grand Duchess Victoria had been a miserable wife, but had finally obtained a divorce from her husband, to marry Kyril.

Her difficulties during her first marriage had embittered our Empress against her, and her being in love with Kyril was well known to all the courts in Europe and had caused much talk. When a divorce was finally granted her the Emperor of Russia sent for Kyril, his cousin, and forbade him to marry Victoria, who was now free. Kyril replied that he had come to this audience with the intention of announcing his engagement, and of asking the sovereign's permission as head of their house for his marriage; whereupon the Emperor refused it. Kyril, defying his master, joined the Grand Duchess Victoria abroad and married her.

Nicholas II, acting at the request of the Empress, issued an edict immediately, saying Kyril was deprived of his court rank, place and service, and banished from the empire, since Her Majesty did not wish to receive the divorced wife of her brother. All this noise seemed not in the least to affect the happiness of the new ménage. Rich in their own right, both of them, they did not miss their allowances from the imperial civil lists, which were suppressed, and they spent three or four years on the Riviera, in Paris, and in the country in Bavaria, where one or the other of them owned homes. In all these surroundings they made a most charming circle about themselves, held a gay court, and were greatly admired for their beauty, wit and charm and their unfeigned happiness.

The young Grand Duchess was grieved, however, that her marriage to Kyril had caused his exile and his giving up his service in the Imperial Navy; and she, through her mother and his, brought such pressure to bear on our Emperor that finally one summer Kyril was allowed to bring his wife to Tzarskoe on a visit to his mother; and then after six months or a year they were officially forgiven and permitted to return and live in Russia, where Kyril again took up his service, received back his rank and aiguillettes, and where Victoria became at once one of the powers at court and the leader of the younger group in society.

My husband had been the intimate boyhood friend of the Grand Duke Kyril, and they had first played, then studied and later traveled together before our marriage. Since I had married Mike, Kyril had been a constant frequenter of our house, and naturally we were enchanted at his return to favor; and also we found his wife delightful.

When the war came all the war work organized by the Grand Duchess Victoria was immensely successful, and I had admired her as much in time of trouble as in the gay circle of old days. Now I wanted very especially to show that I was most sincerely of her followers. I did not know whether Kyril had been forced by his marines of the Imperial Guards to accompany them to the Duma on that first day of the revolution or had gone of his own free will, but I knew of the effort he had made in the previous autumn in risking his trip to the staff to plead with the sovereign against the Rasputin-Wiroboff crowd at court, when he had made so many unkept promises of liberal reform.

I called up the Grand Duchess on the telephone and she answered in person as usual, and invited me as of old to come to h[illegible]. I found her in informal dress and with her tea table spread in her small sitting room; and there was the usual beauty and comfort in all the arrangements of her lovely palace, which still kept more an air of home than any other in the city, with its books and knitting, delicious soft chairs and lights, and all its treasures in marble and collections so disposed as to be merely harmonious units in the general scheme of decoration. She herself looked older and seemed grown taller, and she was all in black.

As we smoked and drank tea and talked I heard with joy her calm, fair judgment of people and things, and I was won by the uncomplaining way she had of accepting a situation which upset her life so thoroughly. She asked news of those of the imperial family whom I had recently seen in the Crimea, and of our own experiences, and then she told me some of her own. She said she had heard from every side of the apparent incapacity of the Emperor to react against the circumstances previous to the revolution. Also, of his inertness at the last; and she told me even the Empress-Mother had said after her last days with her son at the staff:

"It is as if someone had exchanged my son for another man, quite unlike him; so indifferent he was, and so silent through all the great events. He did not at all realize what had happened to him."

The Grand Duke Optimistic

I inferred the Grand Duchess was thinking of the current report that the Occult clan at court had dragged the Emperor into complete inertia, though she did not actually say this. Of herself and her husband and their plans for the future she told me the provisional government begged them to keep as quiet as possible and that they were consequently going into Finland for the summer, where they would not be too far away from the capital, yet where they could get country air and quiet for themselves and the children. She was very simple, and uncritical of the old regime as well as of the new, but she seemed on the whole full of hope for the future of the country. She had long known Rodzianko and others of his group, and believed in them and their intentions, but thought they would be treading on difficult ground.

On the twentieth of April I lunched with Prince and Princess Kotchoubey, my husband's aunt and uncle, and from their small party, all of whom were the cream of the old régime, I heard only broad-minded political opinions expressed. The party seemed unusually optimistic, professed that Russia soon would be a flourishing republic. The Grand Duke Nicholas-Michaelovitch was there, and drove me home to my hotel, leaving me with a promise to return again for tea later when he had been to his club. We had spoken together in crossing the city of the perfect order in the streets and of the fine behavior of the public, though there was no sign of authority to keep order; and the Grand Duke had been most enthusiastic over the masses, who were showing such a capacity for restraining themselves and for governing, even after so many years of repression.

"I should be neither surprised nor afraid to see them form a republic soon," said His Imperial Highness.

"And would you consent to be their president, monseigneur?" I asked.

"Well, not the first one. . . . Their second president, perhaps. . . . It would be easier." And the Grand Duke laughed.

Later when he returned to tea he told me he had come down the Nevskii ahead of a great demonstration—a procession of soldiers, and plenty of rabble about them; with black banners of the anarchists, with shots, and shoutings against the government, while on one banner in large letters was written "Down with capitalists and conservatists." As one never knew what might come he advised me to remain at home for the rest of that evening. Several other people who dropped in between the tea and the dinner hour brought the same report of agitation and the same advice, and added that in their opinion, as the government could not control nor order the troops, it had better give in immediately without subjecting the city to a renewed experience like that of a month ago. Everyone was evidently extremely nervous as to what might happen; and the officers all said that one could expect nothing good to come of mob rule and indiscipline encouraged. They were most of them pessimistic but quite unafraid, and they thought it was time to act energetically.

Street Fighting

For two days the town was up in the air, street fighting and shooting going on in most of the main streets, especially the Nevskii. The shops were partly barricaded, and yet between the fights people went about and attended to business. It was my baptism of fire, as I had not been through the previous demonstration. My boy had finished with his school, as his year's marks were good enough for him to receive his diploma without examinations, and we had taken our accommodations to leave the capital for Kief on the twenty-second, late in the evening. Our train was scheduled for six-thirty o'clock.

As the streets were still turbulent and the confusion at the railroad station very great, my boy took the maid, trunks and tickets to the depot about three o'clock in that afternoon to insure our baggage being put on the train in time. Toward four a number of people dropped in for good-byes, and to bring me sweets and flowers, in the kindly Russian manner. I ordered tea, and, as we sat chatting, suddenly our attention was attracted by the sound of quick-firing guns and by the salvos of infantry quite near.

One of the hotel servants rushed in pale with excitement, to say I was to close my windows at once as there was a battle going on in front of the hotel, and that though my rooms were more protected than most, being with an outlook on the quiet square and the imperial museum opposite, the hotel director begged me to avoid showing myself at the windows. These latter were already closed, so we went on with our tea and began to discuss how I should manage to reach the station.

Everyone was entirely philosophical, as we were being trained to these small inconveniences by now. Bark said his carriage was below, and that he would take me round through back ways parallel with the Nevskii to a point beyond the struggle, where we might in safety cross that thoroughfare, and still by side streets go on to the station. This seemed practical, as he was not in uniform and would not attract attention. Then after half an hour, as the firing subsided, General Knorring volunteered to go down and see what was occurring in front of the hotel. He returned, saying the crowd was enormous on the Nevskii, but there was a lull in the fighting and the wounded were being cleared away, but in his opinion I had better leave now and profit by the moment's calm to cross the Nevskii instead of going later, when I did not know what might happen.

My various guests departed on my consenting to this plan, and I hurriedly put on

(Continued on Page 69)

You think you know

Get a

The Multigraph produces real printing and form typewriting in the privacy of your own establishment. Large and small equipments for any size business. Easy payments, if desired.

something you don't

There are still some business men—executives, department heads, live wires in different lines of business—who think they know all about the Multigraph when they don't know the first thing about it. You, yourself, may not know anything at all about the Multigraph or you may have an idea it's merely a device for printing typewritten letters.

But let us show you something. Pull a five-dollar bill out of your pocket and look at the signature. If it's a national bank note the chances are that signature was printed on the Multigraph. Pick up the catsup bottle on your table. Its label was probably printed on the Multigraph. When your wife buys a new corset the label she finds attached to it was in all likelihood printed on the Multigraph.

Liberty Bond coupons are dated on the Multigraph, pasteboard boxes are printed on the Multigraph, the paper strips on the inside of cigar boxes, and many times the wood sides of the cigar box itself, are printed on the Multigraph. The imprinting or "over-printing" on internal revenue stamps and the cancelling of internal revenue stamps are both done with the Multigraph.

One concern prints 15-inch labels on the Multigraph and prints them so fast that the machine pays for itself *every four days*. Trust companies print *bonds* on the Multigraph in their own offices, instead of sending a guard to watch them being printed in an outside shop.

A wall paper company sends out tens of thousands of wall paper samples, all imprinted on the back by the Multigraph. Menu cards, candy bags, labels for candy bars and fruit bars, hosiery labels, thread labels, shoe boxes—everywhere you go, and on almost everything you buy, you see the work of the *rapid-fire Multigraph*.

In fact, if you see any label or tag or moderate-sized carton or wrapper or pasteboard box or paper bag that is *not* printed on the Multigraph—and that *could* be printed to advantage on the Multigraph—it's because the man who paid for the job thinks he knows when he doesn't and is therefore still groping in the dark, not realizing the speed and the savings the Multigraph accomplishes.

The Multigraph not only saves money but it saves the labor of men, prevents delays in manufacturing and delays in the shipping room, and is always on the job day and night, Sundays and holidays, to print what you want *as you want it*. *Mail the coupon* and we'll give you additional detailed facts as related to your particular business.

You Can't Buy a Multigraph Unless You Need It

U. S. Government munitions of a most particular and exacting nature require the entire capacity of our new plant as well as a large portion of our old one, working night and day. Government work takes unquestioned precedence. All else is secondary. But unless government demands of a magnitude not now foreseen arise, we shall be able to continue supplying the urgent need for Multigraphs.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH CO.

MULTIGRAPH

The Multigraph
1800 E. 40th St., Cleveland, Ohio

If I'm in the dark on the Multigraph, I'm willing to see the light.

Our line is_____ ..Firm __

Name _____ _____Official Position ____

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MARINELLO

FACE POWDER

Nurses the Skin Back to Perfect Health and Beauty

—*simulates* loveliness—*creates* loveliness with remarkable protective properties that nurse skin back to perfect health and beauty. It *is* different. Exquisitely perfumed. All shades. 60c a box—at Drug Stores, Department Stores, Marinello Shops.

TRAVELER'S TRIAL PACKAGE

Dainty introductory packages of six Famous Marinello Beauty Aids, used by *leading* cosmeticians—Marinello Motor Cream, Rose Leaf Jelly, Lettuce Cream, Tooth Paste, Vanitub, Marinello Face Powder—all for five 3c. stamps. Send *now*

MARINELLO CO., 1114 Mallers Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

(Continued from Page 68)

hat and coat, and with Monsieur Bark and General Knorring I descended to the hotel office and went out into the street, still between my two cavaliers. There was not any shooting. We decided to cross the wide street at once, and on foot. We were quite ten minutes in doing it, not wishing to seem in haste in a crowd so large, almost stationary, and containing elements of variable and possibly hostile temper.

Monsieur Bark's horses had taken fright from the noise, it turned out, and his coachman had driven them home, leaving a message for his master. We didn't regret this, as the liveries would have attracted attention and perhaps created a disagreeable incident. My two cavaliers conducted me safely over the battlefield of a few moments before, then the general left me under the Bazar-Arcade with my ununiformed companion to protect me, and he wandered off to search for a cab. This was found shortly, and General Knorring returned in triumph with his cabby, who proposed that he should be paid ten rubles to the station, instead of the usual two. "As one is apt to run into any kind of danger on the way, excellencies!"

The Man of the Hour

Naturally we were very glad to accept these terms and his services, and I arrived safely at the Kief depot an hour and a half ahead of my train time, to find my boy already standing on the pavement in front of its entrance, with a pale, anxious face, which lighted up at sight of us.

He said he was just starting after me, as someone had come there, telling of fighting on the Nevskii and round our hotel, and he didn't know how I would get out. But all had gone well, and we and our baggage were beyond the danger, which our ears told us had recommenced again, as we heard the regular firing of the infantry's salvos back of us in the main part of the city.

I made my adieus to my kind bodyguard and with gratitude I left the stormy capital. Our train went unmolested to Kief, and we had no disagreeable experience on the way, though the corridor of our car was crowded with soldiers who talked politics violently through the thirty-six hours our trip lasted, and who exposed to us the most muddled and impossible theories of government, which they were going to introduce into practice. They were entirely respectful and well behaved toward us personally, and did not carry out their ideas of democracy so far as to intrude into our compartment; but I felt after the helplessness the government had shown in the uprising of the past three days that we should be living on a volcano for many months to come, and that it would be well to place our children somewhere in safety before I undertook to settle down with my husband in Kief. I therefore decided to propose to the latter sending our three little people for whose welfare we were responsible to my American family. This arrangement would give me time and independence to settle in Kief and follow the developments of the revolution and attend to any duties that imposed themselves on us with reference to Mike's service or the estates, with a knowledge that our children's lives were entirely sheltered from storms. If anything happened to us, which seemed quite possible, considering Mike's marked situation in Kief, the children would be with their natural guardians.

I found my husband had made the same reflections as I had, and he at once fell into my plan with enthusiasm. We secured the first accommodations possible out of Russia by the trans-Siberian road; but these were only to be had for the early part of July. So I planned to visit Mike now for a month in Kief, then go to the Crimean coast for a month with the children, and from there take the little group to Petrograd and start them on their long trip.

These plans once made I felt a weight was already taken off my mind. I enjoyed very much the time in Kief, and was keenly interested in all I was told and shown there. Mike had been very anxious during the latter part of our stay in Petrograd, thinking the disorders might end in mob rule and our lives be in real jeopardy. On the day after I reached Kief, however, the papers announced that all difficulties between parties had been settled satisfactorily in the capital by the complete triumph of Kerensky and his followers. The government had seen the necessity of giving way to the socialistic tendencies, and Miliukoff had thereupon first protested and then resigned. He was replaced at the Foreign Office by Téréschtchenko; and Schingaroff had gone into the latter's Ministry of Finance.

Our group regretted the departure of Miliukoff, as it meant one strong honest patriot the less in the cabinet; but since it was all a temporary affair people were encouraged to think it did not matter. The important thing seemed to preserve law and order and to continue the war until the great elections came off, toward autumn. The more the Socialists were brought forward now the more they would be obliged to make good, which would be the better for Russia, or they would damn themselves in public opinion and lose their chance of finally holding power.

Almost everyone concurred in this opinion, and Kerensky personally still held the general admiration. He, an ardent revolutionist always, had shown tremendous patriotism, moderation and lack of personal vanity in the crisis, and he had, since his placing in the Ministry of Justice, handled the questions connected with the detention of the ex-sovereigns and members of the old-régime party with more generosity and dignity than anyone could have hoped for. He also showed himself a consummate leader of his own party, and managed its unruly elements with a skill altogether remarkable. His eloquence continued to excite the multitude's admiration, and even the most retrograde gave him their respect. I found in Kief, as in Petrograd, that everyone considered Kerensky was going to be the greatest man of the time, and all groups joined in wishing him success.

Mike was established in Kief with his Cuirassiers about him. These were the great attraction in the public squares and parks, and were shining lights in the general untidiness of the town, which was apparently full of holiday makers and overrun with deserters and careless soldiers, who according to the new ideas could dress as they pleased and salute their officers or not on the streets. They smoked everywhere, and I fancied from their aspect they never shaved or washed. Against this background the spick-and-span, well-groomed, picked men of our Cuirassiers shone out. Their pride was in their looks and discipline, and they thoroughly enjoyed their success. It was their ambition, I think, to set an example, which alas was not followed by those who were about them. My husband was delighted with the way his officers and men had taken the revolution, and he hoped he might be able to hold his command together and really keep the city in order till the occurrence of the constituent assembly. This was to be arranged for the middle of September, as the government's proclamation promised.

Daily Life in Kief

Kief's attitude was much more optimistic than had been Petrograd's. Hotels and restaurants were crowded; there were music, plays and an enormous number of arrivals and new settlers. All the Polish aristocrats, who were refugees from the war-devastated provinces, had settled here in 1915, and among them were many pretty women in attractive homes, wanting to forget the sufferings they had been through. They held charming court, and among them the society of Petrograd was represented by its members who had estates in the provinces round us—of Kief, Poltava, Volhynia, and so on. Since the disorders in Petrograd these were attracted to Kief, and they were renting houses or lodgings according to what offered. They were seemingly confident that Mike would maintain order, and that life would be calmer consequently than elsewhere. Also, that their estates, where the land reforms and general conditions in the past made for a well-to-do and conservative peasantry, would escape disasters. They believed personally they could hold their people and weather the storm of the revolution.

On our own estates in Poltava the price of labor had gone up somewhat, but otherwise things were going smoothly; our peasant committee had acclaimed my brother-in-law when he had recently been to Bouromka. Our intendant, who was of the peasantry, was on excellent terms with the villagers. It was decided, however, that my mother-in-law should not go to the country for this summer, as she was in a bad condition of nerves. Though our place thus remained vacant many others about us were occupied by their owners, who were satisfied all was going well locally and would go even better later, since confidence existed between proprietors and peasants.

There was in Kief a large and varied element of officers—those who were passing through on military duty, those who were stationed about to keep order on the railroads, besides those who were taking short leaves and could more easily run from the Front into this gay little city than farther into the interior of the country. There was a demonstration about the middle of May, a feeble effort of the Bolshevik propagandists, who had come from Petrograd; but it amounted to nothing, and it had been necessary only to put a few mounted Cuirassier patrols in the streets to have the meetings dispersed, while our troops were acclaimed. The latter showed an alertness about obeying orders which inspired the public of every class with appreciative admiration. This delighted Mike.

The Ukrainian Movement

Toward the end of May there began to be talk of a Ukrainian movement, intended to bind together the groups of Little Russia, as against the disorderly ultra-socialistic waves that came into our provinces from the north. We knew there were German agents working among us for the Bolsheviki; and both the upper and lower classes of people wished to keep these out of Kief and its surrounding country. Many aristocrats, both Russians and Poles, were curious as to the Ukrainian doctrines, which had apparently sprung from nowhere overnight, and the source of which could not be traced at first.

My husband became interested in finding out the origin and ambition of this mysterious propaganda, for in two or three weeks after a casual first mention, the word "Ukrainian" was in everyone's mouth. To Mike's annoyance he and some of the civil authorities who were working on the same lines, being suspicious of the movement, discovered a nest of Austrian agents with Austrian money at the bottom of a clever plot to unite the ancient provinces that had formed the Ukraine, and thus by creating a nationalist movement—seemingly inaugurated against the Bolsheviki—to separate these provinces from the Russian central government.

Playing on the community of interest between these Russian Ukrainians and those of the Austrian-Polish Ukrainians, their scheme was to bring this whole section of the Russian Empire under Austrian influence or simply, if all went well, to annex it to Austria. It was a deep-laid and intelligent plot of the enemies, whose agents in Kief were either Austrian spies or Poles and Russians, their dupes or paid agents. Reports of all this were at once sent to the central government in Petrograd, accompanied by proofs, and orders came back to my husband and others that the Ukrainian propaganda was to be fought to a finish. Consequently some of the leading men were pursued and run out of the town, and a counter propaganda was inaugurated. The nationalist movement was being given a black eye, though there was a group still among the Little Russian peasants, the Poles and the deserting soldiers, who liked the new ideal—or the enemy's money—and who said they wished to see an autonomy under Russian sovereignty, with Ukrainian papers, banks, money and army. A committee was formed to represent the interests of this party. They gave the authorities some difficulty and anxiety, since in spite of the severe instructions from the provisional government a committee could not be suppressed; neither could the spies be executed, as now capital punishment was no longer permissible. Consequently, agents of the Austrians had little to fear, and stayed among us on every side.

Late in June the Ukrainians sent deputies to Kerensky begging him to do justice to their party and saying that, all reports notwithstanding, their desire was to keep law and order and to remain under the wing of Russia, though they wished an autonomous government, to use their own language, to stamp their own coins and to form their own regiments. The latter would be glad to fight side by side with their Russian comrades.

These men talked so well in Petrograd that Téréschtchenko was sent to Kief to confer with leaders of both sides in the struggle. The Minister of Foreign Affairs had been chosen by Kerensky for this delicate mission because he was a native of Kief, had large interests in the industrial life of the southern city and would probably be a just and capable arbiter. On the other hand, among the Ukrainians there was great rejoicing over the choice of the government's representative. Capital was made of his being the Foreign Minister, which meant to them treatment as an independent power, with whom diplomatic relations were inaugurated.

When Téréschtchenko arrived he was at once taken in hand by the Ukrainians, who fêted and surrounded him, and prevented the group representing his own party from counterbalancing their treatments and arguments. He was persuaded to feel that he personally, in his sugar-factory interests, and all other industrial and property owners in and round Kief, stood to gain by a Ukrainian régime, since the latter would be conservative and a bulwark against the Bolsheviki; also that the lower classes, peasants and soldiers, would have their patriotism awakened by nationalist propaganda, and would behave better and make themselves more useful under the rada's direction. As to the idea of an Austrian foundation for their party it was pure calumny, and was proved by the Ukrainian troops' wish to fight together with the Russians against Teutonic enemies.

Their maneuvers were so successful that before Téréschtchenko left Kief he saw everything through spectacles put upon his nose by the plotters, and he admitted their perfect right to form a government with a senate, which they called "rada," also a ministry with different departments to handle local questions. They were to make up a given number of volunteer military units, these regiments to be formed by soldiers drawn away from Russian formations, through open and permitted propaganda. Such groups were to be officered by nationalists, though promising they would obey orders from the Russian War Ministry sent to them by way of their own minister for war.

Téréschtchenko was seemingly quite sincere in his belief that such decisions were for the best from every point of view. Apparently he never realized that his act was giving the lie to his own central government's former policy, and that he was putting a military force in the field which might some day fight the provisional government and overthrow it. My husband and others saw this reverse side of the shield, and pointed it out, first to the minister himself, afterward to the central government; but they received reply that their business must be to watch the development of all the different branches of the movement, see that it did not get beyond bounds, and that the Ukrainians carried out their promise of sending troops to the Front.

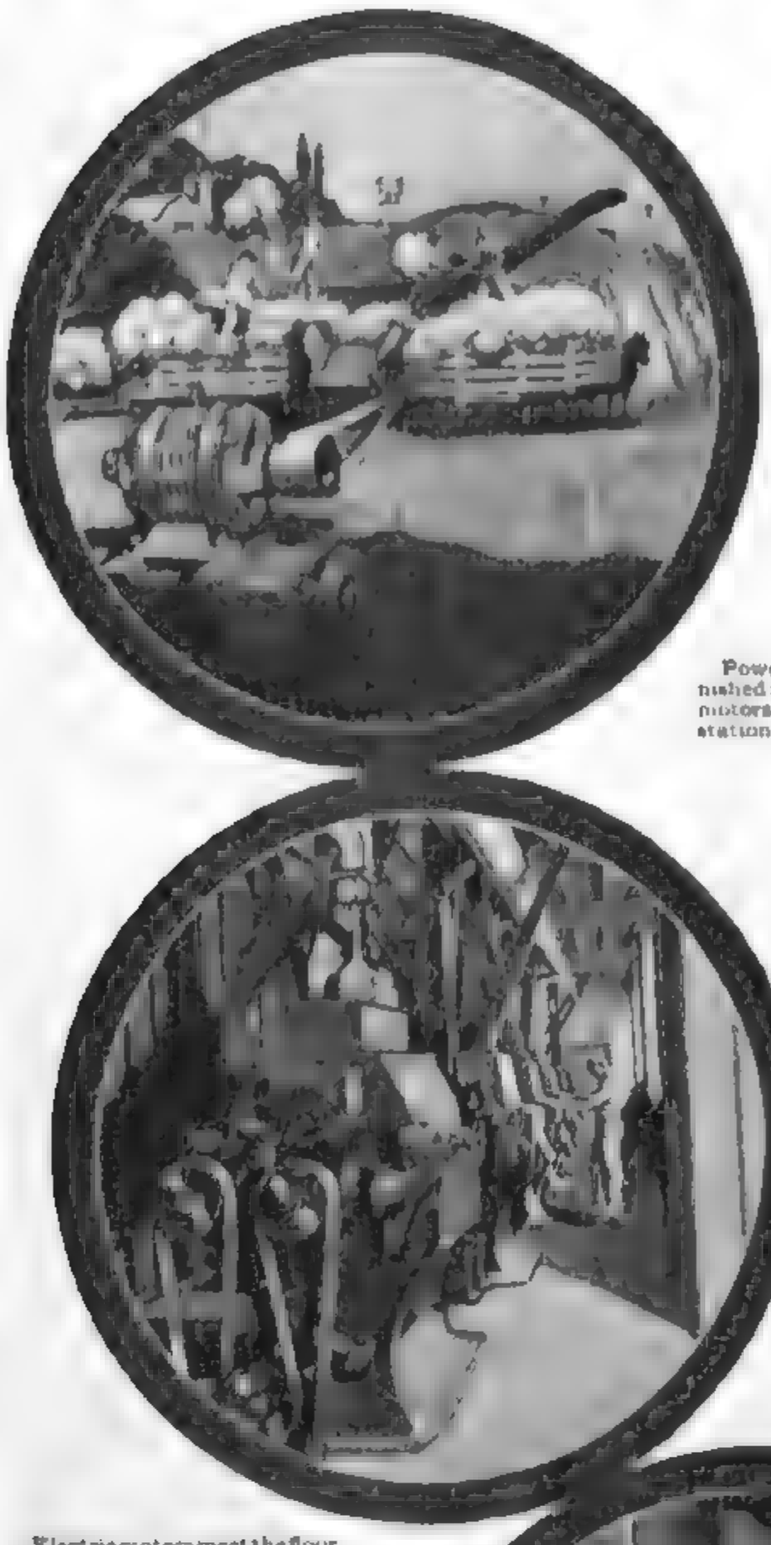
Kerensky's Efforts

Kief was full of these Ukrainian deserters, enjoying themselves vastly, with never a thought of drill or military duty. As fast as they could be started off by trains double the number would arrive again, by rail or on foot. They attracted everyone's attention and increased vastly my husband's uneasiness. It became more and more evident that neither the deserters nor the Ukrainian propaganda could be disposed of without some radical measure taken by Kerensky, and that he was too weak to dare risk offending such a party. On the surface all was still and smooth in the life of Kief, but cankers were beneath the seeming quiet and comfort of our days, and filled thoughtful people with forebodings for developments of the near future.

Kerensky had tried his eloquence to make the national army take the offensive in July on the Galician Front, and the disaster of Tarnopol had been the result. Officers alone had charged the enemy, while the soldiers stood still, saw them shot down, and turning had fled. Finally the battle had become a complete rout. Columns of our own army had overrun the country in their frantic desire to break away; and they had burned villages and homes, pillaged châteaus, put some of the staff commanders to the sword, acting toward their own people with a wild cruelty.

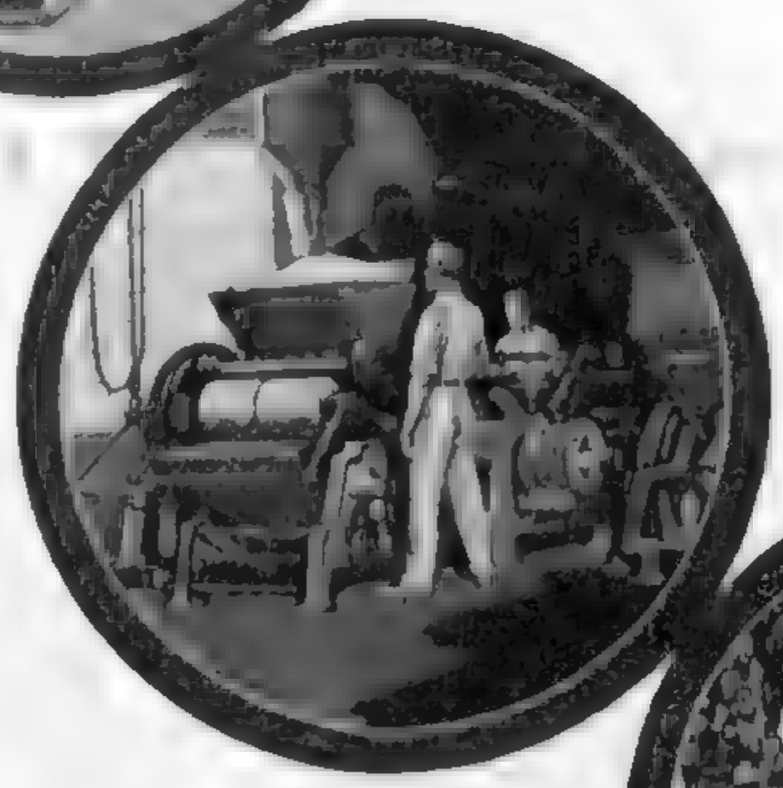
Kerensky had thus proved in person definitely, that his theory of how to handle troops was worthless. He evidently understood this, as he never again approached a battle front anywhere, and limited his military administration to proclamations and declarations of a very violent order, which were quite ineffective, as they were never followed up by action. As for the troops,

(Continued on Page 72)

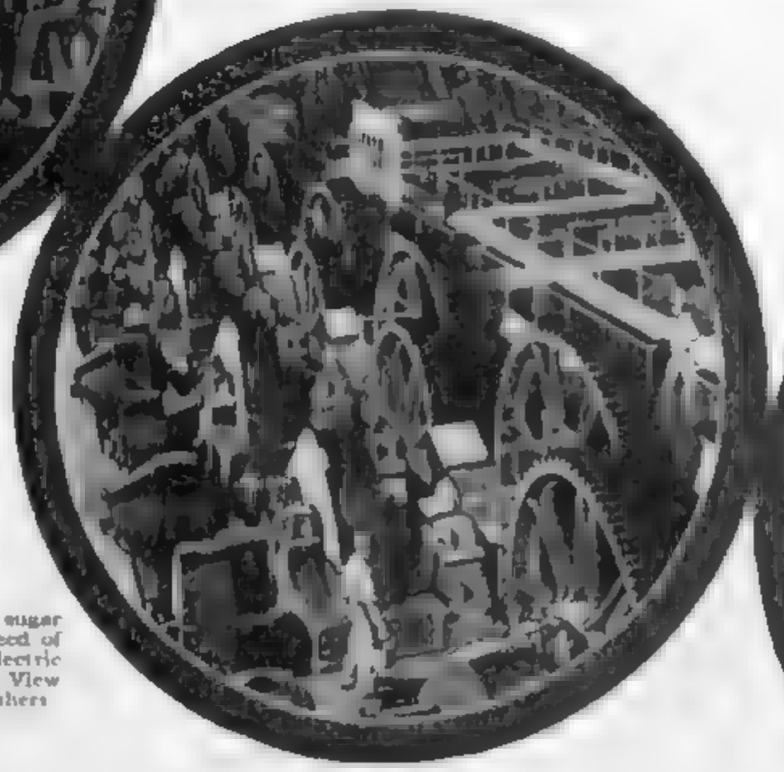


Power for threshing is furnished in many cases by electric motors supplied with central station power

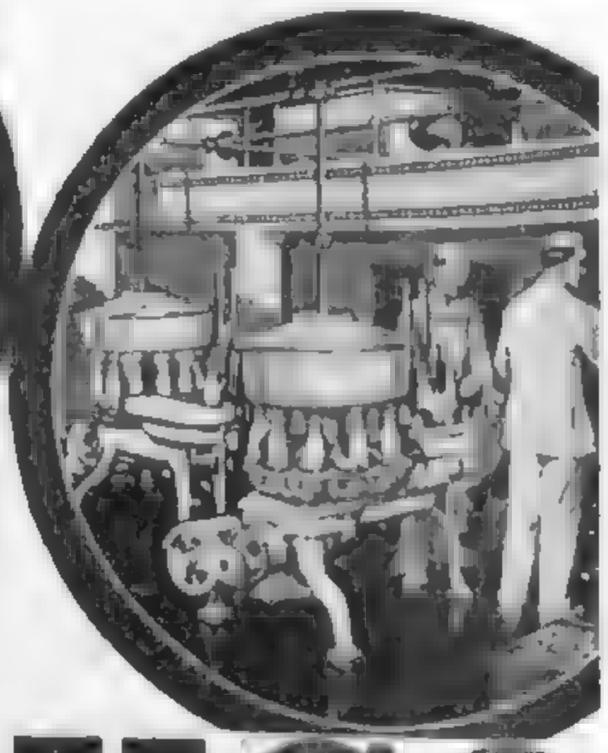
Electric motors meet the flour mill's strict requirements of cleanliness and safety. Here is seen a line of motor-driven grinders



In the bakery of today, bread is hardly touched by human hands. Electric motors mix knead, carry—and even wrap the bread. This view shows a motor-driven dough mixer.



Power demand for the sugar mill is heavy and the need of reliability great, so electric motors here find wide use. View shows motor-driven crushers



Electric motors serve well the needs of the strictly regulated sanitary dairy. Here milk is being bottled by motor-driven machines.

Cutting the Nation's Food Bill

Follow back to its source the foodstuff that comes to your table and in almost every case you'll find a common element—power.

Power plows the fields where great wheat crops flourish.

Power grinds and mixes the materials that fertilize the land.

Power cultivates, harvests, threshes—it stores grain in giant elevators and carries it to distant markets.

Power turns wheat into flour and corn into meal, hogs and cattle into pork and beef—transforming, refining, transporting.

Here again electricity makes a contribution of incalculable value to national well-being and progress, for it is today pre-eminently the power of the vast food industry.

On the farm, the ranch and plantation, electric power has followed electric light, so that gardens are irrigated, land drained, wheat threshed, fruit sorted and cleaned and various other tasks performed, all by this versatile force.

Again and again on its way to the market the path of food is crossed by electric power, decreasing production cost here, cutting time in transit there, economizing and expediting everywhere so that your food bill may in the end be lower.

Study the simplest of breakfasts, and you'll find that electricity touches not once, but many times, almost every article of food. Perhaps no example more completely illustrates its application than the slice of buttered toast before you.

Electricity began by grinding the wheat and wheat substitutes and finishes by toasting the piece right at your elbow.

Both the milk that moistened the dough and the butter you spread on the bread have probably met electricity on their way to you, for today cows are milked electrically and electric motors run the separator on the farm and the churn in the dairy. Even on their way to market these perishable products are kept fresh by ice made in electrically driven plants.

In the bakery the loaf was probably kneaded, shaped, carried to the ovens and wrapped, all by electric power, then delivered in an electric truck, or one that depended on electricity for lighting and ignition.

As with this little piece of toast, so with the many other articles of food that enter into your daily menu.

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC MOTORS AND CONTROLLERS

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC UTILITIES FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

Electric motors in the refrigerating plant provide the most certain means for uninterrupted refrigeration. This view shows a modern cooling system

Electric motors are a vital part of the great meat packing industry. The grinding machines shown are driven by Westinghouse Motors.

Conserving the Nation's Fuel and Man-Power

In the application of electricity to the food industry, as to all other industries, especial service is rendered by its saving of those prime essentials—fuel, labor and time. No less apparent than the saving of coal is the enormous addition which electricity makes to the man-power and woman-power of the nation.

In making electricity serve in the production, preparation, preservation and transportation of food, Westinghouse engineers have always figured prominently.

Westinghouse motors are daily converting thousands of electrical horsepower into power that grinds and stirs, cuts and carries.

You'll find these motors in the packing house, dairy, flour mill, sugar mill, bakery—in short, in practically every kind of plant that is a part of this great industry.

Westinghouse saving extends even into your own home so that you can cook electrically and can thus reduce waste and conserve food values in a way possible only with adequate electrical supply and efficient cooking apparatus.

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They enjoyed the work, which took only their spare time. And their profits will be doubled this year!

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(Continued from Page 69.

hereafter they were left to their officers' hands, and the latter having no right to punish them were instructed to get on with the soldiers "by diplomatic arguing and explaining." Kerensky seemed still to hope from the Northern Front some sort of recompense for the drama at Tarnopol. He offered this theory through his cabinet to the foreign diplomats in Petrograd. The Allies' ambassadors actually were told that the great number of deserters they saw were not deserters at all, but represented a spontaneous, permitted demobilization of certain classes of older men, who were being allowed to return home to cultivate the ground, after which the remaining army units would be strengthened by new recruits, also renewed discipline, and would at the end of the summer be ready to take the offensive all along the line with vigor.

Since the officers felt sure of defeat they begged that no offensive be tried; that the Russian Army be left a mere curtain to hold certain numbers of the enemy's troops in front of them. They could only take the offensive, they said, if the Germans tried to withdraw their formations. This they thought would permit, in time, some sort of morale being restored. The worthless men having deserted, they counted on their personal influence to bring order sufficient for this much work out of the reigning chaos. It was the extreme limit of good to be expected under actual conditions, and they claimed it would serve the Allied cause better than would another tragic failure and defeat. Meantime some shock battalions of picked men—mainly officers or young-boy cadets from the military schools, all volunteers—were being formed. One of women, under Madame Batchkarova, was called the Battalion of Death and showed up magnificently through all the troubles that were to come.

Mysterious Spies

In Kief the Cuirassiers still held everyone's confidence and admiration. Many of the men in the regiment were born in Little Russia, but they disdained the insidious nationalist persuasion of the Ukrainians, and would not join the new movement. On the contrary, they had a sharp encounter with a Ukrainian regiment which, having been formed and armed, though not drilled, was ordered to the Front to fight and refused to go. Its companies were loaded on their trains and started off, eight hundred and fifty of them, by forty-five stalwart Cuirassiers. A number of Ukrainian "patriots" were ill-treated in the process, and the event caused tremendous noise. The nationalists were greatly ridiculed, first for not keeping their promise to go and fight more willingly; and second, for being such poor soldiers that eight hundred and fifty of them were no match for forty-five real troopers.

Finally their complaints were carried to Petrograd again, with the result that permission was granted them to remain in Kief doing police duty there, as the Petrograd garrison did in the northern capital. Their excuse for asking this favor was that they were not as yet sufficiently prepared, though individually most of them had been at the Front during three years of war. Naturally enough they never did drill or prepare further, but simply stood about, making a large unruly element in the Ukrainian capital. They made such a sorry appearance before the public, however, that the Cuirassiers and the population of Kief disdained them, for the moment, and they had lost ground, more than one would have supposed possible. For several months they laid their arrogance aside, but they attacked in various underhand ways representatives of the central government, biding their time for an uprising and augmenting their recruits constantly.

From late July on, whenever he went into the street my husband was invariably followed by various strange-looking individuals, sometimes in hooligan dress, sometimes in uniform. I was on the *qui vive*, and these apparitions dogging Mike about made me somewhat anxious. He personally treated the whole matter as a joke, and amused himself frequently, leading the mysterious spies on wild-goose chases about the city or stopping unexpectedly and making loud remarks about them and their interest in his affairs. He was greatly touched and pleased, on the other hand, to hear of various proofs of devotion that his Cuirassiers gave him, as upon one occasion, when in a tram car two of his stalwarts overheard someone who with intent was making allusions to their commander, naming him and passing a slur upon his political sincerity of intention. Thereupon, without more ado, the two Cuirassiers turned in to clear up the situation, and incidentally cleared the car of the whole group of offenders, amid the applause of the other passengers. In the streets Mike was now a well-known figure to all. He was constantly being saluted, pointed out or spoken to in a friendly, grateful spirit.

At the Crimean seaside I spent a delightful month, waiting with the children for the date of their departure to America. I had many friends about me at the seaside and greatly enjoyed my cure in spite of anxieties, which the long trip before my little people caused me. We were all so used to disorder about us by now that the vague sense of danger, which we had even in the south, was not really disturbing.

Passport Formalities

It was during my stay in the Crimea that Admiral Koltchak, who till now had kept the most perfect order and discipline at Sebastopol, was obliged to resign by an uprising of the sailors of the Black Sea Fleet which he commanded, and was replaced by an officer of the sailors' election. From that moment excesses were feared all along the coast, where the members of the imperial family and their suites were scattered. The imperial exiles were all arrested now, and we heard of motor loads of half-drunken Bolshevik sailors scouring the country, robbing and assassinating the well-to-do people who had taken refuge on the Crimean peninsula.

None of the ruffians came to our prosperous resort, however; and except that life grew very expensive and there was some slight absence of table luxuries I remember our experience only as pleasant and restful, and a very satisfactory preparation for what was to come. However, we were glad to turn our faces northward at the end of June, since a strike on all the railroads was threatened, and this announcement made me impatient to see my young travelers beyond our borders. Letters from Petrograd seemed to reflect very uncertain conditions. Senator Root's mission had come and gone, and he had written to me twice, giving me news of my family, from whom he had brought me many messages. Besides this personal information his letters reflected what seemed a rather determined optimism as to the Russian situation, and a desire to believe the best of our capacity to live through the revolutionary period. Knowing the reliability of his judgment I was very keen to have him receive a variety of accounts and impressions, not alone the official version of events, which I felt must be that necessarily presented to him by those whom he would meet in the capital. His limited stay and the surrounding influences would keep him away from certain questions; and the government would naturally try to inspire him with confidence in their ability to take an active part in the war, unless someone of the military or the old-régime group were near to predict the sadder possibilities in our revolutionary movement. I heard afterward that he had seen Sazonoff, and that one or two others had presented our view; but he left just before the Tarnopol offensive, and I fear with greater hopes for Russia than the country was able to justify.

I reached Petrograd on July first, a Saturday, and settled down at once in my old apartment, at the Hôtel d'Europe, to the complicated measures necessary to supply my company of travelers with passports, money, and so on, for beyond the frontier. We had been forewarned by everyone of the great difficulties we should encounter on the trip from the Crimea to the capital; but we had suffered no inconvenience at all save from heat and from the crowds everywhere, which made it impossible to get round at any of the stations. We had supplied ourselves with provisions, and were therefore able to eat and live in our reserved compartments, where we were quite unmolested by what seemed to be millions of deserters, swarming like flies on the roofs, in the corridors, on the platforms—everywhere. They were noisy but perfectly good-natured, and seemed entirely willing to fetch and carry for us and make themselves useful.

With these three days successfully behind us, and with the supreme triumph of finding all our baggage still on the train with us, and intact, my optimism grew as to the children's long trip through Siberia. I was glad enough, however, to see their time for starting nearly at hand, as I had noticed on the railroad and in the capital the general effervescence seemed vastly increased in six weeks, and it could scarcely be expected that we should see an improvement as time passed.

The day of our arrival in Petrograd I met several acquaintances; and it struck me that those who were best placed to observe events were looking most serious. My own business could all be easily arranged, and was immediately put in hand. I was told that on Monday I must present myself with petitions for each passport, photographs of each member of the party, also with all the travelers and with two sponsors for my veracity, who must in person assert the destination and all possible details as to the travelers.

The engagement was made for this serious conference. Two old friends of ours promised to answer for us in required form, and my man of business was to go ahead and pave our way with money. Everything came off perfectly. After a quiet Sunday, during which we had driven about the city, lunched out pleasantly and seen a number of people, who returned from old habit to my tea table, we all met promptly at two o'clock, Monday, at the passport division of police city headquarters. Our large party, which consisted of three children, nurse, governess, a business man and myself, together with General Zolotnitzky and Monsieur Tatischtcheff, attracted immediate and amiable attention from the old-régime officials, who were still in charge, and who had been prepared to receive us. The business was put through with much effort on all sides in record time, which was about an hour and a half. In spite of the prepared written petition many questions had to be answered, explanations made, and everyone had to sign six times or more. Then we were told the passports would go that same evening to the general staff, for the military visé, and that I might call for them in two or three days—on Thursday afternoon, perhaps. General Zolotnitzky volunteered to precede them to the staff and speak to the officers in charge there, whom he knew, and August-Andreovitch, our business man, who had friends among the lower powers, was sent to spread the necessary persuasion for haste among them, in rubles.

Uncertain Times

After starting the children back to the hotel, Tatischtcheff kept me a moment to say: "When are you in need of the passports?" I told him the children's tickets were for the trans-Siberian train of the eleventh, a week and one day off.

"Then if you want to get your documents spare no urging, for the offices are slow and disorganized now, and there is a crisis pending which may cause all work to be stopped within a few days. This afternoon there is a cabinet meeting being held, to treat of the gravest questions. It is again as in May—the conservative element locking horns with the ultra-democratic crowd. I fear it means disorders in the streets and resignations from the cabinet, unless a compromise can be found to-day. I do not say this to alarm you, but so you will follow up your papers and push them through by every means in your power."

This coming from Tatischtcheff, who was unemotional, reliable and never pessimistic, seemed to me to carry weight; and in his position as Chief of Chancellery at the Foreign Office, and on excellent terms as he was with his minister, he seemed in a position to know the situation. Thanks to his warning I at once went on to the bank and begged the manager, who was an old friend, to take personally in hand the question of the children's letter of credit and to push it through with all his powers. The American Ambassador, Mr. Francis, had promised to help me with his authority at the Foreign and Finance Ministries, so I hoped for the best.

By four-thirty o'clock all this was done, and I returned to the hotel for tea, and found there Monsieur Bark, waiting for me. He instantly made minute inquiries as to how much I had accomplished to start the preparations for the children's departure. I replied by reporting in detail my movements of the day.

Then said he smilingly: "I see someone has already warned you of the strange period upon which we are entering. You always find friends in need, and are so well

(Concluded on Page 74)

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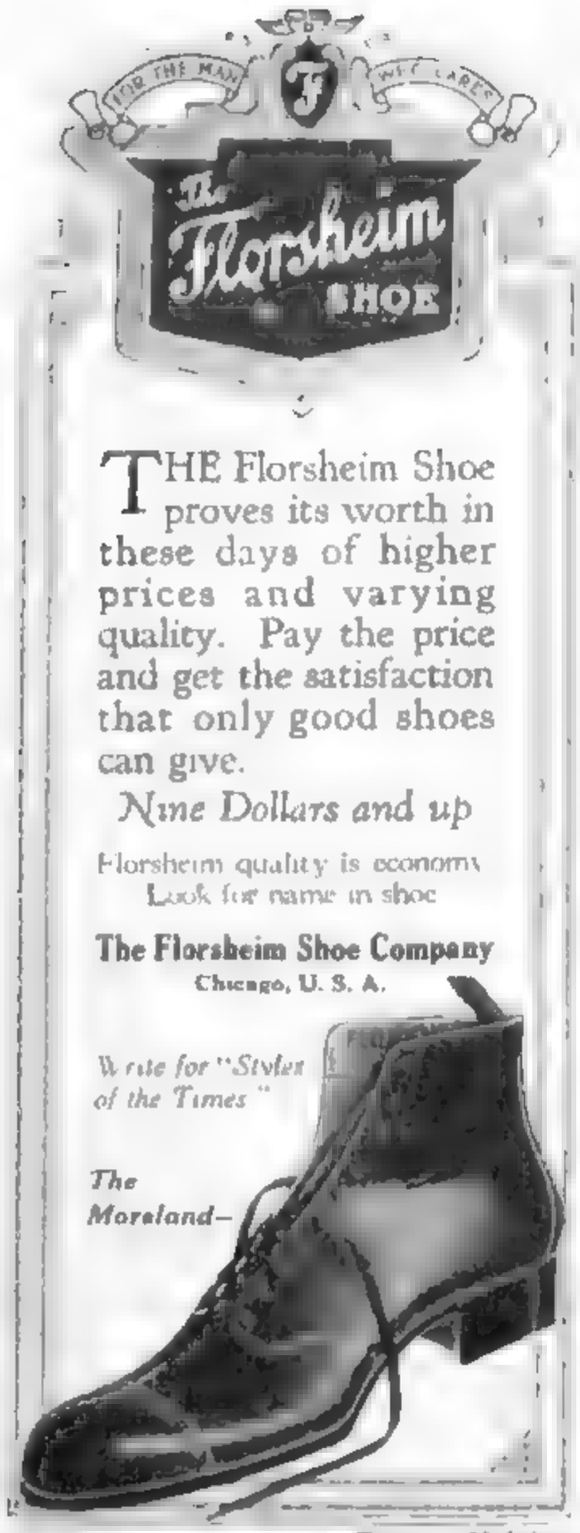
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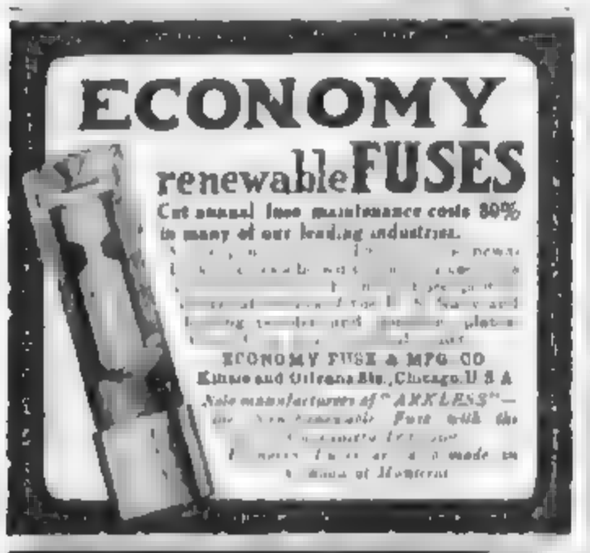

Concluded from Page 72)

guarded my anxiety was unnecessary. I also had come to tell you that in my opinion things politically look very serious for this week, and to beg you to let me be of any use I can."

With both these usually calm men showing themselves so anxious I became infected by their fears. That evening a group sat about my tea table after dinner—friends who had dropped in for a chat. Someone was reading an article on the revolution, which had appeared in an English magazine, whose editor was filled with admiration for our great qualities. It was warm, and the windows opening on my balcony, looking over the quiet park, were opened wide; the noise of the Nevskii came to us vaguely from round the corners. The little girls with their governess and nurse had retired, while my boy sat with us. Suddenly we heard the tac-tac-tac-tac of machine-gun firing piercing the air, far off at first, then approaching rapidly.

The reader stopped short, and we all looked at one another, recognizing the familiar sound. An uprising beginning. The Bolsheviki. Evidently the conservative cabinet ministers were holding out. In a moment a hotel servant appeared, followed by my frightened maid.

"Will Your Highness permit me to close the windows? The hotel director begs the windows and curtains be closed immediately, and lights put out, so attention will not be attracted."

"Just the Revolution"

My guests helped the man and maid do this, while I went into the two large nurseries adjoining my salon, and gave the order for closing their windows, too, not waking the girls, but saying that the attendants should remain dressed for the present.

When I returned to my guests they were sitting in the light of one small table lamp with a dark shade. We held a hurried consultation. The hotel director sent me a second messenger, to say the Bolsheviki wished to visit the premises, searching for firearms, and so on; that he had held them off momentarily and had telephoned asking for a force of Cossacks to guard the hotel, but until these arrived he could not stand long against the Bolsheviki's arguments if they insisted on making a tour of inspection. He therefore warned me, so I might be ready for their visit to my rooms in case it occurred.

I decided therefore that my guests should leave at once; their presence and that of the tea table would be apt to attract attention from any visitors of sinister intent. As soon as their good-bys were said the maids, the governess, my boy and I hid such valuables as I had with me in various out-of-the-way places; then I rapidly changed from my house gown to a rough traveling costume, and we waited with locked doors, but with every intention of showing ourselves hospitable, if the need presented itself, for our nocturnal visitors.

From time to time some one of my acquaintances in Petrograd telephoned to know how we were faring; and I had only good reports to give of ourselves, though the battle seemed to rage all about us through the night if one was to judge by the continuous firing. Machine guns and musketry, revolver shots and mad shouts made a bedlam of the streets about; and at intervals the deep buzz and whir of the revolutionary motor trucks passing under our windows carrying soldiers or prisoners heavily added to the din. Nurse and governess, the maid, my boy and I remained dressed and on guard for several hours, while the two younger children, who had been wakened at first by the shooting, were reassured by being told it was "just the revolution," and they turned over and went blissfully to sleep again.

I was really anxious as to what was happening about us, and to think that I had brought my little people into this turmoil! And I feared it might in some way prevent their departure. Then I tried to believe that within a week all would surely be tranquilized, and to hope that I should be able to push their papers and get everything prepared as I wished within the seven long days ahead.

At last, about one o'clock in the morning, nothing dramatic having occurred to us in spite of the continuous firing, I realized we must get what sleep we could, and leave the future to take care of its own problems. All our rooms communicated by inside doors, and were at the end of a long corridor, so that no one of us could be disturbed without the others of our party being warned. Beneath our windows the lovely old square and garden were quite empty now, the revolutionists having decided it was less exciting there than on the Nevskii side of the hotel, where there were shops and lights and crowds. Without undressing we lay down upon our beds, and my boy and I both slept immediately, and remained unconscious of our dangers till nine o'clock the following morning. In fact, the maid had to come and wake me, bringing me a breakfast tray and news sheet, and she announced that now we were quite safe, since at four in the morning the Cossacks had come, and were established in the hotel office, while the director had organized a patrol among the hotel servants, and in every corridor a man was on duty to give alarm.

I was told also the hotel restaurant would be open only from twelve to three o'clock, to give us one hot meal during the day, after which we might have cold food and tea, with the children's milk, in our rooms. I found no one would be allowed to come into the hotel, as the doors were barred to the crowded streets, and the proprietor asked that we should not try to go out, either. There were disorders everywhere, and all shops, banks and offices were closed. I found out by telephone that the government offices were also closed, so nothing could be done to push my papers. There was quiet in some parts of the city, and two or three old friends invited me to move with the children to their apartments. One asked us to the Foreign Ministry Building itself.

I steadily refused all these hospitable offers. The streets seemed to me very uninviting to move about in with nurses, babies, governesses, maids and baggage. We were, in my judgment, protected by our Cossack guardians, and the vague denomination of "tourists" in the hotel; whereas if we were to establish ourselves in a palace, whether private or governmental, we invited the attention of the multitude to a much greater extent; so we remained where we were that day and the next—Tuesday and Wednesday—as if besieged, in our big rooms, with windows closed and curtains down to prevent stray shots from coming in and with only such news from the outside as the telephone and the servants' rumors gave us.

General Polovtzoff

The shooting increased and decreased periodically, for no apparent reason. My maid went up on the roof, and from the parapet she saw the street fighting and the pillaging of some shops on the Nevskii. My boy also made trips to the roof and to the hotel office, where the Cossack guards were in possession, and the male guests of the hotel met to discuss our situation. A number of American tourist business men were of this group, and were greatly interested in what changes the demonstration would bring, thought it would last for a long time, and be serious, and that they ought to make up a guard and arm themselves for any emergency.

The Russian element, on the contrary, knowing our people, said it was just disorder, and would end soon by some agreement. The American ambassador rang me up, and I found him greatly interested in the complication, but he hoped the next few days would see a satisfactory solution. From Tatischtcheff, who telephoned me also, I learned the question in the cabinet was a difficult one to settle, and that it would probably, and disastrously, bring about the resignation of the last conservative elements still in power; thus giving the Socialists another forward push. He, like the others, seemed to think this would all be ended in a few days, and through the usual influence—the fear by the cabinet of mob rule.

There were not many deaths; there had been more destruction of property; and ferocity or bloodthirstiness was shown but little by the mob. Also, Gen. Peter Polovtzoff, in command of the garrison, was showing great energy, doing all that could be done to make his troops act as they should. He had spent every moment since the first threats of disorder either at his office or in the streets, where he had paraded at all hours in an open motor, preceded and followed by armored motors, to make himself impressive to the mob. He had harangued his troops and told them their duty, and had placed units upon which he thought he could count best at the various government buildings; and he went from one group to another, encouraging, inspecting and giving personal orders. In several instances he had on his own responsibility ordered the men to fire. This had effectively stopped the rioting, but it was far from a policy in harmony with the new régime ideas.

Polovtzoff was a very handsome man, about forty but looking younger, and carrying his picturesque Circassian uniform and arms with great elegance. He was perfectly fearless, and the officers under his command admired him immensely and were grateful to have a commander who upheld some of the strong old traditions. The soldiers felt the imposing influence of his record at the Front and his personality, and were awed into obedience.

Rich and talented, he was an amateur explorer, who had many brilliant pages in his past. He had spent most of his life traveling, fighting, writing and studying, also shooting big game or farming in Africa; and he was most attractive in society, and a great success with women, through his looks and charm, while men liked him for his pluck and work. When the war broke out the first steamer brought him home, to volunteer his services; and he was given immediately a regiment of Tartars, freshly formed in the Turkestan, because he spoke their language and understood their ways. Excellent fighters these Tartars were, and Polovtzoff's officers had been all chosen by him, and were of his own daredevil type. Indeed, Polovtzoff professed to be at his wit's end as to how to keep his regiment in hand when they were resting or in reserve.

"In a fight they don't need me at all, though. They go right in and win."

The Rise of the Bolsheviki

Tuesday evening the shooting lessened, and by Wednesday evening the city was entirely quieted.

Thursday the whole town resumed its normal aspect. The trams were running, and we all went about our business as if nothing had occurred to disturb life. My boy told me the Americans in the hotel were indignant that it had all ended so tamely, without settling the questions at issue once and for all by a real conquest, with either the mob or the government installed absolute masters of the situation. As a matter of fact the anarchists had gained a step in their advance toward power. Prince Lvoff had resigned and Kerensky was made Prime Minister, with various other socialistic elements put into the cabinet. All patriots, not only those of conservative ideas, were growing anxious at the lost ground that each day showed, and the increasing power of the mob and their German leaders. It was decidedly marked that Lenine's propaganda was growing more aggressive, and Trotzky, the anarchist, whose real name was Leo Brönstein, had arrived or was arriving to inflame the already unbalanced brains, and urge and help Lenine to do his utmost. I was glad the children were leaving; more and more so with every hour.

The young travelers were greatly wrought up at leaving, and though I knew it was the only way to have them reach safety in time I felt very anxious at launching them into the possibilities of the long trans-Siberian voyage. They looked very young and helpless as they started off, in spite of my boy's manliness and his little sister's confidence in his capacity to take care of them. Their old nurse and their governess were trustworthy; the former had been with me since my boy's birth, and was proud of and devoted to her children. Also, there were an American and his wife going, Mr. and Mrs. Winchell, to whom the American ambassador had recommended the children, and who were infinitely kind to them during the whole trip.

I was infinitely grateful to all the group of friends and officials who had facilitated the preparations of their trip and without whom the uprising of the Bolsheviki would have prevented my getting them off. As it was, the little party, well supplied with tickets, passes and funds, started off for the ends of the earth in a safe and well-appointed train, and though they had adventures and experiences, discomfort and fatigue, they ran into no dangers, and finally reached their destination safely, landing after six weeks in San Francisco.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Princess Cantacuzène. The second will appear in an early number.

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Quaker Oats Muffins

½ cup uncooked Quaker Oats, 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Let scalded milk on Quaker Oats let stand five minutes, add sugar, salt and melted butter, sift flour and baking powder, mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or more cups milk, melted butter as needed for richness of the cake.

Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture—add melted butter, add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
½ cup sugar
2 cups boiling water
1 cake yeast
¼ cup lukewarm water
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand one hour. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again until light, then bake in a moderate oven about one hour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

GETTING EVEN

(Continued from Page 13)

"He Was as Quick as a Cat and a Fancy Shot With a Six-Gun; so That 'Most Everybody Took His Jokes Good-Natured"

waiting for the cars Frank met up with a beauteous little biscuit shooter, who took a real personal interest in his nourishment and had a little time to spare evenings after supper.

"The result was that Frank got back with a tintype photograph in his left inside vest pocket and more charitable feelings under that. He hadn't quite give up the idea of making Pete feel sorry that he was ever born. He'd passed his word to play even sooner or later and he calculated to keep his word good; but he allowed that later would be time a-plenty—after he got his homestead and preëmption picked out and a good log house built on it, anyway. Pete wasn't at the ranch when he got back; he'd got Shorty to let him have a day off and had rode over to Calico Cañon to get acquainted with Old Man Tarrant and Mrs. Tarrant and the dog.

"Jessie happened to be about, as she often was, account of living there, and you never seen nobody pleasanter than what she was.

"'Ain't this a surprise! Why, Mr. Wallaby! I ain't seen you since the dance, have I?'

"'Don't you never think I was willing to let all that time go by without coming to see you,' says Pete. 'I've been just as anxious to see you as you have to see me.'

"'As much as that?' she asks, showing a dimple.

"'Maybe more,' says Pete. 'It wouldn't surprise me. You may think I'm lying; but, honest to goodness and cross my heart, that's so. When I take a notion that I like a person I just naturally want to camp with 'em. I'm uneasy when I can't see 'em—plumb uneasy and unhappy. I'm funny that way.'

"'You're funny lots of ways,' says Jessie. 'That was a real cute thing you done to Mr. Erickson at the dance.'

"'Erickson?' says Pete. 'Oh, sure! He's the gentleman that played the horn so heavenly, ain't he? Well, Miss Jessie, ma'am, I don't believe that Mr. Erickson could blow out a match at the present moment.'

"'And setting the city hall afire!' says Jessie. 'That certainly was a good joke on Blueblanket. They put the fire out first, didn't they?'

"'First—how?' Pete asks.

"'Before they put you out.'

"'I didn't hear nothing about that part of it,' says Pete. 'I think if that had happened some of the boys would have told me about it. I hope you don't think I started that fire. It was a gentleman of the name of McCarty.'

"'You threw him at the lamp, though, didn't you?' says Jessie.

"'No, ma'am!' says Pete. 'That was an accident. I aimed at the window.'

"'My!' says Jessie. 'Here I am a-setting here, and you must be thirsty after that long ride. I'm going to make you some nice cold lemonade. I guess we've got lemons in the house.'

"'That's going to take precious time,' says Pete. 'I'd rather perish with thirst, if it's just the same to you—unless you let me go with you and watch you make it.'

"Jessie told him she couldn't think of such a thing and that she wouldn't be gone much more than a minute or two. She wasn't either. In a few minutes she came back with a pitcher of nice cool lemonade and poured him out a glass of it. Pete took a sip and kind of smacked his lips.

"'That's elegant,' he says, and drunk down the rest of it.

"'Have some more,' says Jessie, giggling.

"'I'll just go you!' says Pete.

"He didn't sip that time, but just tilted the glass and took it in a breath. Jessie looked at him kind of curious as he gave her a grateful smile.

"'I don't like to act like a hog, but I wonder if there ain't maybe a little left in that pitcher,' he says, holding out his glass again. 'But maybe you'd like some yourself. I'm mighty selfish, ain't I? You take what's left—or we'll share it.'

"'I wouldn't choose any, thank you,' says Jessie. She took up the pitcher and poured the rest of the lemonade over the rail of the porch. 'I'll make you some more,' she says, 'if you're sure you want it.'

"Pete bent over to look where she'd poured.

"'Ain't you afraid you'll kill them posies?' he asks. 'They say salt ain't good for flowers.'

"'I guess it takes the freshness out of them,' says Jessie. 'Shall I make you some more?'

"'It keeps things, of course,' says Pete. 'But you don't need to worry about keeping me. You can't lose me. You can't even mislay me, Jessie.'

"He looked at her pretty straight, smiling, but kind of serious too. For once in her life Jessie didn't know what to say for as much as five seconds. Then she said:

"'Ain't you a little mite familiar on short acquaintance, Mr. Wallaby?'

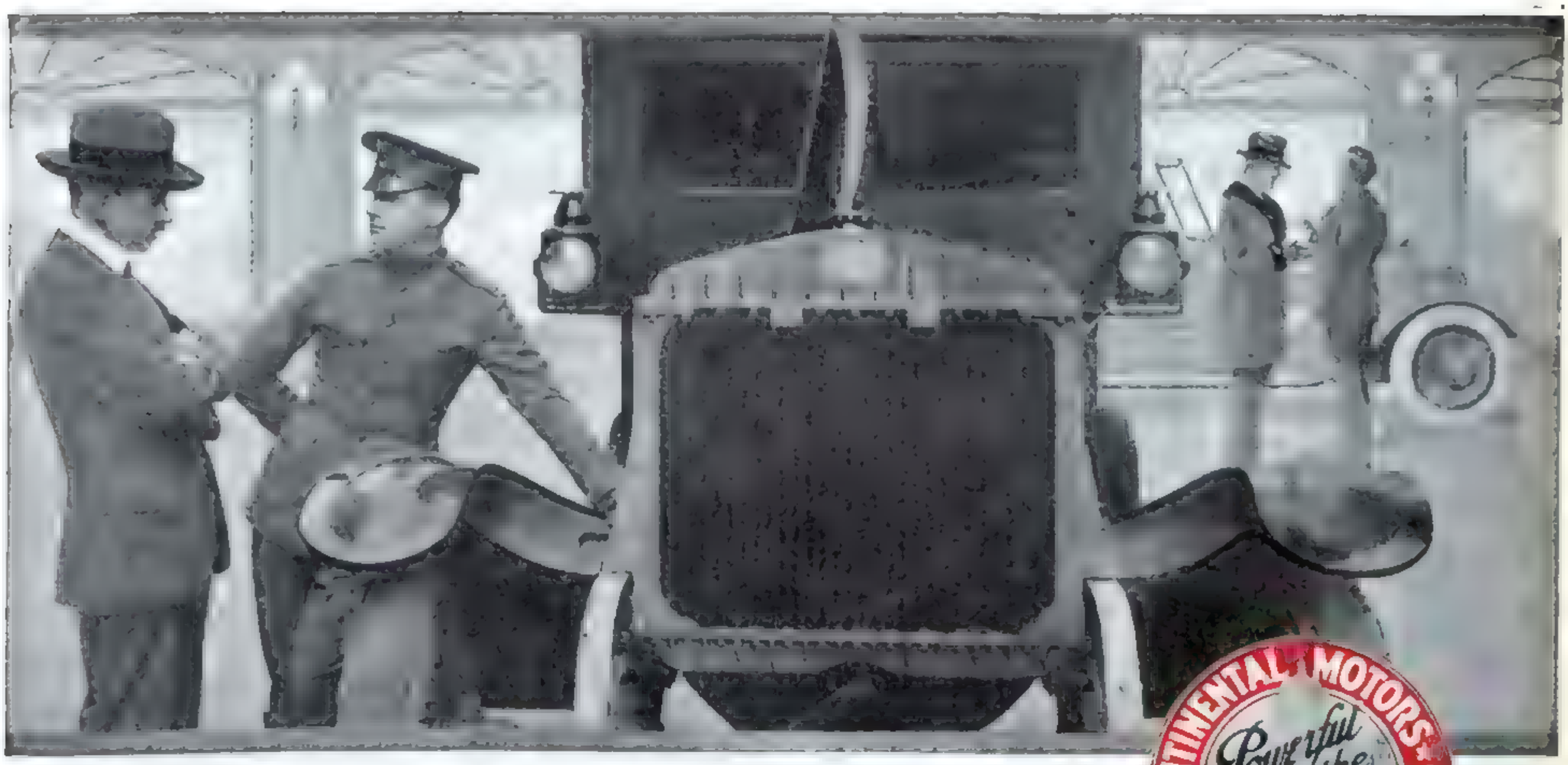
"'Why—bless your sweet, pretty little heart!—ours ain't a short acquaintance,' says Pete. 'It's just a beginning, of course, but it's going to last as long as we both live.'

"'If that's so I don't believe I want to live long,' says Jessie. 'Oh, ma! I want you to come here and meet Mr. Wallaby. Mr. Wallaby's the gentleman who changed the buggy wheels round on Frank Ellis and me the night of the dance.'

"I know lots of men who would have been plumb discouraged by a start like that, but Pete Wallaby didn't have enough sense to let it faze him. From that time on he was a regular and occasional caller at the Calico Cañon Ranch, and he acted like he knew he was more than welcome. He made himself solid with Tarrant by breaking in some colts the old man had in good shape and by turning his hand to any little odd jobs that seemed to be crowding when he was there. He got a stand-in with the old lady by ways and means that generally works if a man ain't too busy with daughter to use 'em right along. He made friends with the dog and he didn't overlook the cat, and it seemed like Jessie was the only one that didn't appear to want him round—and there was times when she acted more like he was one of the other boys that wore out them forty-mile trails to the ranch.

"Them trails soon begun to get dim and grown over with grass and weeds—all except

(Continued on Page 78)



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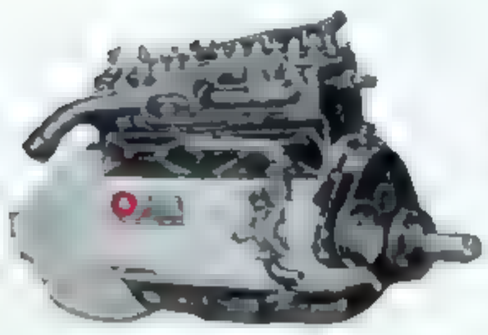

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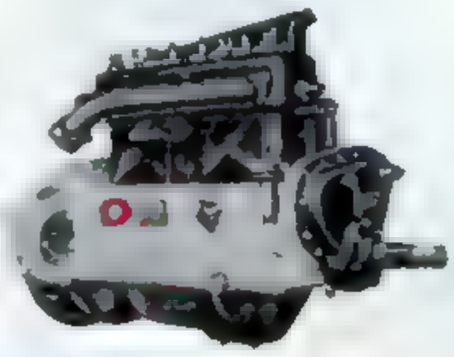

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(Continued from Page 76)

the one from the Flying V. One by one the boys got less regular and more occasional, and then less occasional and only once in a devil of a while. Nothing real awful ever happened to 'em, but Pete had a way of slapping them on the back, to show his friendliness, that was too plumb vigorous to suit 'em; and some of the jokes he played on them wasn't taken as good-natured as a joke ought to be took—not nearly so good-natured as he took the jokes that Jessie played on him right along.

"She wasn't no more than a little copy-cat—using all the old stand-bys, beginning with the salt in the lemonade; but I reckon she done her best for a beginner. She pulled his chair away as he was a-going to set down; she gave him a cigareet that she had rolled herself, with a pinch of powder in the tobacco; she blacked the sweatband inside his hat with soot off the stove lid mixed with lard; and she locked him in the barn for a whole afternoon when he went to put his horse up. Tarrant was out with the wagon after pitch-pine and her mother was in the kitchen that afternoon, so nobody seen her.

"The aggravating thing was that none of them things she done to him panned out the way she had figured. When she pulled the chair away Pete didn't hardly more'n crook his knees and throw himself a little forward to keep his balance. I reckon that by busting broncos which is apt to make sudden and unexpected moves, and doing it as a steady job, a man gets a little extry spry and hard to surprise. Anyway, Pete didn't jar the floor none whatever, and when he straightened up he apologized to Miss Jessie right humble for having his chair in her gangway. When he lit her loaded cigareet, what with the way she had rolled it and the way he held it, he didn't so much as singe a hair of his mustache, and the blister on his thumb didn't raise until later on. She never seen it and he didn't mention it. All he done was grin at her like he'd grinned at Erickson.

"'That's good tobacco, Miss Jessie,' he says; 'free-burning as any I ever smoked. You ain't got a little more that you could spare, have you, please, ma'am?'

"'I don't believe you like it as well as you let on,' says Jessie, a considerable disappointed.

"'Not for smoking, maybe,' says Pete; 'but I could use it for blasting stumps on our claim. I didn't tell you about that claim of ours on Lower Horsehead, did I? I'm plumb forgetful! Why, yes; I aim to take you out there pretty soon to see how you are going to like it; but I want to do a little fixing up first. Them stumps is right where you'll want to have your posies.'

"'I guess you're mistaken,' she says. 'They won't be no more in the way of any posies I raise than if they was on the moon.'

"'Maybe that's so,' says Pete. 'If we build the house to the south of the stumps, so's they'll get the shade, you might grow ferns round 'em; but I'll leave it until you see. There ain't no rush.'

"Jessie said she hoped there wasn't and allowed that she heard her ma calling her.

"Similar, when she fixed his hat. He put it on, but he seemed to sense there was something wrong and took it off again and looked inside and run his finger round in it.

"'I reckon I must have got some black on my forehead,' he says. 'If you'll excuse me I'll go round to the wash-bench and get it off.' Which he done.

"And when she locked him up in the barn he stayed so quiet that she got curious along about sundown, and just before Tarrant got back with his wood she went out and found Mr. Wallaby curled up, fast asleep in the haymow. She tiptoed back to the house and after a while Pete come in and apologized to her.

"'I didn't aim to take more'n about fifty winks at the outside after I put the little horse up,' he says, 'but I certainly overslept. I sure wasn't polite to come out to visit folks and then sneak out to the barn and go to sleep without even saying howdy. I hope you'll kindly excuse me.'

"'I don't know as you was so much to blame,' says Jessie, trying to keep a straight face. 'Considering that there was a three-inch iron bar and a padlock in the way of your getting out, I ain't real offended—specially as I snapped the padlock on you myself.'

"Pete looked at her and then busted out into one of his laughs.

"'Oh me, oh my!' he says, wiping his eyes. 'Do you reckon I was too blind to see you a-coming, and too deef to hear you wrastling with the bar, and too crippled to drop six foot down to the ground out of the haymow door? Oh, gal! Ho-ho-ho-ho!'

"'Stop that noise!' says Jessie, holding her fingers to her ears. 'If it was so easy to get out, why did you stay in?'

"'Because I allowed you wanted me to stay in, of course,' says Pete. 'Your wishes is my law and gospel. Yes, ma'am! And, besides, I needed that sleep. It certainly done me a heap of good.'

"That made Jessie so mad she couldn't see straight, and she would scarcely speak to him for nearly a week after—not more than she had to. It certainly looked like to her that she wasn't getting even with Mr. Wallaby the way she figured the night of the Blueblanket dance, and she hadn't begun to break him of his smart-Aleck ways. Setting apart the getting even, she wasn't sure but if he could be broke of 'em he wouldn't be so dog-gone revolting, and some fool girl or another might take a notion to him and do worse than slap her brand on him. She wasn't sure but what his coming round all the time and making a nuisance of himself wasn't just because he knew how she just naturally despised him and wanted to plague her. She wasn't sure. That was the trouble—she wasn't sure; and no girl likes to feel thataway. It makes 'em uneasy and restless.

"But, so far as Pete's motives was concerned, he settled her mind as to that about the time she'd got over her mad. One morning he come up to the house riding his own slabaided, wicked-eyed buckskin and leading a bright bay with one white stocking, the prettiest-shaped and sweetest-gaited little horse you ever seen, and slicked up so he just flashed in the sun. Jessie was out in the yard feeding her chickens, and when she seen that picture come along she dropped her pan and come a-running.

"'Oh, you beauty!' she says. 'You beauty! Where did you get him, Mr Wallaby?'

"'That plug?' says Pete. 'Why, I just kind of run acrost him a month or two ago. I think I traded a can of tomatoes for him; but I allowed that if I had luck I might get something I wanted worse than tomatoes.'

"Jessie had her arm round the bay's neck by that time, and was laying her cheek against him and loving him and talking to him in a way that was mighty aggravating and tantalizing and provoking to a human male who had to sit and watch it. The bay took it all like a lamb and nuzzled her right back.

"'You see how little sperit he's got,' says Pete. 'Old Buck, here, would bite a four-pound mouthful out of anybody who tried to take them kind of liberties with him. I wouldn't wonder but the tame-souled little son-of-a-gun would let you ride him. Yes, sir, ma'am; I believe he's that meek and undignified.'

"Jessie looked at him and let her eyes talk when he said that.

"'Well, I reckon I'll have to be moving on,' says Pete. 'I just stopped on my way. I didn't know but what I might get asked to light and rest myself a spell. I couldn't have stayed though. I've got to find somebody to take him off my hands. I kind of hate to shoot him.'

"'Do you sure enough want to trade him off—or sell him?' says Jessie, her breath coming quick. 'If you do and if you don't open your mouth too wide on the price I might make a deal with you myself.' She tried to say it careless and easy, but she was too excited to make it sound thataway. Pete only laughed and shook his head, and jerked gentle but firm on the bay's hackamore.

"'I guess I'll be moving,' he says. 'So long!'

"Jessie stepped back as he started, and her eyes snapped and then filled with tears. Pete put old Buckskin into a lope like he had to get somewheres in a hurry, but he hadn't gone a dozen jumps before he wheeled sharp round and trotted up to the barn, chuckling to himself, and slipped off and opened the door.

"'Go get your riding skirt on while I saddle up for you,' he called over his shoulder. 'I'll bet you the horse against a choke-cherry pie that I beat you.'

"Pete Wallaby was one of the swiftest men I ever see a-working round a horse, but he hadn't quite finished buckling the cinch of Jessie's sidesaddle when she come a-running out all fixed up for a ride and with the quirt that Pete had braided for her dangling at her wrist.

(Continued on Page 81

GIULIO CRIMI

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The New Vocalion Record— Crimi's "On With the Play."

THIS wonderful aria from "Pagliacci" is far more than a mere song. In its beautiful melody, the composer has sounded the depths of human emotion. The very notes themselves voice the anguish of the poor clown who, despite a breaking heart, must carry through his part to the end.

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The AEOLIAN VOCALION Made by The AEOLIAN COMPANY

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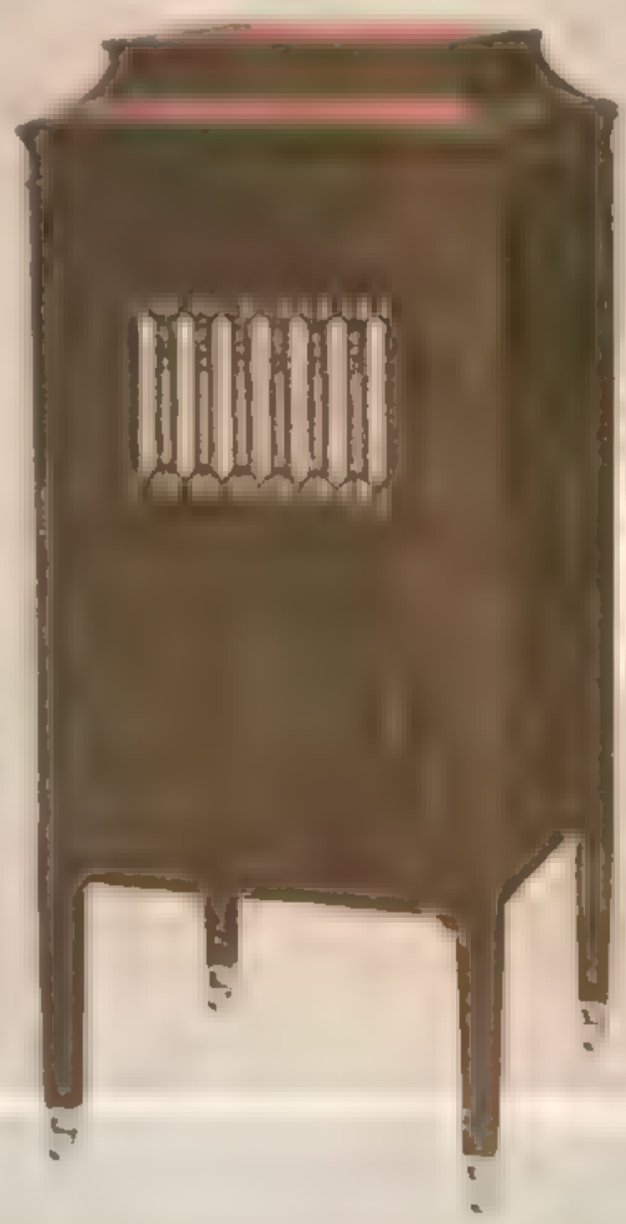

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HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"

(Continued from Page 78)

"'You win and I lose a can of tomatoes,' says Pete, grinning at her.

"She laughed like a tickled kid.

"'I could have killed you!' she says. 'You torment!'

"Pete stooped and held out his hand, and she put her little foot in it and went up into the saddle like a bird on to a twig. The next moment she was outside the bars and streaking it over the flat, squealing with joy, and the bay running like a scared wolf.

"Pete didn't lose no time following her, and there wasn't anything in the country that his ornery buckskin couldn't cover with dust and disgrace; but for the first mile he held back just for the pleasure of watching that girl and the bay; and they was both worth the watching, let me tell you. Every once in a while Jessie turned in her saddle and waved her hand at him, and Pete swung his quirt right and left as if he was pounding old Buck along the best he knew; but finally he slacked on the bridle and rode up alongside.

"'How do you like him?' he asked her.

"'I didn't know there was horses like him!' says Jessie, her face just alight. 'He's like a rocking-chair on wings and springs, and a mouth like velvet.' She pulled in a little. 'And see him single-foot! And how easy he checks up! Let's go again.'

"They went, and they kept on a-going. It was one of them bright September mornings with just a tang of cool in the air, when a long breath is almost as good as a drink. And them two took several long breaths, so that the most of the ride they was laughing at nothing at all and carrying on like a couple of fools. And after a while they got to the high broken ground above Benton's, where you can see all creation and quite a ways over the edge; and they sat down there, with their backs against a warm rock, and et a light lunch of chocolate creams from a fancy box all tied up with ribbons that Pete had brought along rolled in his slicker, while the horses, with their bridles dragging, cropped at the short grass.

"'My! I've just naturally got to have that horse,' says Jessie.

"'He's yours, ain't he?' says Pete. 'Didn't you win him on a bet?'

"'Don't be foolish!' she says. 'You don't suppose I'd take you up on a thing like that, do you? Well, I guess not!'

"'I was afraid you was a-going to,' says Pete. 'That's certainly a load offen my mind, because, to tell you the truth, I bought that horse and broke him and trained him for a present to my wife.'

"Jessie looked straight out at the scenery for quite a spell. After a while she says:

"'I didn't know—that you had a wife.'

"Pete kicked a rock loose with the heel of his boot and bent over to pick it up and toss it over the bluff.

"'Didn't you?' he says. Then he pointed over to where Horsehead lay like a curly string of tinsel off a Christmas tree. 'Over there in a line with that dead cedar is where I packed out that claim.' He turned on his elbow to look at her. 'Why, as to that, I ain't got no wife yet. I just got nothing but hopes; but —— Geegosh!'

"He made a quick move and got his arms round her, and the next minute she was sobbing on his shirt bosom like her little heart would break. Pete couldn't do much more than pat her and soothe her; but she lifted her face at last and he got his chance. Jessie took it pretty well for a while, and then she broke away with a jerk, using his ears for leverage.

"'That's one more thing I'm going to get even with you for!' she says, blazing out at him.

"'You're going to marry me, ain't you, honey?' says Pete.

"'I—I've certainly got to have that horse,' she says. 'If you'll wait till the first of next April, why, then ——'

"I thought I heard wheels," said the old bullwhacker. "Pass Creek must be running bankful or the stage would have been here by this time," he observed. "And that lad in the bunk couldn't have had no sleep for a week."

"Well, did Jessie play even?" inquired the stock tender; whereat the Hat Creek granger gloomily remarked that if she married him she did. "Pip's married, so he ought to know," continued the stock tender. "But did she break him of his joking, Sam?"

"I told you that all you jokers gets broke sooner or later," replied the old bullwhacker. "Yes, she married him, and they went to live on the Horsehead claim. For a right smart of a while it was give and take with them and Pete had to do most of the taking. One time she soaked the heads of all the matches that he had in his vest pocket and he like to died for a smoke before he got back; another time she put mustard in his boots and he had to quit breaking sod and sit in the kitchen with his feet up on a chair for a day or two and watch her fill the wood box and carry in the water, which he told her was worse pain than his feet.

"Frank's claim was only six or seven miles from them, and him and Frank and the womenfolks neighbored a considerable. But, for all Jessie done to show him the error of his ways, Pete would break out in a new place with some monkey trick—until finally Jessie turned loose and told him just what she thought of him. It was right after Pete had tied the flowers off her best hat to some plants in the back yard that wasn't expected to bloom for a month or two. I'm bound to say that them flowers looked pretty too. Anyway, she opened up on Pete good and plenty.

"'You big grinning lummox!' she says, stamping her foot, 'I hate the sight of you! And what possessed me to marry you I can't think. I always did hate you! I wish I had died before I ever seen you!'

"Pete turned white.

"'You don't mean that, Jessie gal!' he says.

"'Don't I?' says Jessie. 'You bet I do, you fool! You fool! I hate you, and I'd like never to see your silly face again.'

"Pete didn't say nothing to that; he just went out to the barn and saddled up old Buck and rode off like the devil was after him. It had took him a heap by surprise what Jessie had said, though she'd been turrible cranky and ugly with him for a month past or more, acting so unreasonable that he didn't hardly know what to make of it, and going off by herself to bawl a whole lot; whereas she'd always been just the opposite, and, even with the jokes, they'd had great times together in that little new house.

"Anyway, only the day before that, Shorty Williams had been after Pete to take a shipment of cattle for him to South Omaha, account of Harvey Lowe, who'd generally took them, being sick with a broken leg. Pete had begged off, but now he begun to think—when he got so's he could think—that a trip to Omaha would be like a providence.

"So he headed for the Flying V and found it wasn't too late to get the job. Before he left he sent word to Jessie by one of the boys to say where he'd gone if she wanted to write to him in care of the commission house; and he sent word to Frank Ellis to have him see that Jessie didn't need nothing, and to take her to Calico Cañon if she wanted to visit her folks.

"'I'll wait there until she sends for me too,' he says to himself.

"Whether it was the bullheaded streak in him and whether Jessie allowed that he'd come back without her sending for him, I don't know. What I do know is that Pete stayed in Omaha for the best part of two months, taking a job in the stockyards to pass the time. Frank Ellis said that he didn't look as if he had been enjoying himself when he got back—sort of like he'd been wrung out and drawed through a knothole, and his eyes like two burnt holes in a blanket. He stopped at Frank's place, but he wouldn't get off his horse.

"'Is everything all right up at the house?' he asks, kind of croaking. 'Jessie's all right, ain't she?'

"'Why, yes,' says Frank. 'Ain't you seen her? The last I heard she was looking fine and feeling fine. Didn't you know she was at the cañon with her folks?'

"'I don't know nothing,' says Pete. 'I missed connections with my mail and I just got back. She's all right, is she?'

"Frank looked at him kind of curious.

"'I told you,' he says.

"'Well, what are you looking at me thataway for?' says Pete, glaring at him.

"'You ain't heard nothing?' says Frank. 'Nothing at all?'

"'I'll get down off this horse and squeeze it out of your throat if you'd rather,' says Pete, snarling.

"'Oh, well,' says Frank. 'I'll tell you this much, then. You'd better get over to the cañon and look after things. Jessie seems to have took up with a young fellow—a stranger in these parts—that —— Well, there's been talk about it. He's a good-looking boy, and

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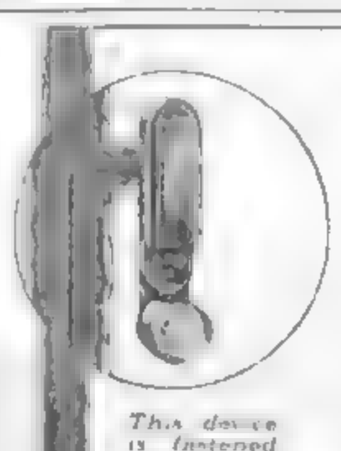

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he's with your wife the most of the time lately. I guess ——'

"'You're a low-down liar!' says Pete, very slow and very earnest.

"He looked at Frank for a moment, but Frank didn't say nothing; only grinned sort of foolish.

"'The next time I see you I'll kill you as sure as God made little apples, unless you kill me first,' says Pete; and with that he turned and rode off.

"Frank hollered at him once or twice, but he didn't pay no attention. About a mile from Tarrants' he stopped and took his gun from the scabbard and looked it over. Then he rode on to the house and knocked at the door. Mrs. Tarrant opened it and she didn't look tickled to death to see him.

"'Oh, you've come back, have you?' she says.

"'Yes, ma'am,' says Pete, quiet and sober. 'I've come back. Where's Jessie?'

"'She's in the setting room,' says the old lady; 'but I don't know as you'd better go a-busting in. She's got ——'

"'She's got company, I presume,' says Pete in the same slow, quiet way. 'That's what they tell me. I guess I'll see the company, too, please, ma'am, if you'll let me pass.'

"'I don't like the way you look, Peter, or the way you act,' says Mrs. Tarrant, still blocking the gangway. 'You —— There! You've woke him.'

"There was a sound come from the room beyond, a sound that there ain't nothing on earth like it except cats. A cat comes a-nigh it sometimes. It rose up full and strong, and Pete staggered back as he heard it. It was Jessie's company calling for nourishment or complaining of a pin.

"'My Lord!' he says. 'Great Geegosh! Is that it?'

"The next minute he let out a yell that would have woke up all the babies for a mile round.

"'Jessie! Oh, Jessie gal!' And he started for the setting room just as Jessie flung open the door and made a flying leap into his arms."

The stock tender swore *sotto voce.*

"You ought to know better than to whoop like that!" he told the old bullwhacker reproachfully.

The three listened and a slight noise came from the stage barn.

"I told you so!" said the stock tender. "And here's the stage a-coming through the Gap, too."

More noises from the barn; this time produced by the human voice—language unmistakably wrathful, loudly and shockingly profane, fluent and threatening.

"I thought you was making a mistake to leave that there shaving mirror of yours hanging where he could see it when he woke, Hank," remarked the old bullwhacker mildly. "I thought so at the time."

Spurs clanked on the barn floor; and, with a step indicating direct purpose and instant action and his painted visage diabolically contorted, the Z Bell boy emerged into the sunlight and made straight for the stock tender, who, after a second's hesitation, retreated to the shed where the change of horses for the stage was tied, harnessed for a rapid transfer.

To jerk a halter loose and leap to the back of one of the animals was, for the stock tender, the work of an instant; and he escaped from the shed just in time to evade the outraged Mr. Pollett, who promptly jumped on another of the horses and, lashing it to a gallop with the end of the halter rope, took up the chase.

"We're sure getting that break in the monotony of our dull lives," the old bullwhacker remarked, grinning happily as he and the Hat Creek granger watched the progress of the race. "Them horses is about an even match and I doubt if they stop this side of the Cheyenne."

He chuckled and then lifted up his voice in a shrill whoop of encouragement.

"I was a-going to say that Pete Wallaby never played another joke on anybody from that day to this," he resumed after an interested pause. "I reckon by the time Hank gets through with his victim, or his victim gets through with him, he'll be a leetle mite careful in future himself."

A. W. O. L.

(Continued from Page 10)

An hour before noon they had routed the artillery.

"Well, so long, you guys!" they cried. "Don't go and waste your coin."

The artillerymen made a fitting reply—which a lingering sense of decency stays me from setting down—and Hardtack and Wally went on about their business. They walked out into a field on the edge of the town and sat down under a tree. The bottle was opened and each took a long swig, ceremoniously wishing the other "Happy days!"

"You just cain't git any answer out of this stuff, Wally," said Hardtack, making a wry face.

"Don't I know? But it's better'n nothing." To prove it he tilted the bottle again; and then grew reminiscent. "Did I ever tell you about Uncle Ned?" he inquired.

"Uh-huh! What about him? Was he a booze fighter?"

"He sure was! Uncle Ned went all the gaits until he was round sixty years old—never missed a bet. Every time he came downtown he used to go into Doc Presley's office and the two of 'em would take a drink. But along in the fall, after his sixtieth birthday, Uncle Ned got religion; and nobody saw anything of him at all, except the parson and them that went to church.

"Well, one fine morning he blowed into Doc Presley's office and pulled up a chair.

"'So you've got religion, Uncle Ned?' says Doc. 'And I hear you're wild for prohibition.'

"'I have,' says Uncle Ned; 'and I am. I'm glad and proud to say it. At my age a man had ought to think about the hereafter. And liquor is a curse. Yes, sir; I'm for prohibition and I'm proud of it.'

"Well, Presley just sat there and never said a word. So Uncle Ned pipes up:

"'But I ain't no darned fool about it, Doc. Get out the bottle!'"

They counted their ill-gotten gains, straightening out and pressing into shape each mangled note. And then they leaned back and gloated.

"*Beaucoup* francs!" said Wally in a hushed religious tone. "Boy howdy!"

"Five hundred and seventy—how much does that make apiece? Say, it don't seem right to go back and just lay round with all that money, does it? Money had ought to be workin' for you, Wally."

They stared at each other a moment.

"We'd get hell though," Wally objected. "It'd mean six-and-six for us, sure!"

But his bunkie would not admit it.

"Uh-huh!" he said. "Not with this war on. How could they take six months' pay offa me when I ain't got it comin'? Hey? They already got me owin' for the rest of my life. Besides, they'd never give us six months over here. No, sir; the worst they'd do, it looks like, would be to hand us all the dangerous jobs for a spell. And that's music to me."

"Me too," assented Wally.

They discussed the prospects in cold blood a while longer, then finished the bottle and rose to their feet.

"Which way'll we head?"

"One's as good as another, just so we git where they cain't find us," Hardtack opined; and they started westward.

In such fashion did the trouble begin. They trudged along the road a few miles and then bummed a ride from a passing truck. It was a French truck, driven by Americans.

"Sittin' on the world!" said Wally, sprawled at ease on the floor. "Maybe this doesn't beat cleaning up in billets—hey, Old-timer!"

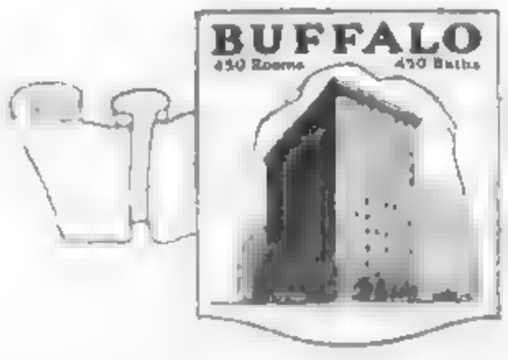
They stopped in a village for dinner, and the two absentees treated the driver and his assistant. They had sardines and *œufs sur le plat*—which is to say they were fried—and a salad of endives; and two bottles of red wine; and cheese that raised the hair on the back of Wally's neck as soon as it entered the door; and coffee sweetened with saccharine. The landlady refused to serve bread because none of them had a bread card; but the driver found half a white loaf under the seat.

"I just cain't go this fodder," remarked Hardtack, holding up a piece of endive. "And as for aiggs, if this war keeps up much longer I won't never be able to look a chicken in the face."

"You mean a hen," said Wally. "I know you!"

(Continued on Page 85)

Hotels Statler



To the Business Traveler from Anywhere

The best hotel in any city is none too good for the man who travels on important business. These are high-pressure days; and the man who *keeps at his best* is serving his job and his country as truly as himself.

Your comfort and convenience, your well-being and peace of mind — and therefore your business effectiveness — *depend to no small extent upon your hotel.* Because the Statlers recognize that fact they do more than you would expect toward giving you *a comfortable home* in Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit or St. Louis, any time you come to them.

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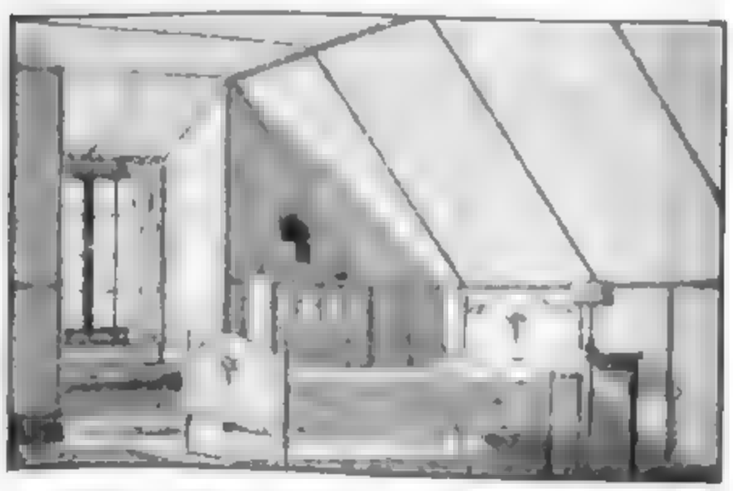

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BEAVER BOARD

FOR BETTER WALLS & CEILINGS

(Continued from Page 82)

The quartet piled into the truck and went bowling along at twenty miles an hour. Then Hardtack fished out his dice and they slowed their pace, because the driver wanted to watch while his assistant played; and when the assistant drove he kept his head turned for every throw the driver made. They covered fifty miles and arrived at a large town.

"Well, so long, you two!" chorused the pair. "Much obliged."

"If I ever give another guy a ride on the road," said the driver between his teeth, "I hope to die."

"Me and you both," assented his assistant mournfully.

As for Hardtack and Wally, they were at peace with the world.

"Seven hundred and ten now, Old-timer!" cried the former. "Let's go spend it. But keep your eye peeled for a 'gold brick.' You never know where you'll run into the scoundrels."

It's a fact—you don't. There's hardly a corner of France nowadays that can't produce a military policeman from the side of the road. American M. P.'s are as thick on the highways as traffic cops on Fifth Avenue. You'll be tearing merrily along in a car, far, far from any soldiery, thanking heaven you're out of a military zone for a change, when suddenly a figure in khaki steps into the road from the ditch and holds up his hand.

"Where's your pass?" he demands.

Or two honest soldiers, like Hardtack and Wally, will set out from camp for a walk, and perhaps stray into a town where there isn't a sign of a soldier—and, first thing they know, an M. P. with an automatic on his hip and a brassard on his arm, and the authority of the whole United States Army to back him, yells:

"Hi! Where you two bound? Home? Yes, I guess you are goin' home! Beat it now, before I take you up. I'll give you five minutes to get out of this burg. It's out of bounds, and you know it."

Nobody dares to talk back to an M. P. He and a sentry are the only two privates in the Army who have got the bulge on an officer. If a "gold brick" tells a homeward-bound officer at one A. M. to cut out that singin' and get to bed the officer makes a bee line for his billet. His dignity may be offended, but he knows better than to question the authority of the military police. An M. P. can arrest any officer up to a colonel; and I suspect that even a brigadier general would hesitate to take a fall out of one. They're a sort of sacred animals.

Dodging Gold Bricks

How the boys do dodge them! I was talking to an M. P. named Wilson in a certain city last spring when far down the road appeared the forms of two doughboys.

"Watch 'em!" he said. "They know they've got no business here."

It appeared that the soldiers' consciences bothered them, for they hesitated fully a quarter of a mile distant and held a council, gazing alternately from us to the street that led to the heart of the city. There was wistfulness in every line of their figures.

"They'll go back," opined Wilson grimly.

Sure enough, they did. They wabbled round a few minutes and then started slowly back the way they had come. Their battalion was billeted in three villages about four miles to the south.

Hardtack and Wally contrived to elude the vigilance of the gold bricks for a couple of days, and then one of them spotted the pair in an alley. But Hardtack had seen him first. The two shook the dust of that place from their feet and legged it.

"Maybe we'd ought to hit back," Hardtack suggested.

"Why, we ain't spent half our money yet!" exclaimed Wally in pained surprise.

"All the same," argued Hardtack stoutly, "I'd liefer go back myself than be took up."

They debated the point for five miles and Wally was finally convinced, sorely against his will.

"All right. But do you know where we're at?"

Beyond the fact that he had a shrewd notion they were still in France, Hardtack had no more idea than had Wally.

"Well, anyhow, let's grab a ride. Maybe we can jump a train at this next station. My feet're killin' me."

It happened that a troop train passed within the next half hour, and they hopped aboard. The train was made up of third-class coaches and the familiar wartime box cars, labeled "*8 chevaux ou 40 hommes.*" All the soldiers were poilus, bound for the Montdidier sector.

But Hardtack and Wally did not know that. They fondly imagined they were traveling toward Toul, whereas they were headed in the opposite direction. And none of the Frenchmen could tell them their mistake. Wally tried to converse with them and pretended to his bunkie that he was carrying on a conversation; but the only time he understood what they said to him was when a poilu borrowed a match—and then he took it out of Wally's hand!

For thirty hours they trundled across the face of France, now stopping on a sidetrack until the line was clear for them, now pausing at a station, where women in the uniform of the French Red Cross served them hot coffee. At last, in the dark of midnight, the train drew into Gisors and the soldiers piled out.

A marvelous thing is the ability of the American soldier to go anywhere he wants and obtain anything he needs without the slightest knowledge of the language of the country in which he finds himself. I remember an old regular who belonged to Company M of the Sixteenth Infantry. While his company was in the Toul sector he was ordered to join another regiment 'way down in the south of France.

"I'll be about as welcome there as the mumps," he said glumly.

Dropping the Depth Charge

He went; but in three weeks he came back. What did they think he was, anyhow? Do you suppose he was goin' to dog-rob for the engineers while the other guys was fightin' at the Front? Without being able to speak a syllable of French, except *Comment?* and *Oui*, and with only three francs—sixty cents—in his pocket, he made his way hundreds of miles back to his own organization.

So with Hardtack and Wally; they experienced no difficulty whatever in amusing themselves or in getting all their wants supplied. There were no American troops near Gisors at the time. A couple of French military police accosted the pair and demanded their papers, but Hardtack was prepared for such an emergency. He flashed a commissary sales receipt. The Frenchman perused it long and carefully; then he handed it back—with a "*Merci, m'sieu!*"—and permitted them to go.

"*Adios*, Old-timer!" said Hardtack. "*Au reservoir!*"

They had the only sort of time they knew how to have among a strange people. I regret to say that various beverages played a part in it. The result showed a few days later when the pair wandered down to the stream that flows through the center of the city and went fishing with a hand grenade. Hardtack had carried the murderous missile in his coat pocket ever since they started.

There arose a geyser of water and a loud explosion, and sundry citizens came running. Among them were several soldiers. But what chilled the blood in the absentees' veins was the sight of a familiar uniform bearing down on them. It was an American M. P.

"Holy mackerel! Here comes a gold brick, Wally!" exclaimed Hardtack. "Where did he blow in from? Let's beat it!"

It was too late, however. The M. P. was close to them; and, even had the pair tried to flee, the Frenchmen gathered round would not have permitted it. They were quite willing that the two should be disciplined by one of their own race, but disciplined they must be by somebody. *Oo, là là!* Who but a wild American would ever think of fishing in the middle of the city with a hand grenade?

"Here!" cried the gold brick. "What're you two guys up to, anyhow? Who threw that bomb?"

Hardtack confessed it.

"Well, what do you mean by it—hey? What do you mean by it?"

"It weren't a bomb, buddy," declared Hardtack solemnly. "It was a depth charge. Me and Wally here was tryin' to get a submarine."

"What're you trying to pull? Here! Submarine! In that little crick?"

"Sure, Mike!" was the calm rejoinder. "And we got one too! Didn't we, Wally? We seen some oil rise to the surface."

The M. P. eyed him like a rattlesnake.

"You're drunk!" he said.

"We are not!" they retorted with dignity.

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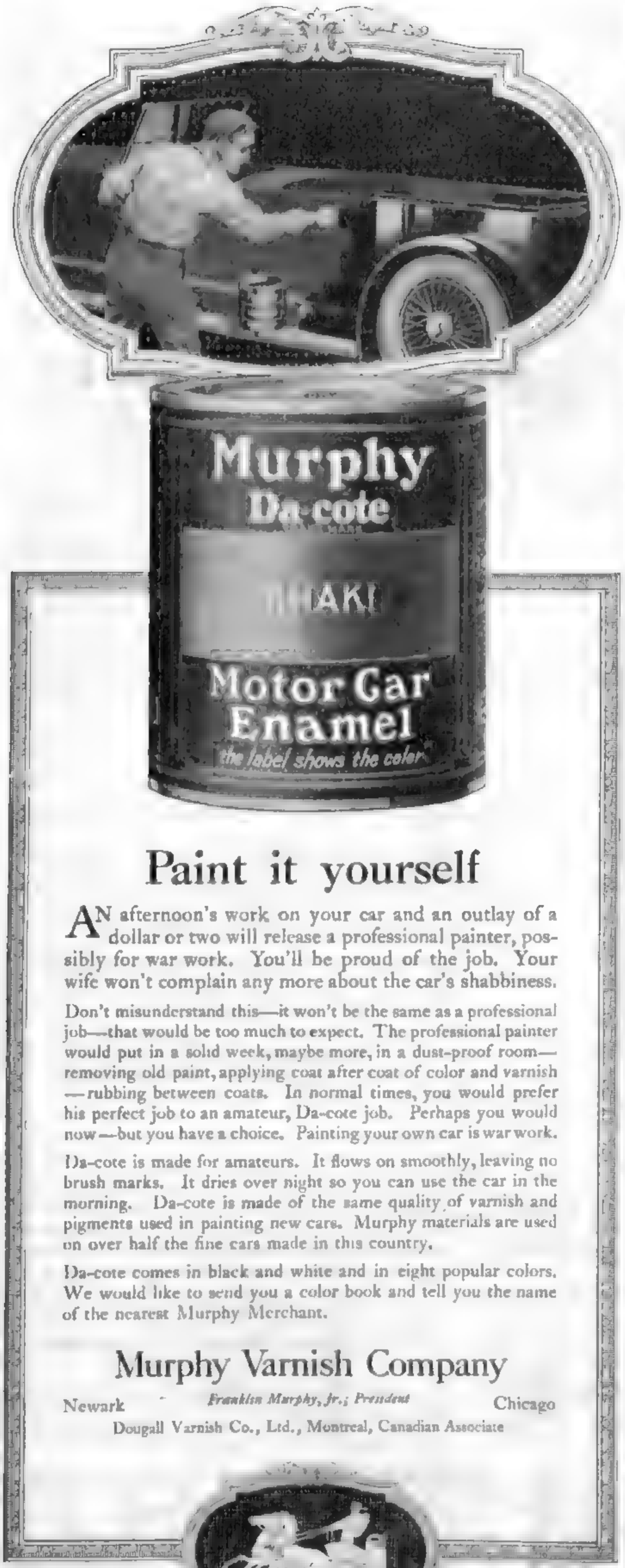

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Don't misunderstand this—it won't be the same as a professional job—that would be too much to expect. The professional painter would put in a solid week, maybe more, in a dust-proof room—removing old paint, applying coat after coat of color and varnish—rubbing between coats. In normal times, you would prefer his perfect job to an amateur, Da-cote job. Perhaps you would now—but you have a choice. Painting your own car is war work.

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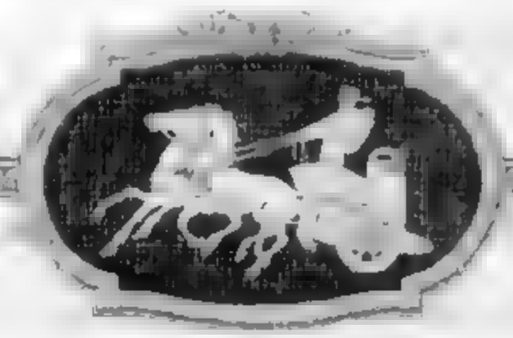


But the gold brick would have no further trifling. He went close to Hardtack and began to pat his upper body, in search of a bottle. Then he did the same to Wally, without discovering any contraband.

"Well, you'll come along with me, anyhow," he announced. "How come you guys are here so soon? I thought you didn't get here till next week."

"Didn't get here till next week?"

The two pricked up their ears. What was he driving at? They looked at each other; and hope began to dawn.

"Well, you see, buddy," said Hardtack as the three proceeded toward the provost marshal's office, "we was sent ahead with the billeting officer; but he didn't show up, over there"—waving his hand vaguely toward the country; "so we just blowed into town for a li'l' fun—sort of. When did you git here?"

"Only this morning. The division'll be on the road day after to-morrow. Do you call it fun chuckin' hand grenades into the fountain?"

"It was a river," corrected Hardtack. "Besides, we didn't hurt nobody, buddy."

The M. P. was obdurate, but they continued to work on him; so that by the time they reached the corner where you turn to go to the provost marshal's office he was relenting.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said ferociously: "If you two guys'll beat it out of town right now I'll shut my eyes. That's a go! I'll give you fifteen minutes. Don't think it's because I like your looks; but it's a hellofa bad start for us in this town—you two flingin' bombs that way."

"O. K. Much obliged, buddy," they agreed.

"Fifteen minutes—mind!"

"Make it ten," replied Wally. "This burg's a dud, anyhow."

On the outskirts of Gisors, Hardtack produced a bottle of brandy with triumphant nonchalance. He had hung it by the neck on a string passed through a buttonhole of his overcoat, and all he had to do on being searched was to lower the bottle to the level of his knees; then haul it up when the search was over.

A Haven of Refuge

At nightfall they entered a small hamlet. This region is one of the fairest of all France—a land of sleek cattle and magnificent trees; of perfect roads and well-kept villages. Beautiful châteaux rear their proud heads above the landscape; their parks are like fairyland. And all is restful, deep peace.

No soldiers had been quartered there since 1914.

As soon as he breathed the air Hardtack sensed that this place was entirely free from M. P.'s; he was developing an uncanny intuition in this respect.

"Let's stay here and rest up," he suggested. "And we can wait till they come along."

They secured lodging in a house next to the church. It was a typical village home and a typical French rural family.

You entered through a wide archway, when the gates were open, into a courtyard; when they were closed you entered through a small door in one of the gates. The arch spanned the two ends of the establishment, for the house and barns were built round three sides of a square. A fat old Percheron occupied a stall on the right of the entrance; on the left was a byre for several cows.

Practically the entire middle ground was taken up by that most cherished of all family possessions, a manure heap. It had rained during the day and the pile was steaming madly. It rained again during the night, and, as the window of their room opened on the courtyard, the atmosphere was indescribably rich.

"I must of eat something," grumbled Hardtack next morning. "I swan I dreamt of Limburger cheese all night long!"

The front of the house faced the courtyard, and the whole life of the place centered round that pile. There was one back door leading into a garden beyond—a trimly kept garden, surrounded by a stone wall, with neat rows of sprouting vegetables and vines, and clumps of rosebushes.

The family consisted of a grandfather; his married daughter, whose husband was at the front with the Territorials; a girl of nineteen years; and her young brother. He was a spindle-shanked boy of fourteen, who looked as though he might have had the rickets recently; but the girl was fine, broad-backed, apple-cheeked, with big, rough red hands and stout ankles. She had a ready smile, however, and eyes of rare intelligence.

So far as the two absentees could discern, the home consisted of four rooms. One of these was devoted to the dairy products; next to it were the kitchen, dining room and living room, combined in one. You entered from the courtyard into this room, which contained a fine old smoked fireplace, a table and several chairs, a piece of rug, a cross and a plaster statue of the Virgin. In a place of honor was the headdress the mother had worn when a girl at her first communion. It was on a white velvet base under a glass globe.

On the left of the kitchen was the family sleeping chamber. There the four of them bedded—grandpa, mother, daughter and little Jacques. Beyond it was the guests' bedroom; so Hardtack and Wally, when they hit the hay for the night, had to either pass through where grandpa, mother, Henriette and Jacques were sleeping, or ease in through their own window like burglars.

"It don't worry me if it don't worry them," declared Wally.

It didn't worry anybody. The arrangement was accepted as naturally by the household as you would take a seat next a stranger in a street car. Henriette and madame, her mother, would wish them "*Bonsoir, messieurs!*" when the pair clumped through to bed; and they were always up and at work before Hardtack and Wally had risen.

How those women worked! It made the worthy pair's eyes bulge to watch them. They were at it from dawn until long past dark, doing jobs that city folks are wont to class as only within man's province. They did everything on the place, and everything on the farm about half a mile from the village.

Educating Grandpa

Many of our soldiers have fallen into the error of assuming that the Frenchwomen are doing this sort of thing solely because all the able-bodied men are at the Front—that it is one of the horrible penalties of war. Bless you, the women of France have been doing it for generations! All over Europe women work in the fields precisely the same as do the men, only harder. In the cities they seem to manage most of the small retail businesses, friend husband being a partner with strictly limited access to the treasury. The great strength of France lies in her women.

Eh bien, Hardtack and Wally remained three days with them. By the evening of the second day they were members of the family. The Robitailles seemed to understand most of what they said; and, in some fashion or other, the Americans hit on what their hosts were driving at. How they did it beats the Dutch!

That is not unusual, however. I have seen a doughboy with a command of the French language embracing three words, and two of them were *vin ordinaire*—I have seen such a doughboy make himself thoroughly at home in a French family, entering their life like a brother. He was able to make them understand whenever he wanted anything, he was able to glean all their family history, and he imparted a lot of information about the United States that would have done credit to an oil-stock salesman. What's more, he told stories to the children, learned all about Suzanne's affair with a soldier, and taught grandpa to shoot dice for five centimes a throw—one cent.

Wally did most of the talking for the team. He took pride in his French; and he could speak Spanish, too, just as fluently. His conversation ran about like this:

"This rabbit's all to the good—hey, Hardtack? I said this rabbit was good, madame. *Oui.* Good! *Bon! Très bon! n'est-ce-pas?* Do you get me? You sure can cook, madame! *Comment?* I said you were a *bon cookière*—you know—stove—rabbit—like this—*comme ça.*" He was bellowing now. "*Comment?* What the hell did the old man say? Sure, you're O. K.! That's right, Old-timer. The United States is some country." And he gave grandpa a friendly whack on the back.

Grandpa, who had inquired how many Americans were in France, was thoroughly satisfied and went on with his meal.

Whenever they got stuck, everybody laughed. There was far more laughter in that household than there had been in four

(Continued on Page 89)

"Goody!—Branzos Muffins!"

To be good *for* children, a laxative food must *taste good to children*—otherwise they won't eat it.

Branzos is *appetizing*—because it is *more* than bran. It is the bran coat *plus* other coats of the wheat which are nourishing and full of good flavor.

When you use Branzos you can tell the difference between it and plain bran. The bran coat alone shrinks in cooking. Branzos expands and cooks up like a cereal. Makes delicious porridge, muffins, bread, etc.

Serve Branzos often. It is the healthful, natural way to promote normal action of the digestive system. Buy a box of Branzos today—always in checkerboard packages. Ask your grocer. Not necessary to buy substitutes with Branzos.

Ralston

is the ideal food for growing children. It contains the rich, nourishing wheat elements. Mothers find that kiddies "take to" Ralston because the fine wheat flavor stimulates their appetites. Serving Ralston also means a saving—one cup makes six dishes of delicious porridge. In checkerboard packages at your grocer's. *Ralston is a blend of wheat and barley*—not necessary to buy substitutes with it.

We use the whole of the wheat in making our wholesome foods

RALSTON PURINA MILLS, 876 Gratiot St., St. Louis, Mo.

PURINA

BRANZOS

Women Run America's Biggest Industry

War time finds women in greater need of labor saving equipment for the home than ever before in history. They need extra time for war work—for Red Cross, knitting, farming, raising war funds.

7,000,000 women are now engaged in war work. And they must do these extra tasks in addition to operating the kitchens—20,000,000 kitchens—America's biggest industry.

That means that every housewife not only needs but deserves a kitchen cabinet. For this is the greatest labor saver that a home can have.

What a Government Bulletin Says:

Says a recent Bulletin of the U. S. Department of Agriculture:

"A kitchen cabinet is just as important to the woman as the bench to the workman or the laboratory desk to the chemist. With it the housekeeper can sit down comfortably with her whole kitchen workshop within easy reach. It saves time walking to and fro to gather up this thing and that to prepare the food."

Hoosier Leads All Cabinets

The Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet answers not only some of a woman's needs, but all. Eight of the world's greatest domestic science experts have pronounced this cabinet as convenient as science can make it.

All your utensils, tools and equipment are centralized in one place—at your finger's end. You can prepare the meals without walking miles of steps, as hitherto. It saves the back-breaking labor that wears women out.

Many women save an hour a day with the Hoosier. And more than a million women save work, time and health.

Any Home Can Afford It

Hoosier is made in the largest kitchen cabinet factory in the world. Built as it is in enormous quantities, the cost is much lower than otherwise possible for a cabinet of supreme convenience, durability and beauty.

Most Hoosier dealers deliver it for a small deposit, with weekly payments for the balance. And our guarantee is the broadest ever given—"Your money all back if you are not delighted!"

Go to the authorized Hoosier store in your town. If you don't know the dealer's name write for catalog, prices and terms. Address

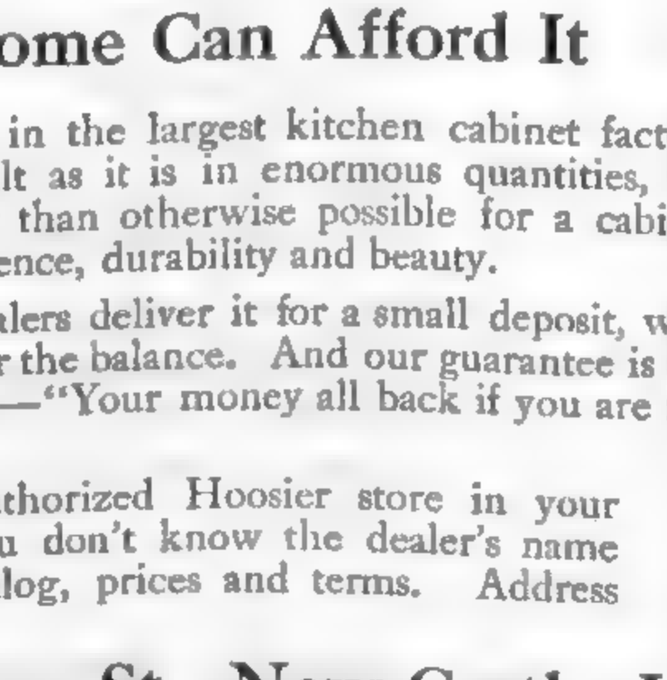
The Hoosier Manufacturing Company, 457 Jackson St., New Castle, Ind.

Largest Makers of Kitchen Cabinets in the World

—BRANCHES—

1067 Market Street, San Francisco, California
The Hoosier Store, 368 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Canada
The Adams Furniture Company, Toronto, Canada

HOOSIER
Kitchen Cabinet



(Continued from Page 86)

years; far more than would have been the case had they spoken each other's tongue perfectly. Henriette divined what Wally was saying far quicker than the others; so he directed the bulk of his conversation to her. At the end of forty-eight hours he confided to Hardtack that a man could go a long way and do worse.

"Har-har!" jeered his bunkie. "Why, the first night we come you done told me she was beef to the heels, and looked like she needed a bath! Besides, take my advice and forget it, Wally. She's goin' to have a beard when she grows older. Near all of 'em do over here."

"That's no way to talk about a fine girl!" said Wally hotly.

"So that's it, hey? Well, well! She done put you where you belong! Good for Henriette! But what's goin' to become of that gal in Dayton, Old-timer? The one what sent you a sweater."

But the budding romance had no chance to blossom. Hardtack and Wally groomed the Percheron and helped with the cows; they fed and fondled the rabbits; they went out with Henriette and Jacques in the morning to plow in the family field; and they did various odd jobs round the barn and the house. Aided by the dog, they drove the cows home from grazing at sundown, Jacques and the canine doing the work while they walked beside Henriette, sitting sidewise on the broad back of the Percheron.

Wally even tried to assist madame in the kitchen, showing such a willingness to wash dishes that his friend was amazed and horrified, and augured the worst. What was coming off? Wally was a goner; of that he was convinced. Hadn't he parted with some of his priceless store of cigarette tobacco to grandpa just because there was a severe shortage in France at the time and civilians could hardly obtain any?

However, a company of American infantry relieved the situation. They arrived in the village late in the evening of the third day of their visit, and Hardtack and Wally drifted. They did not so much as return to the house to say good-by.

The company came marching down the road where the two were plowing, and Wally descried them afar.

"Here they are, Hardtack," he said. "Let's beat it!"

In Stylish Lodgings

Without further ado, they pressed on Henriette *beaucoup* francs and started off in the opposite direction. Instinct told them it was not their own organization, and of course they had no mind to get mixed up with any other. They wanted to rejoin the army, but they wouldn't be home until their own battalion arrived. Which is another peculiarity of the American soldier. He never feels right unless he is with his own bunch.

There was a marine who got separated from his comrades in the fighting in the Château-Thierry sector early in June and was captured by the boches. His name was Donoghue. Well, he escaped and made his way back to the American lines. But, instead of reporting immediately to the nearest organization, he lay out in the woods through the night, hungry and cold and in constant danger of recapture, simply because the Americans near whom he found himself were not his own particular crowd. He wasn't back until he found his own battalion.

Where was their regiment? Neither Wally nor Hardtack had the slightest inkling of the direction they should take. Nightfall found them close to a spacious park, surrounded by a high wall. The massive wrought-iron gates were securely locked and the spikes at the top precluded the possibility of scaling them. So one gave the other a leg up—he, in turn, pulled—and the two climbed the wall.

After walking cautiously about half a mile among noble old trees they came out on a broad lawn. And there, in the starlight, was the dim outline of a great château, its tiny towers like spears against the sky.

"Looks like a nice place to stop," opined Hardtack.

The vast edifice was dark and silent and deserted. The family had long since moved to less stressful regions; the concierge was off somewhere. They tried half a dozen doors. They descended into the Italian garden and gazed up at the creamy façade; but not a sign of life could they detect.

"There're the barns or the garage—or whatever it is," remarked Wally. "Maybe we can sleep there. They're as big as our county courthouse. Ain't it fierce, one man owning all this?"

But Hardtack would have none of the proposal. He had made up his mind to sleep in a lord's bed; he hadn't ever slept in a lord's bed in his whole life, and he aimed to do it now or bust.

Finally they found a window that gave to a stout push, and the two climbed through. A hardwood floor echoed to the tread of their heavy shoes. Hardtack lit a match.

"Say, you couldn't go through all this place in a week!" he exclaimed. "Boy, howdy, look at that chandelier, will you?"

In the flare of a fresh match, Wally got a glimpse of flashing glass pendants, and gold and gleaming wood.

"It's the dining room," he said. "Come on!"

They passed into a narrow resounding corridor and stopped at another door. It was locked; so was the next, and the next. The fourth opened to them; and Hardtack said at once:

"This'll do. Holy mackerel! Did you ever see such a swell bedroom?"

Stealthy Steve on the Trail

Thus it came about that the two slept that night in a solid mahogany four-poster, on a feather tick, and under a plum-colored silken coverlet, with a coronet worked on it. Above their upturned noses was a canopy, with a coronet in gilt. Looking haughtily down upon the soldier from Tennessee as he snored in sweet oblivion was a portrait of the Marquis de ———, founder of the family, who passed from this life A. D. 1126. Gazing down at Wally, with a soft smile on her full cherry lips, was the portrait of a young and wonderfully beautiful lady, the Comtesse de ———, born 1743; died 1785.

They slept with their shoes on, lest an abrupt disturbance should find them unprepared for flight; and they sneaked out of the château at daybreak. The park and all the valley were choked with mist. Wally bumped into a statue of Bacchus in a glade cut to give a vista from the castle, and cussed him earnestly; but, beyond that, they emerged without misadventure.

The next we hear of them is at Beauvais, whither they journeyed in a truck driven by a Cockney Englishman of the Royal Flying Corps.

A battalion of Canadian foresters were in cantonments in that vicinity and Hardtack and Wally speedily picked up friends. One of them was of Scotch ancestry and possessed a rich rolling barytone. His favorite selection was:

"There was a brave auld Scottie
At the Battle of Waterloo.
The wund bl w up his kiltie
And he didn't know what tae do."

Of course they had a spy hunt. Count that day lost whose low descending sun doesn't find a doughboy informing his officer all about a spy in the lines. These spies vary in kind. Some are French majors who go about questioning the men; others are dressed in American uniforms. The boys are forever discovering them or have heard about them from somebody else, and many a diligent, upright officer has been grabbed on suspicion.

Rumors of spies run throughout the army like wildfire. Two whole regiments had me executed as a spy once, during an absence at the British front, and seemed rather disappointed when I reappeared.

Hardtack and Wally found theirs at Number 23, where they were in the habit of going for a drink and a dance. A man in the uniform of a sergeant in the American Army struck up an acquaintance with them, and, after getting on a friendly basis, confessed that he was A. W. O. L.—absent without leave.

But he told too much. He named the number of his regiment, the division and the army corps. Hardtack looked at Wally and Wally looked at Hardtack; and then, by unanimous impulse, they led the stranger up for another drink. Outside, later:

"Sure he's a spy! What'd he be doin' here—a sergeant? I tell you he's phony. Whoever heard of the Fifth Army? Huh! There ain't any yet. That guy's got his wires crossed. Let's shadow him. Maybe if we nab a spy they'll let us off."

Accordingly, for the next two days they played the part of Stealthy Steve. They

Stein-Bloch
Smart Clothes

The service that clothes render depends upon whether the tailoring is done with a hot iron or with needle and thread.

You cannot see either kind. On what basis will you judge? Our sixty-three year record of both style and service supremacy is ample proof of the unsurpassed tailoring in Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes.

THE STEIN-BLOCH CO.
MAIN OFFICES AND SHOPS AT
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Relieve your feet the *Wizard* way

Many persons suffer from aching feet without realizing that the cause is foot trouble and not ordinary fatigue. Others have "tried everything" to get foot relief, and failed. To both classes

Wizard

Adjustable Foot Appliances

offer an ASSURANCE of real and IMMEDIATE relief. The cause of most prevalent foot troubles is simply some bone or bones of the foot out of natural position. Relief lies in restoring or supporting such bones in normal place. The wonderful results that Wizards give are due to the COMFORTABLE and ACCURATE way that they accomplish this. Wizards are entirely different from ordinary foot trouble devices worn in the shoe. They are

soft, flexible, featherlight leather

They contain NO METAL. Instead the support is formed by soft inserts in overlapping leather pockets, which permit unlimited and absolutely accurate adjustment for any shape of foot or condition of foot trouble. Hence they not only relieve the foot trouble, but they can be worn in the shoe with PERFECT comfort from the first—no breaking in. The pocket principle is an EXCLUSIVE WIZARD PATENT.

Fallen arches

cause aching feet and often pains in the legs and back. Wizard Arch Builder raises the arch gently and gradually. The overlapping pockets with soft inserts make it easy to build a support of ANY desired height or shape, changing as the condition of the arch improves. Arches can thus be restored to normal without discomfort.

Painful callouses

are caused by pressure from abnormally low bones in the ball of the foot. Relieve the pressure by wearing a Wizard Callous Remover in your shoe so that the rubber inserts support the bones just back of callous. This stops the pain immediately, and the callous soon disappear. Relief from Bunions is secured by wearing the Wizard Bunion Protector.

Run-over heel

usually indicates a misalignment of the heel and ankle bones. Wizard Heel Leveler corrects this condition and prevents more serious foot trouble. It also enables the shoe to wear straight. If your shoes run-over, it will pay you to investigate the cause.

10,000 leading shoe dealers sell Wizards

Usually they have an expert, trained in the Wizard system of relieving foot troubles, who can fit you with the proper Wizard device to give you relief. He is also an expert in fitting shoes. If you can't locate the Wizard dealer near you, write us. Send for our interesting booklet on foot troubles—free.

WIZARD FOOT APPLIANCE CO. 1648 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

plied the stranger with wine and he cheerfully partook. They ate with him, they led him on long walks, endeavoring to draw him into confidences. The nearest they got to a warm trail was once when he closed his left eye knowingly and remarked that he knew a quicker way to make money than toting a rifle in this man's army.

Now making money quickly and without labor is as dear to the heart of a soldier as it is to anybody else, and the sergeant knew it. Hardtack and Wally bit at once. They wanted to know what the great secret was. How could they make money quicker than in the army?

At that the fellow abruptly sobered. He seemed to realize that he had talked too much, and refused to answer. When the pair urged their query, and even tried wheedling and indirect attack by casting doubts, he roughly cut short the conversation and announced that he was going back to Number 23 for a dance with the girls.

"All right! We'll go with you," they replied amiably.

The pair now felt they had sufficient evidence. But what to do next? If they reported the sergeant to any authorities they themselves would be promptly put under arrest for absence without leave.

The difficulty was solved after supper by the appearance in the street of a Red Cross official in a big touring car. They rushed into the road, halted the car, and poured into the official's astonished ears a bewildering tale of German intrigue.

"Yes; and if you'll come round with us to Number 23 we'll show you the guy too," Wally promised.

Gently but firmly the Red Cross man declined to go to Number 23.

"Then tell somebody who'll have him pinched," they entreated.

"Why don't you tell them yourselves? There's an American provost marshal in town—arrived to-day."

This was bad news, for it meant the presence of M. P.'s.

"Well, it's just this way, buddy," said Hardtack in a hoarse whisper—the Red Cross man held the rank of captain in that organization, by the way: "Me and Wally here're takin' a li'l' vacation, y'understand, and we're scared if we went to see the provost marshal, he'd spoil it, maybe."

Wally nodded confirmation.

"That's it," he said.

"All right!" assented the Red Crosser with a laugh. "I'll report the matter. But, remember, I don't stand responsible for any comeback. If you get an innocent party arrested it's your mistake—not mine."

"O. K., buddy. Now you're talkin'! Say, you couldn't slip us a few francs till pay day, could you? We've been spendin' *beaucoup* francs lately for Uncle Sam."

The Capture

The Red Cross official peeled off a ten-franc note and went on his way. Long before he was through a substantial dinner at the Hôtel d'Angleterre he had completely forgotten about the spy; and so Wally and Hardtack waited in vain for the appearance of a gold brick to arrest him.

Therefore they decided to take matters into their own hands. The sergeant appeared to be restless and ill at ease that night. He was morose, and evinced a desire to avoid their company; so they stuck to him like leeches.

After a while he bade them good night and left the place. Wally and Hardtack let him go; but a moment later they were following him stealthily up the dark street.

All three successfully eluded the sentries posted on the outskirts and the pursuit ended near a crossroads some distance from the city. There the sergeant stopped and waited a while, lying in the ditch. Along came a man in a French uniform on a bicycle. He got off, the sergeant rose from his hiding place, and the two conferred.

The cyclist was just preparing to mount his wheel when Hardtack and Wally fell upon them out of the dark, silently, but like a battering ram. Down went the sergeant, Hardtack on top. The cyclist escaped from Wally's clutches and made off, so Wally turned to help his bunkie. Together they beat their struggling captive into insensibility.

A few minutes later they accosted a French sentry on the main thoroughfare leading into the city and told him where he could find a spy. Fortunately the sentry knew a little English. He called his officer; but ere he arrived the pair vanished. However, an investigation was made and the sergeant discovered lying at the side of the road, trussed up with rope like a calf for market.

And then the truth came out. Hardtack and Wally were right in their hunch—he was a spy!

Next afternoon they were standing on the curb of a side street, considerably the worse for wear and hopelessly wondering where they could raise some coin, their last few francs being gone, when a little procession debouched from the mouth of a narrow way. It was a funeral. Over the coffin was draped the Union Jack. They stood at salute while the cortège went past.

A middle-aged nurse walked behind, her gaze on the ground. To her Hardtack said very respectfully:

"Ma'am, whose is it?"

"A young Canadian," she answered, and passed on, slowly pacing behind the wagon.

At that moment several boon companions hove in sight, escorting a bevy of lady friends.

"Hi, there, Hardtack!" they shouted. "Come on! We're all goin' for a picnic. Come on, Wally!"

But Hardtack was already in motion.

"No," he said sternly. "Me and Wally aim to go with this boy on his last march."

The two fell in behind the nurse. She glanced at them over her shoulder and said softly:

"Thank you!"

Hardtack was unshaved and bleary of eye—even at his best he was ever an unlovely object; but she divined that here was all gentleness and a chivalry as white as Galahad's.

So the two followed the young Canadian on his last march. Shoulder to shoulder they made it, their eyes fixed resolutely on a point ahead.

Tempered With Mercy

Thus were they moving toward the burial ground when their colonel rounded a corner in his car and espied them. Hardtack and Wally were walking a little high and wide, but they were very earnest. The colonel told his driver to stop; then he told him to follow at a distance. And he was a witness of the entire ceremony.

"Where did you men come from?" he demanded sharply as the two emerged from the cemetery.

They sprang to attention. In their faces showed blank astonishment and a wholesome alarm.

"Don't know, sir," said Hardtack. Which was true geographically; he didn't know the name of a single place they had stopped in.

"Don't know? What do you mean by that? Snap out of it! What's the matter with you, anyhow?" The colonel's voice was rising.

"Shell shock, sir," answered Hardtack.

"Yes, sir," said Wally—"shell shock."

The colonel stared at them grimly a full minute; but when he spoke it was with a rough kindliness they had never suspected in the Old Man:

"I do believe you are sick. Well, get back to your company right away and I'll look into this matter later. No monkey business, now!"

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. Where is the company, sir?"

"They're coming up the road a few miles behind me."

The two could not conceal their amazement.

"We've moved—the whole division," added the colonel. "Hurry now! We're going in."

Well, that's about all. They returned and reported to a foaming captain, who was for giving them a court and every punishment the regulations permitted until the colonel sent for him for a talk; after which he calmed down.

"Where you two guys been the last year or so?" demanded the company.

"On a visit."

"Visit hell! You was A. W. O. L. You'll get it! Wait and see!"

"I tell you we was on a visit," Hardtack reiterated. "We was on a visit to one of Wally's kinsfolk—wasn't we, Wally? Wally has some kinsfolk in France—Baron Cheesy, his name is, or something."

They got off with a nominal punishment. The only thanks the colonel got for his clemency came from Hardtack:

"Sure, I knowed all the time they'd never give us six-and-six, Wally. They need good men at the Front. Besides, me and the Ol' Man is ol' college chums."

Duofold Health Underwear

A two-fold fabric

Warm Wool Outside
Keeps you *Warm* Outdoors

Soft Cotton Inside keeps
you *Comfortable* Indoors

Air Space Between Provides
Healthful Ventilation

Warmth
Comfort
Health
and No Wool "Itch"

You will be *warm* in the bitter cold *outdoors*. You will be *comfortable* in overheated rooms *indoors*.

And you will be unusually well protected against catching cold.

When you wear Duofold.

The thin layer of fine Wool on the *outside* for *Warmth* —and it *doesn't touch the skin.*

The thin layer of soft Cotton on the *inside* for *Comfort.*

And an Air Space between layers for *ventilation.*

If you perspire, the outer wool absorbs the moisture from the inner cotton and evaporates it. The garment keeps itself soft, fresh and dry—and your body *dry*. So it greatly lessens the risks of catching cold.

There is none of the skin irritation of wool underwear, and none of the chills of cotton underwear.

It is good judgment to pay a little more for your underwear at the start of the season and then enjoy *warmth, comfort* and *health protection all winter.* It pays.

Duofold Health Underwear Co., Mohawk, N. Y.
New York, 846 Broadway Chicago, 424 S. Wells St.

National Underwear Standards: "Duofold" for cold weather; "Rockinchair" for warm weather.

Reproduction of a Y. M. C. A. "hut" on the fighting front in France. This "hut" was part of the "Y" exhibit at the U. S. War Exposition recently held in Chicago, attended by over two million people. The Gulbransen Player Piano at the right center is one of the two Gulbransens referred to in Mr Putnam's letter.

THE United War Work Campaign for funds starts next Monday. More than half the money goes to the "Y." How well your previous contributions have been used is eloquently told by our boys here and overseas. Let's each one of us meet this new opportunity with a man's size contribution.

NATIONAL WAR WORK COUNCIL
OF THE
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES

Sept. 18, 1918.

Gulbransen-Dickinson Co.,
3232 W. Chicago Av., Chicago.

Gentlemen

We loaded the two Gulbransen Player Pianos on the truck this morning. I am surprised and happy to find them in first-rate condition--I don't think they will even need tuning.

In thanking you for the Y. M. C. A., I wish to add a word of personal appreciation:

From now on, put me down as an admirer of the quality of the Gulbransen. These ... were placed on the under floors of our "huts" ... earth only an inch away, and exposed to the bare streets.

When it started to rain, some Good Samaritan slipped boards under the casters. As you know, our booths were of temporary construction, and the cases got wet several times. But they don't seem to be hurt.

Soldiers and sailors played these instruments constantly, some of the boys being far from gentle with them.

Again expressing appreciation of your good will toward the Y. M. C. A., I am,

Yours sincerely,

L. J. Putnam

GULBRANSEN
Player-Piano

JAVA HEAD

(Continued from Page 19)

But she recognized she had no excuse or opportunity to see Nettie Vollar. Mrs. Ammidon, when she heard of the accident, had at once declared her intention of going to the Dunsacks' house; still that promised no chance of satisfying her own desire. The least politeness in the world prohibited her from going baldly in and demanding to see the woman. She couldn't all at once make convincing a sympathy or impersonal interest entirely contradictory to her insistent indifference. The best she could hope was for them to sail away as quickly as possible; when on the other side of the seas Gerrit would probably return to the simplicity of being she had adored.

Then a trivial and yet serious fear occurred to her—perhaps here, among all these dead-white women, he no longer held her beautiful. The word was his own, or it had been his; he had not repeated it, she realized, twice since they had been in Salem. Personally she found the American women entirely undistinguished and dressed in grotesquely ugly and cheap clothes—not unlike paper lanterns bobbing along the ground. Their faces were shamelessly bare of paint and their manners would have disgraced the lowest servant in a Chinese courtyard. This was natural, from any consideration of the hideous or inappropriate things that surrounded them and from the complete lack of what she could distinguish as either discipline or reverence. Yet Gerrit, a part of this, would be unable to share her attitude; she had heard him praise the appearance of women so insipid that she had turned expecting vainly an ironic smile.

Roger Brevard rose and made his bow, the only satisfactory approach to a courteous gesture she had met outside Gerrit's occasional half-humorous effort since leaving Shanghai. He stirred, muttered a perfunctory phrase and sank back into obscurity.

Little quirks of unfamiliar disturbing feeling ran through Taou Yuen; her mind, it seemed, had become a thing of no importance; all that at one time had so largely ordered her life was superseded by these illogical emotions spreading apparently from her heart. The truth was, she told herself, that with all her reading and philosophy she had had little or no experience of actuality; the injury to her hip and quiet life in the gray garden at Canton, her protected existence in the women's apartments, whatever she might have learned from them neglected because of the general silliness of their chatter, the formal early marriage—had all combined for the preservation of her ignorance.

She regarded herself now with distrust; nothing could have been more unpleasant than the failure of her will, this swamping of her equanimity. She never lost for a moment the image of superiority that should be her perfect example, the non-assertion that was the way of heaven; but her comprehension was like a figure ruthlessly dragged about by an overpowering unreflective force. A sharp hatred of Nettie Vollar seared her mind and perished in a miserable sense of weakness.

Against the dark, charged with a confusion of the ten thousand things, she stared, weary and wakeful. She reminded herself again that Gerrit would soon be gone from Salem, alone with her on the long voyage to China. But he'd return to America, come back to Salem; and she knew that he would never bring her westward again. A period of depression followed, which seemed to have no immediate connection with Gerrit; she had an indefinable feeling of struggling in vain against adversity, of opposition to an implacable power.

For a short while after she rose in the morning it appeared that she had regained her self-control, her reason; and a consequent happy relief irradiated her. But when Gerrit came up after she had finished her toilet, and she saw from his haggard face that he, too, must have been awake, tormented, through the night, a passion of bitterness enveloped her at which all that had gone before turned pale. She could scarcely restrain herself from a noisy wailing accusation, and stood regarding him with a tense unnatural grimace, the result of her effort to preserve propriety. She told herself, at the tempest of vulgar phrases storming through her consciousness, that what Edward Dunsack had said about her being no better than the teahouse girls was true, and she was aghast at the inner treachery capable of such self-betrayal. Not a quivering word, however, escaped; she managed a commonplace phrase and turned aside in a trivial pretext of occupation.

"I am going into Boston with Captain Dunsack on business connected with his schooners."

The girl's grandfather!

"Very well." She spoke placidly, and with a tempestuous heart watched him stride quickly about the park.

She settled herself in a long motionless contemplation, fastening her mind upon the most elevated and revered ideas conceivable. She saw the eternal Tao flowing like a great green river of souls, smooth and mighty and resistless; and she willed that she, too, might become a part of that desirable self-effacement, safe in surrender. Men striving to create a Tao for personal ends beat out their lives in vain. It was, the figure of the river developing, like floating on a deliberate all-powerful tide or struggling impotently against it.

Later a message came up from Mrs. Ammidon—she hoped that Taou Yuen would drive with her that afternoon. She dressed with the most particular care in blue and dark greens, her shoulders thick with embroidered garlands and silver *shou*, her piled hair ornamented in glittering silver leaves and garnets.

She went down when she heard the horses on the street below, but the barouche was empty except for the coachman.

"Mrs. Ammidon left a half hour ago," a servant told her; "and sent the carriage back for you."

They moved forward, going, she saw, into a part of the town where they seldom drove—the narrow crowded way by the wharves—and, turning shortly into a street that ended abruptly at the water, drew up before a dingy house on her right.

The door was open, and they waited, confident that Mrs. Ammidon would hear the clatter of hoofs and come out; but a far different appeared. She gazed for a silent space at Taou Yuen seated above her, as if confused by the glittering magnificence. It was probable that Gerrit's brother's wife had come there on an errand of charity, for the woman was poor, dingy like the house, with a face drawn by suffering and material struggle.

"Of course you're Captain Ammidon's wife," she said; "and you are here after Mrs. William Ammidon. Well, she's gone; but she left a message for you: She will be at Henry Whipple's, the bookseller. After she saw Nettie she went right off to send her some things; wouldn't wait for the carriage. A kind-hearted determined body."

Taou Yuen leaned out to command the coachman to drive on; but the other, plainly bent on making the most of a rare opportunity for such a conversation, continued talking in her low resigned way:

"I was glad to have her too; Nettie gets pretty fretful up there with nobody but me, really. She hadn't been so well, either, since ——"

Here she stopped abruptly, then recommenced:

"I like to see a person myself of Mrs. Ammidon's kind. I've been alone all day; father's gone to Boston and Edward away I don't know where."

Taou Yuen's curiosity to see Nettie Vollar returned infinitely multiplied; here miraculously was an opportunity for her to study the woman who was beyond any doubt an important part of Gerrit's past, present—it might be, his future. The men were gone. She got resolutely down from the barouche.

"Take me up to your daughter," she directed quietly.

"Why, that's very kind, but I don't know —— Yes, certainly. Mind these stairs with your satin skirts; I don't always get round to the whole house."

Taou Yuen saw at once that Nettie Vollar was far sicker than she had realized; her head lay on the pillow absolutely spent, her brow damply plastered with hair and her eyes enlarged and dull. Taou Yuen drew a chair forward and sat beside a table with a glass bowl of small dark pills which from a just perceptible odor she recognized as opium. She looked intently, coldly, at the prostrate figure.

A flush like match flames burned in Nettie Vollar's cheeks, and she said in a voice weak and sharp: "You're her!"

The champion worry-chaser

WHEN a pipe smoker gets to worrying, he has the answer right in his pocket. Worry simply can't stand up and make a fight against the steady, comfortable puff-puffing of a good pipe filled with good tobacco. A fellow's thoughts begin to run smooth and steady. He sees things their right size.

To get the champion worry-chaser on your side, you just get a

W D C TRADE MARK Wellington

THE UNIVERSAL PIPE

The W. D. C. triangle trademark has been the sign of supreme pipe value for more than 50 years. It is not only on every Wellington, but also on pipes that we make of every other style, size and grade. Grade for grade, price for price, there is no better pipe made than a W. D. C.

You will take a lot of pleasure in your Wellington. It has a well that catches all moisture and tobacco crumbs. There is no wheezing or bubbling. No tobacco comes through into your mouth. All you get is clean, cool, dry smoke, which the top opening in the bit sends up away from your tongue.

The bowl of every Wellington is expertly made of genuine French Briar, seasoned by our own special process so that it breaks-in sweet and mellow. It is guaranteed against cracking or burning through. No wonder the Wellington is the most popular pipe in the world!

All good dealers sell Wellington Pipes in many sizes, shapes and grades from 75 cents up. Get one. You will be glad you did it.

WM. DEMUTH & CO., New York

World's Largest Pipe Manufacturers

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Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

Sometimes women ask us if *Sani-Flush* will remove lime and iron stains from the closet bowl.

Yes, it will—and more.

The unique function of *Sani-Flush* is to dissolve *all* the unsightly deposits which accumulate in both the closet *and the hidden trap.*

This it does easily, without scratching or otherwise injuring the bowl.

A water-closet will always retain its original whiteness and luster if it is cleaned with *Sani-Flush.*

No matter how discouraged you may be with your closet bowl, you can rely upon *Sani-Flush* to make it white, sanitary and odorless. You won't have to use anything else, for *Sani-Flush* will do a complete job. You won't have to dip out the water or scour the bowl, either.

Sani-Flush is different from anything with which you have ever tried to clean the closet.

Get a can of *Sani-Flush* at once.

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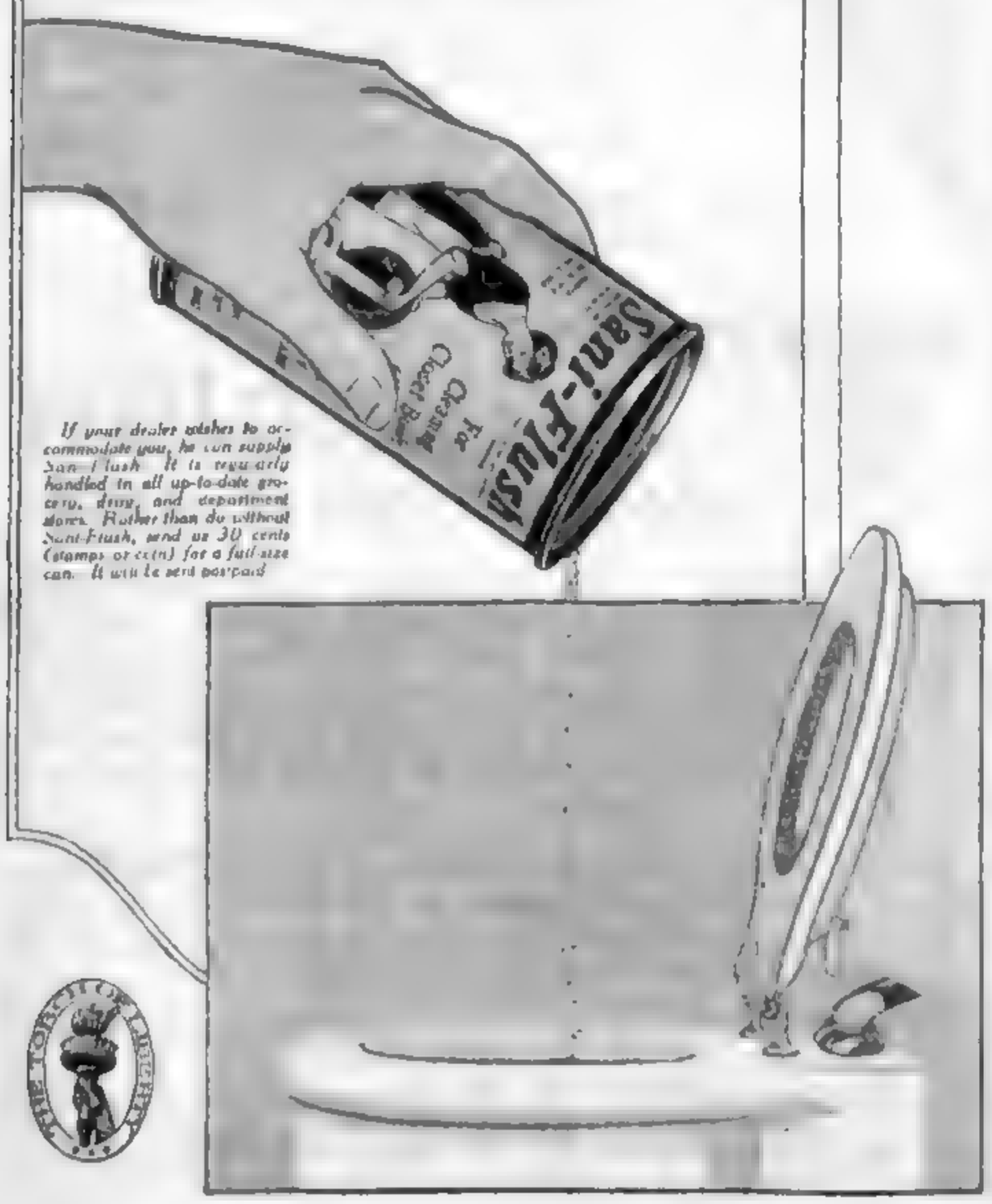


If your dealer wishes to accommodate you, he can supply Sani-Flush. It is regularly handled in all up-to-date grocery, drug, and department stores. Rather than do without Sani-Flush, send us 30 cents (stamps or coin) for a full-size can. It will be sent postpaid

Taou Yuen nodded slowly, disdainfully.

"Oh, how could he!" the other exclaimed in what sounded like the thin echo of a passionate cry. "I knew you were Chinese, but I never realized it till this minute."

As Gerrit Ammidon's wife had feared, she was totally unable to judge a single quality or feature of the girl before her. She looked exactly like all the others she had seen in Salem; in order to realize her she needed Gerrit's eyes, Gerrit's birth. Then one fact crept insidiously into her consciousness—here in a way was another being who had Gerrit Ammidon's childlike simplicity. That was the most terrifying discovery she could have made.

Taou Yuen felt the return of the hateful, irresistible emotions that had destroyed her self-control. She wanted to hurt Nettie Vollar in every possible way, to mock her with the fact that she had lost Gerrit, perhaps never to see him again; she wanted to tell her that she, Taou Yuen, entirely understood her hopes, efforts—and that they were vain.

An utter self-loathing possessed her at the same time, a feeling of imminent danger, as if she were walking with willfully shut eyes on the edge of a precipice above a black fatal void. Not a trace of this appeared on her schooled countenance; and once more she completely restrained any defiling speech. She deliberately shifted her point of view to another possible aspect of all that confronted her—it might be that this woman was a specter, a *kwei*, bent on Gerrit's destruction. Such a thing often happened. How much better if Nettie Vollar had been killed! She studied her with a renewed interest—a fresh question. Perhaps the other would die as it was. She was extremely weak; her spirit, Taou Yuen saw, lay listlessly in a listless body. Nettie Vollar slightly moved her injured arm, and that little effort exhausted her for a moment; her eyes closed, her face was as white as salt.

A further, almost philosophical consideration engaged Taou Yuen's mind: This extraordinary occasion, her being with the other alone, Nettie Vollar's fragility—were, it might be, all a part of the working of the righteous Yang. In the light of this, then, she had been brought here for a purpose—the ending of a menace to her husband. She hesitated for a breath. If it were the opposite malignant Yin, there was no bottom to the infamy into which she might fall. It was a tremendous question.

The actual execution of the practical suggestion, from either source, was extremely easy; she had but to lean forward, draw her heavy sleeve across the strained face, hold it there for a little, and Nettie Vollar would have died of—of any one of a number of reasonable causes. She, Taou Yuen, would call, politely distressed, for the mother; all very regrettable.

Gerrit free—perhaps.

She had no shrinking from the act itself, nothing that might have been called pity: a few more or less years in a single life were beneath serious consideration. It was the lives to come, the lingering doubt of which power led her on, that restrained and filled her mind. A flicker of rage darted through her calm questioning; her mental processes again faded. With her right arm across the supine body and enveloping the face in her left sleeve, a single twist and Nettie Vollar would choke in a cloud of thick satin made gay with unfading flowers and the embroidered symbol of long life. She felt her body grow rigid with purpose, when the sound of a footfall below held her motionless in an unreasoning dread.

It was not heavy, yet she was certain that it was not the woman's. A blur of voices drifted up to her, the dejected feminine tone and a thin querulous demand—surprise. Taou Yuen turned cold as stone; the sensation of oppressive danger increased until it seemed as if she, and not Nettie Vollar, were strangling. There was a profound stillness, then a shuffling tread on the stair, and Edward Dunsack entered, entered but stood without advancing, his back against a closed door.

Even since yesterday he had noticeably wasted there were muscles of his face that twitched continuously; his hands, it seemed to her, writhed like worms. He said nothing, but stared at her with a fixed glittering vision; all his one-time worship—it had been so much—was devoured in the hatred born in the Ammidon library. Frozen with apprehension she sat without movement, her face, she felt, as still as a lacquered mask.

To her astonishment—she had forgotten Nettie Vollar's existence—a shaken voice from the bed demanded: "Uncle Edward, what's come over you! Don't you see Mrs. Ammidon? Oh!"

Her speech rose in a choked exclamation. Edward Dunsack had turned the key and was crossing the room with a dark twisted face, his eyes stark and demented. Taou Yuen, swung round toward the advancing figure, heard a long fluttering breath behind her. Perhaps Nettie Vollar had died of fear. The terror in her own brain dried up before an overwhelming realization—she had betrayed herself to the principle of evil. She was lost. Her thoughts were at once incredibly rapid and entirely vivid, logical: Edward Dunsack, ruined, in China; herself blinded, confused, destroyed, in America. Yesterday she had held him powerless with the mere potency of her righteousness; but now she had no strength.

There was a loathsome murmur from his dusty lips. He intended to kill her, to mar and spoil her throat, a degradation forbidden by Confucius, an eternal disfigurement. This filled her with a renewed energy of horror. There was no one but a feeble woman to hear her if she called. She rose mechanically, a hand on the table; she saw Nettie Vollar's deathly pallid face rolled awkwardly from the pillow, and the bowl of opium. There were twenty or more pills. Without hesitation, even with a sense of relief, she swept the contents of the bowl into her palm. The effort of swallowing so many hard particles was almost convulsive and followed with a nauseous spasm.

Exhausted by mental effort she sank into a chair, and a dullness like smoke settled over her. The figure of Edward Dunsack retreated to an infinite distance. The smoke moved in a great steady volume—the eternal and changeless Yang, without labor or desires, without . . . Hatred requited with virtue . . . attracting all honor; mounting higher and higher from the consuming passions, the seething black lives of her immeasurable fall.

x

THOUGH the late afternoon was at an hour when Derby Street should have been filled by a half idle throng in the slackening of the day's waterside employments, Roger Brevard found it noticeably empty. In this he suddenly recognized that the street was like the countingroom of the Mongolian Marine Insurance Company, the heart of Salem's greatness—they were weaker, stilled in a decline that yet was not evident in the impressive body of the town.

When he had first taken charge of the countingroom both Salem and it had been of sufficient moment to attract him from New York; the company was insuring Boston and New York vessels; the captains had thronged its broad window commanding St. Peters and Essex Streets. Now only an occasional shipmaster, holding the old traditions and habits or else retired, sat in the comfortable armchairs with leather cushions, drawn up at the coal hearth or expansive in white through the summer.

His mind shifted to a consideration of these facts in relation to himself—whether the same thing overtaking the place and marine insurance had not settled upon him too—as he made his way from Central Wharf, where he had vainly gone for prospective business. His inquiry was reaching a depressing certainty when, passing and gazing down Hardy Street, he saw the Ammidon barouche standing in front of the Dunsacks'.

Roger Brevard stopped. The Ammidon men, he knew, seldom rode about Salem. He had heard of Nettie Vollar's accident and came to the conclusion that Rhoda was within. If this was so, her visit, limited to a charitable impulse, would be short; and thinking of the pleasure of driving with her, he turned into the side way. As he approached, the coachman met him with an evident impatience.

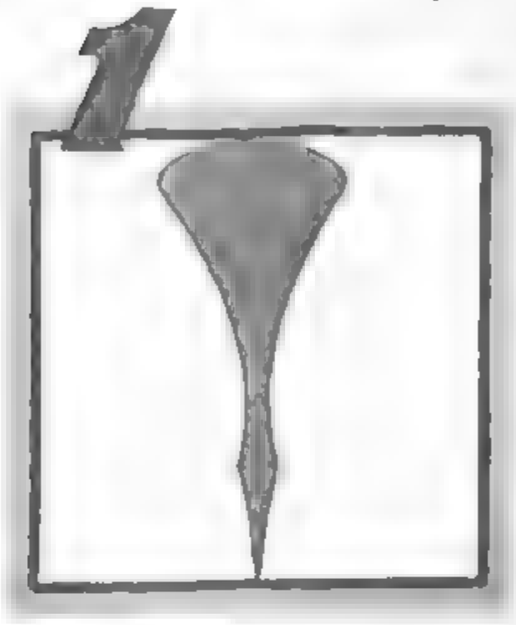
"No, sir," he replied to Brevard's inquiry. "But we were to get Mrs. Ammidon at the bookstore. Mrs. Captain Gerrit called here for her, but she went inside, unexpected. All of an hour ago. I don't like to ask for the lady, but what may be said later I can't think."

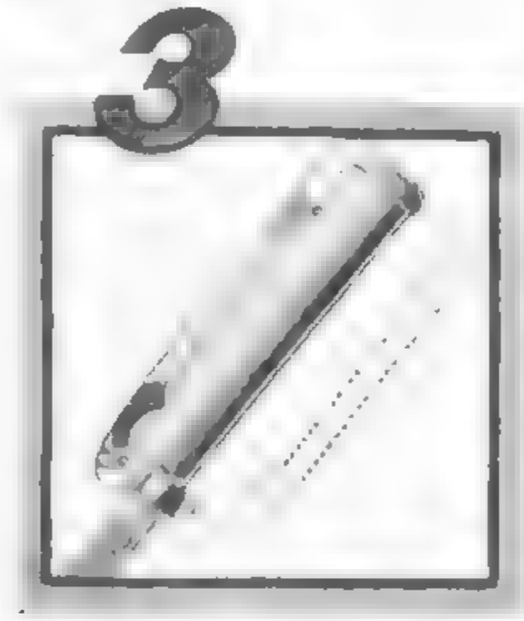
He had scarcely finished speaking when a woman whom Brevard recognized as Kate Vollar appeared at the door.

(Continued on Page 87)

Genco SAFEGE

Reg U S Pat Off





1 Take a look at this cross-section of the GENCO Safege Blade. Note the broad back, the concave grind, and the bevel above the edge. Any expert on cutting-steel will tell you this is the one proper shape for the ideal shaving edge.

2 You can renew this razor's edge by stropping it on the palm of your hand.

3 See that guard? This razor has a standard blade such as barbers use, but that guard protects your face while shaving. It also shields that keen, enduring cutting-edge so that nothing can reach and turn it. You can drop this razor and not nick its blade.

4 Simply by flipping back that guard, you can cleanse this razor without running water.

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THE GENCO Safege has one blade for a lifetime. It has the concave grind and beveled edge that all professionals use. It is equipped with a simple, removable guard. The result is a professional razor you can use anywhere with absolute safety.

The GENCO Safege has the advantages of both types of razors and the faults of neither. No complements of new blades are required, which saves high-grade steel. No upkeep costs, which saves money. The edge is the famous GENCO professional razor edge, which is firm and sure and endures.

This is the razor that you can shave with, wipe the lather from, and afterward cleanse thoroughly without running water. This is the razor that you can use with complete safety—on a rocking train, aboard a lurching ship, in trench or dug-out under fire.

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Whatever your shaving preferences—standard blade or safety—there is a GENCO type of razor with the famous GENCO edge that you can shave with for a lifetime. We guarantee that edge. "GENCO Razors must make good or we will."

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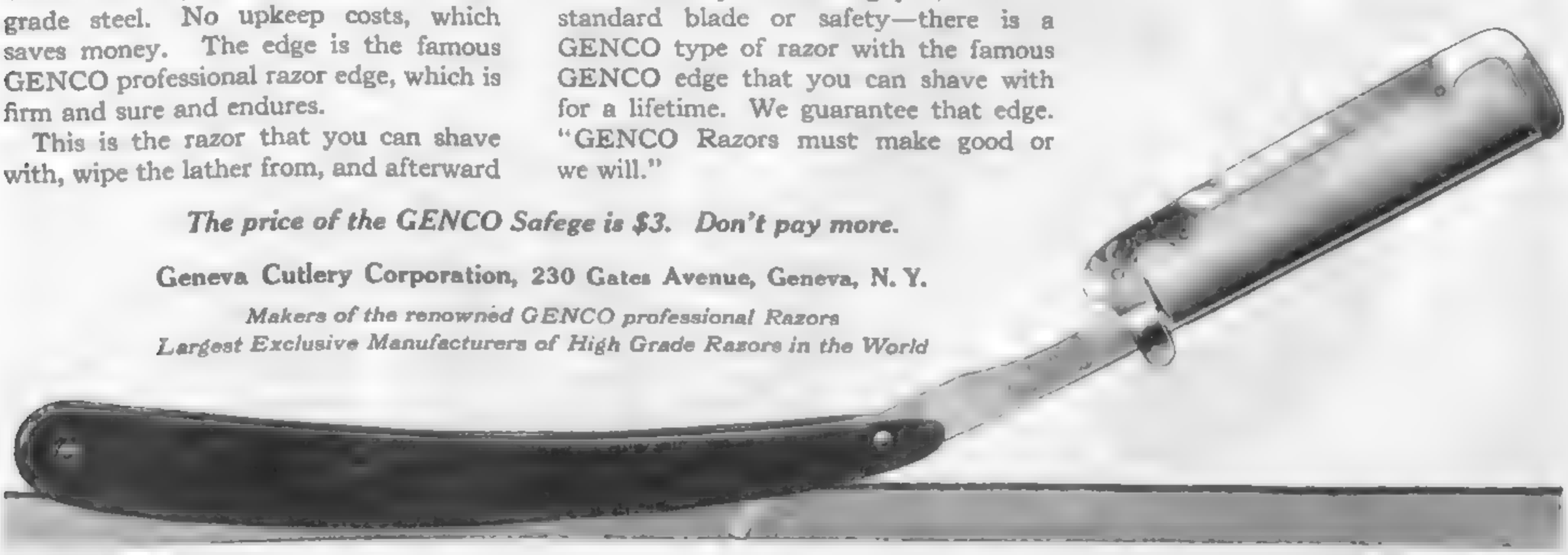

The Standard Spark Plug of America

Let the Facts Decide

When you ask for AC Spark Plugs you are entitled to get AC Spark Plugs.

Every dealer who has the best interests of his customers in mind carries the complete AC line.

So if, when you demand AC's, a salesman attempts to substitute another brand—pin him down to facts.

Ask him point blank why he recommends a substitute plug.

Then weigh his makeshift arguments in the balance with our proof of AC superiority.

For years AC Spark Plugs have been used for standard equipment by more high grade manufacturers of passenger cars, trucks and tractors than all other makes of spark plugs combined.

Can mere salesmanship explain away this preference?

These manufacturers cannot afford to be biased by empty claims. The satisfactory service of their motors is in direct ratio to the quality of spark plug used; therefore they demand the best.

For the selection of the proper spark plugs they turn to their chief engineers. These engineers set out methodically, scientifically to find the best spark plug.

Searching, competitive tests are conducted; tests in which every spark plug made has the opportunity to qualify. The list below shows how these tests have proven AC Spark Plugs the best.

Champion Ignition Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

U. S. Pat. No. 1,115,737, April 13, 1915. U. S. Pat. No. 1,210,135, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

All these well known manufacturers use AC for standard factory equipment

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Advance-Rumely Tractors	Federal Trucks	Menominee Trucks	Rutenber Motors
American-La France	Ford & Son Tractors	Midland Trucks	Samson Tractors
Anderson	Fulton Trucks	Moline-Knight	Sandow Trucks
Apperson	F W D Trucks	Moreland Trucks	Sanford
Brockway Trucks	Gabriel Trucks	Murray	Saxon
Buffalo Motors	Genco Light	Nash	Scripps Booth
Buick	G M C Trucks	National	Seagrave Fire Trucks
Cadillac	Gramm-Bernstein Trucks	Selco Trucks	Signal Trucks
J I Case	Hall Trucks	Oakland	Singer
Chalmers	Hatfield	Old Reliable Trucks	Smith Motor Wheel
Chandler	Haynes	Oldsmobile	Stearns Knight
Chevrolet	Hudson	Oneida Trucks	Stephens
Cole	Hupmobile	Packard	Sterling Motors
Continental Motors	Jackson	Paige	Sterling Trucks
Crane-Simplex	Jordan	Paterson	Stewart Trucks
Daniels	Jumbo Trucks	Peerless	Stutz
Davis	Kissel Kar	Pierce-Arrow	Titan Trucks
Deere Tractors	La Crosse Tractors	Pilot	United States Motor Trucks
Delco Light	Liberty	Premier	Waffis Tractors
Diamond T Trucks	Locomobile	Reo	Waukesha Motors
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Dorris	Maytag	Robinson Fire Trucks	White
Dort			Wilcox Trux
			Wisconsin Motors

Dealers: What does this mean to you in your endeavor to give your customers the best?

(Continued from Page 94)

"Oh, Mr. Brevard!" she exclaimed with an unnaturally pallid and apprehensive face. "I'm glad to find you. Please come upstairs with me. Why, I don't know, but I'm all in a tremble. Mrs. Ammidon went to see Nettie, then Edward came in, and when he heard who was there he acted as if he were struck dumb and went up like a person afflicted. I waited the longest while, and then followed them and knocked. Why the door was shut I could never tell you. But they didn't answer, any of them," she declared with clasped, straining hands. "Three in the room, and not a sound. Please ——"

Her voice was suddenly suffocated by dread.

"Certainly. Quarles," he addressed the coachman, "I'll get you to come along. If there is a lock to break it will need a heavier shoulder than mine."

Mounting the narrow somber stair, followed by the man and Kate Vollar, he wondered vainly about what might have happened. Obscurely some of the woman's fear was communicated to him. Brevard knocked abruptly on the door indicated, but there was no answering voice or movement. He tried the latch: as Nettie's mother had found, it was fastened.

"Quarles!" Roger Brevard said curtly.

The coachman stepped forward, braced himself for the shove he directed against the wooden barrier, and the door swept splintering inward. Roger advanced first and a grim confusion touched him with cold horror. Taou Yuen was half seated and half lying across a table beside the bed; he couldn't see her face, but her body was utterly lax. Nettie Vollar, too, was in a dreadful waxen similitude of death, with lead-colored lips and fixed sightless eyes. A slight extraordinary sound rose behind him and, whirling, Brevard discovered that it was Edward Dunsack giggling. He was silent immediately under the other's scrutiny, and an expression of stubborn and malicious caution pinched his wasted, sardonic countenance.

Brevard turned to the greater necessity of the women, and moved Taou Yuen so that he could see her features. It was evident that she was not, as he had first thought, dead; her breathing was slow and deep and harsh, her pulse deliberate and full. She was warm, too, but her face was suffused by an unnatural blueness, and the pupils of her inert eyes were barely discernible. He shook her with an unceremonious vigor, but there was no answering energy; she fell across his arms in a sheer weight of satin-covered body. He moved back in a momentary uncontrollable repulsion, when Kate Vollar threw herself past him onto the bed.

"Nettie!" she cried. "Nettie! Nettie!"

Brevard was chilled by the possibility of an unutterable tragedy, when with a faint suffusion of color the girl gave a gasping sigh. Her voice stirred in a terror-shaken whisper: "Uncle Edward, don't! Why—don't —— Oh!"

She pressed her face with a long shudder into the pillow.

"Whatever was it?" her mother began wildly.

Brevard caught her shoulder.

"Not now," he directed. "You'll come downstairs with me. We must have help at once, and your daughter quiet."

However, he was in a quandary—he couldn't trust the woman here, he would have to go immediately for assistance; and yet it was impossible to leave Nettie Vollar and Gerrit's wife alone.

"You will have to wait in the room," he decided, turning to Quarles.

Edward Dunsack was wavering against a wall; Brevard went swiftly up to him.

"We'll need you," he said shortly. Dunsack maintained his silence and air of stubborn cunning; but when the other man clasped his incredibly thin arm he went willingly, followed by Kate Vollar, below. There he sat obediently, his judicious detachment broken by a repetition of the thin shocking snigger.

"You must be responsible for your brother," Roger Brevard told the quivering woman. "I'll be back immediately. Now that you know Nettie's safe you must control yourself. No one should go up—keep everybody out—till you hear from me or the doctor or Captain Ammidon."

What an inexplicable accident or crime, he thought, hurriedly approaching the countinghouse of Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone, the first and nearest of the places to which he must go. He could remember no mark of what had overcome Taou Yuen. How was Dunsack, who was now clearly demented, implicated? What racking thing had Nettie Vollar witnessed?

In the subsequent exclamatory rush, even on the following morning, when Roger Brevard learned that, poisoned by opium undoubtedly taken by herself, Gerrit Ammidon's wife had died without regaining consciousness, the greater part of the tragedy became little clearer. No statement could be got from Edward Dunsack other than a meaningless array of precautionary phrases; and returning in a sliding gait toward Hardy Street he was put under a temporary restraint.

Nettie Vollar, Brevard heard, had relapsed from her injury into a second critical collapse.

Yet, he told himself, entering the room that was his home in Mrs. Cane's large square house on Chestnut Street, that the Manchu still absorbed his speculations.

It was a pleasant room and a pleasant house with a dignified portico; and his tall windows, back on the right of the second floor, opened on the length of the Napiers' garden. Brevard sat looking out over a dim leafiness of evening and tried to discipline his thoughts into order and coherence. Any dignity of death had been soiled by the ugly mystery of the aspects surrounding the end of Taou Yuen. He had liked her extremely well, agreeing with Rhoda Ammidon that probably they had never been permitted to know a more aristocratic breeding or greater degrees of purely worldly and mental and personal charm than those of Gerrit's wife.

His mind grew more philosophical, and a perception, yet without base in facts, convinced him that Taou Yuen had been killed by America. It was a fantastic thought and he attempted to dismiss it, waiting for more secure knowledge, but it persisted. She had been killed by unfamiliar circumstance, tradition, emotions. In some manner, but how he was unable to disentangle from the pressures of mere curiosity and conjecture, Nettie Vollar—or rather Gerrit's old passing affair with Nettie—had entered into the unhappy occurrence. After an hour's vain search he gave up all effort to pierce the darkness until he had actual knowledge—if he ever had, he was forced to add silently. It was possible that the secret might be entirely guarded from the public, even from the closer part he had played and his familiarity with the Ammidon family.

He was an inmate of their inner garden with its lilac trees and hedged roses in season, the pungent beds of flowers and box, the moon shades of the poplars. He turned from the consideration of Taou Yuen to the even more insistent claim of his increasing affection for Sidsall. He stopped again both to lament and to delight in her youth—another year and he would have unhesitatingly announced his feeling as love to them all. It was that, he admitted to himself almost shyly. The obvious thing was for him to wait through the year or more until the Ammidons would hear of a proposal, and then urge his desire. He could see her quite often, meanwhile.

Yes, that was the sensible course, even in the face of his own multiplying years. They were twenty-five more than Sidsall's; yet, he added in self-extenuation, he was not definitely snared in middle age; he was still elastic in body, and youthful, but for graying hair, in appearance. By birth he was eligible, from every social consideration; and though he was not rich he had enough independently to assure the safety of his wife's future. This did not come entirely or now even in the larger part from the Mongolian Marine Insurance Company, but took the form of a comparatively small but secure private income.

He paused to wonder if it had not been that latter fact which had prevented his being successful—successful, that was, in William Ammidon's meaning of the word. He had not made money or a position of importance among men of affairs. Such safety, he decided, was a dangerous possession judged by the standards he was now considering. A few thousands a year for life struck at the root of activity. It induced a critical detached attitude toward life, overemphasized the importance of the cut of a trouser and the validity of pedigree. It was a mistake to dance noticeably well.

Drifting, together with almost everyone else, he had reached his present position, past forty, by imperceptible degrees, obscurely influenced by the play of what he

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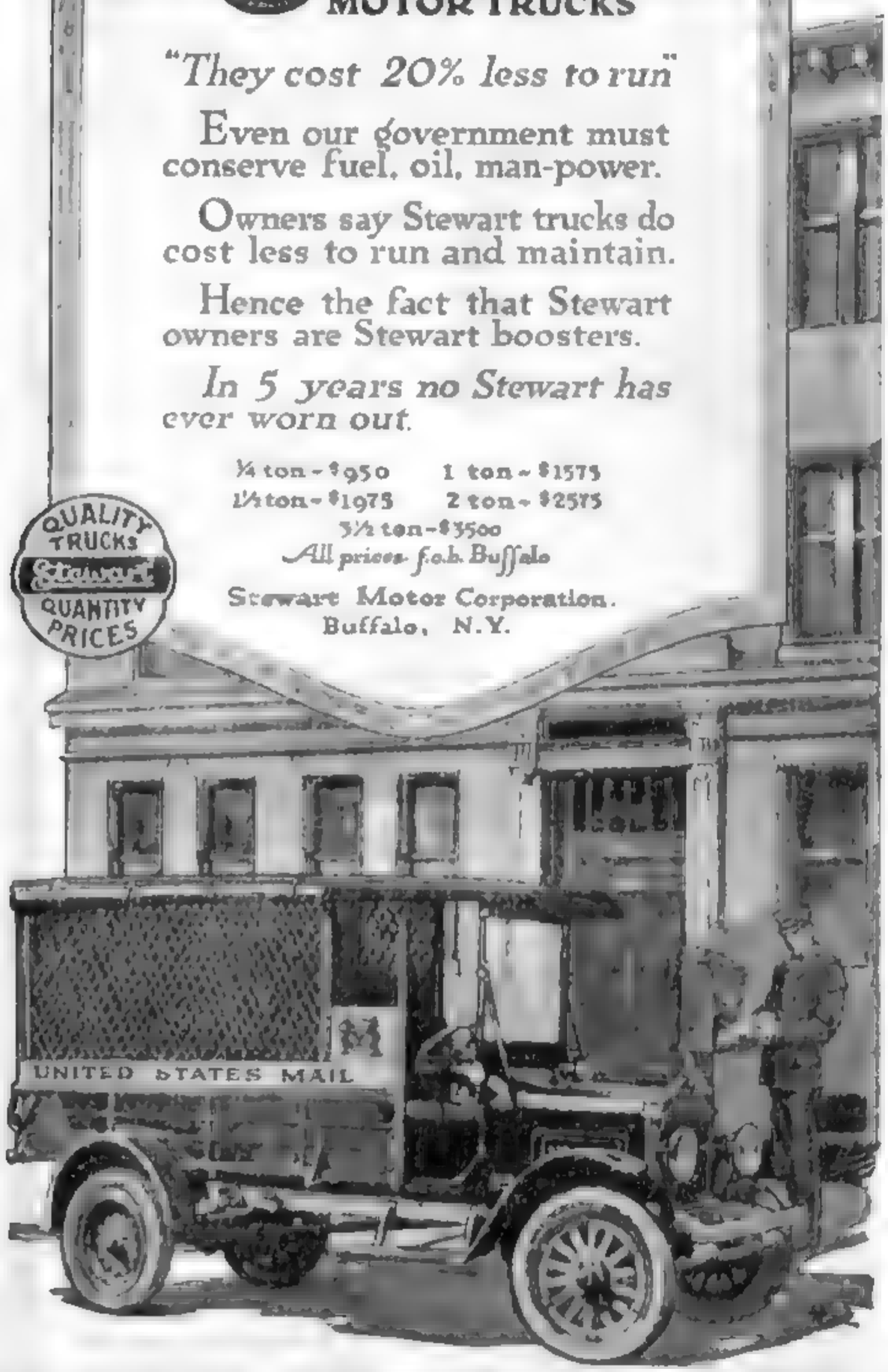

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intrinsically was on circumstance or accident or Fate.

Though he had never done so before, he compared himself with Gerrit Ammidon. The other's refusal to accept a partnership in the family firm or command a California clipper was known. Gerrit and he were alike in that they apprehended the values of life more clearly than did the ordinary mind or heart. But, in retaliation, the world they differed from curtly brushed them aside. Roger Brevard could not see that they had made the least mark on the callous normal cruelty or the æsthetic and spiritual blindness of the existence they shared. But it was always possible that something bigger than their grasp of justice or beauty was afoot.

He turned from the darkened prospect of the window and his thoughts to the room. Without a light he removed his formal street clothes, hanging the coat and waistcoat, folding the trousers in a drawer, with exact care; changing his light boots for fiber slippers he set the former in the row of footgear drawn up like a military review against the wall. Though it was quite obscure now and no one would see him, he paused to brush his slightly disarranged hair before—tying the cord of his chamber robe—he resumed his seat.

The year—he reverted to Sidsall—would pass; but try as he might he had no feeling of security in the future, however near. It was the present, this Sidsall, that filled him with a tyrannical and bitter longing. She was unbelievably beautiful now. Against the faintness of his hope, his patience, he saw the whole slow process of the disintegration of marine insurance, and with it his own fatuous insensibility to the decline—that decline with its exact counterpart in himself. Salem and he were getting dusty together.

He straightened up vigorously in his chair; this would never do. He must wind up his affairs here and return to New York. The tranquil backwater had overpowered him for a time; but again awake he would strike out strongly—with Sidsall. Endless doubt and hope fluctuated within him. Voices rose from the Napier garden, and from a tree sounded the shrilling of the first locust he had noticed that summer.

On a noon following he saw the passage of the three or four carriages that constituted the funeral cortège of Taou Yuen's entirely private interment. She would be buried of course by Christian service; here were none of the elaborate Confucian rites and ceremonial. Yet from what Taou Yuen had occasionally indicated Confucius, Laotaze, the Buddha, were all more alike than different; they all vainly preached humility, purity, the subjugation of the flesh.

He stopped later in the Charter Street cemetery and found her grave, the headstone marked:

TAOU YUEN
A MANCHURIAN LADY
THE WIFE OF
GERRIT AMMIDON, ESQ.

and the dates.

Brevard saw, naturally, but little of the Ammidons—a glimpse of Rhoda in the carriage and William on Charter Street. The Nautilus, ready for sea, continued in her berth at Phillips' Wharf. Fragments of news came to him quoted and requoted, grotesquely exaggerated and even malicious reports of the tragedy at the Dunsacks'. Standing at his high desk in the counting-room of the Mongolian Marine Insurance Company, Taou Yuen's glittering passage through Salem already seemed to him a fable, a dream. Even Sidsall, robustly near by, had an aspect of unreality in the tender fabric of his visions. Captain Rendell, his spade beard at the verge of filmed old eyes, who was seated at the window, rose with difficulty. For a moment he swayed on insecure legs, then, barely gathering the necessary power, moved out into the street.

Later, when Roger Brevard was turning the key on the insurance company for the day, Lacy Saltonstone stopped to speak in her charming slow manner:

"Mother of course is in a whirl, with Captain Ammidon about to marry that Nettie Vollar, since she is recovering after all, and our moving to Boston. . . . You see, I'm there so often it will make really very little difference to me. Sidsall is the lucky one, though you'd never know it from seeing her. . . . I thought you'd have heard—why, to Lausanne, a tremendously impressive school, for a year. They have promised her London afterward. I would call that a promise, but actually Sidsall ——"

"Doesn't she want to go?" he asked mechanically, all the emotions that had chimed through his being suddenly clashing in a discordant misery. He bowed absently, and hastening to his room softly closed the door and sat without supper, late into the evening, lost in a bitterness that continually poisoned the resolutions forming out of his overwhelming need. He was aghast at the inner violence that destroyed the long tranquillity of his existence, the clenched hands and spoken words lost in the shadows over the Napiers' garden. He wanted Sidsall with a breathless tyranny infinitely sharper than any pang of youth; she was life itself.

She didn't want to go, Lacy had made that clear; and he told himself that her reluctance could only, must, proceed from one cause—that she cared for him. As he dwelt on this, the one alleviating possibility, he became certain of its truth. He would find her at once and in spite of Rhoda and William Ammidon explain that his whole hope lay in marrying her. With an utter contempt at all the small orderly habits which, he now saw, were the expression of a confirmed dry preciseness, he left his clothes in a disorderly heap. Such a feeling as Sidsall's and his, he repeated from the oppressive expanse of his black-walnut bed, was above ordinary precautions and observance. Then, unable to dismiss the thought of how crumpled his trousers would be in the morning, oppressed by the picture of the tumbled garments, he finally rose and in the dark relaid them in the familiar smooth array.

In the morning his disturbance resolved into what seemed a very decided and reasonable attitude: He would see Rhoda that day and explain his feeling and establish what rights and agreement he could. He was willing to admit that Sidsall was, perhaps, too young for an immediate decision so wide in results. The ache, the hunger for happiness sharpened by vague premonitions of mischance, began again to pound in his heart.

At the Ammidons' it was clear immediately that Rhoda's manner toward him had changed; it had become more social, even voluble, and restrained. She conversed brightly about trivial happenings, while he sat listening, gravely silent. But it was evident that she soon became aware of his difference, and her voice grew sharper, almost antagonistic. They were in the formal parlor, a significent detail in itself, and Roger Brevard saw William pass the door.

Well, he would soon have to go; he must speak about Sidsall now. It promised to be unexpectedly difficult; but the words were forming when she came into the room.

There were faint shadows under her eyes, the unmistakable marks of tears. An overwhelming passion for her choked at his throat. She came directly up to him, ignoring her mother.

"Did you know that they want me to go away?" she asked.

He nodded.

"It's that I came to see your mother about."

"They know I don't want to," she continued; "I've explained it to them very carefully."

"My dear Sidsall," Rhoda Ammidon cut in, "we can't have this. What Roger has to say must be for me and your father."

The girl smiled at her and turned again to Roger Brevard.

"Do you want me to go?"

"No!" he cried, all his planning lost in uncontrollable rebellion.

"Then I don't think I shall."

William entered and stood at his wife's shoulder.

"You won't insist." Sidsall faced them quietly.

"Ridiculous!" her father replied.

Brevard realized that he must support the girl's bravery of spirit. How adorable she was! But before the overwhelming superior position of the elder Ammidons, their weight of propriety and authority, his determination wavered.

"To be quite frank," the other man proceeded, "since it has been forced on us, Sidsall imagines herself in love with you, Brevard. I don't need to remind you how unsuitable and preposterous that is. She's too young to know the meaning of love. Besides, my dear fellow, you're a quarter century her elder. We want Sidsall to go to

(Concluded on Page 101)

When a Preventable Accident is a Crime

Before the war a preventable motor car or motor truck accident—if no one was hurt—was merely an inconvenience and an extravagance.

Usually the burden fell upon the insurance company.

Now a preventable motor car or motor truck accident is a crime.

It means an additional drain upon steel, upon labor, to supply new parts, and a burden on over-taxed transportation.

Criminal wastage means clogging the national machinery, placing obstacles in the way of winning the war.

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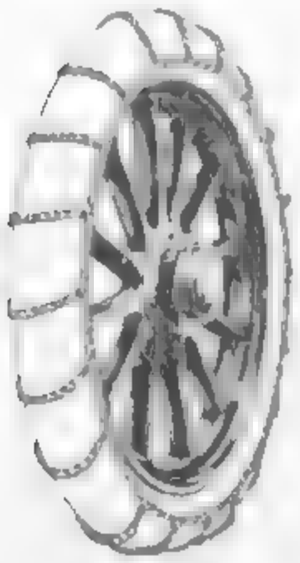

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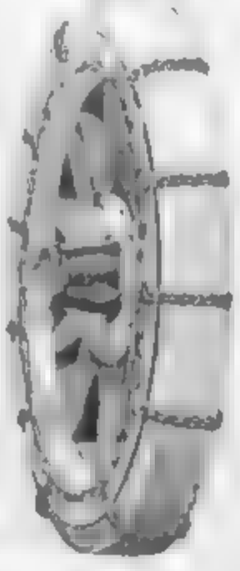

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Whether it is reveille or an alarm clock that calls you, shaving comfort is assured with Williams' Shaving Soap

(Concluded from Page 98)

London, like her mother, have her cotillons, before she settles into marriage."

"They can't understand, Roger." Sidsall touched his hand. "We're sorry to disappoint them ——"

"You ought to be made to leave the room!" William fumed.

"That isn't necessary," Rhoda told him. "I am sure Roger understands perfectly how impossible it is. You mustn't be hurt"—she turned to him—"if I admit that we have different plans; at least a man nearer Sidsall's age."

The girl lifted a confident face to him. "You want to marry me, don't you?" she asked.

"More than any other conceivable joy." But he said this silently. His courage slowly ebbed before the parental displeasure viewing him coldly.

"Then"—Sidsall paused expectantly, a touch of impatience even invaded her manner—"please tell them, Roger."

"Why I have to put up with this is beyond me," William Ammidon expostulated with his wife. "It's shameless!"

Roger Brevard winced. He tried to say something about hope and the future, but it was so weak, a palpable retreat leaving Sidsall alone and unsupported, that the words perished unfinished. The girl studied him, suddenly startled, and her confidence ebbed. He turned away, crushed by convention, filled with shame and a sense of self-betrayal.

A stillness followed of unendurable length, in which he found his attention resting on the diversified shapes of the East India money in a corner cabinet. It was Sidsall who finally spoke, slowly and clearly:

"Forgive me!"

He recognized that she was addressing her mother and father. He knew from the whisper of skirts that she was moving from the room. Without the will necessary for a last glimpse he stood with his head bowed in an appalling sensation of weariness and years.

In a flash of self-comprehension Roger Brevard knew that he would never—as he had hoped—leave Salem. He was an abstemious man, one of a family of long lives, and he would linger here, increasingly unimportant, for a great while, an old man in new epochs, isolated among strange people and prejudices.

Soon after, he passed Gerrit and Nettie Vollar driving in the direction of the harbor; she was lying back wanly in the Ammidon barouche, but her companion's face was set directly ahead, his expression of general disdain strongly marked. A vigorous hand, Roger noted, was clasped about Nettie's supine palm. She saw him standing on the sidewalk and bowed slightly, but the shipmaster plainly overlooked him together with the rest of Salem.

The end of summer was imminent in a whirl of yellow leaves and chill gray wind. There was a ringing of bugles through the morning, the strains of military quicksteps, rhythmic tramping feet and the irregular fulmination of salutes. That it was already the day of the annual Fall Review seemed incredible to Roger Brevard. He was indifferent to the activities of the Common, but when he heard that the Nautilus was sailing in the middle of the afternoon he left his inconsequential affairs for Phillips' Wharf.

A small number were waiting on the solid, rock-filled reach, the wharfinger's office at its head and a stone warehouse blocking the end, where the Nautilus lay with her high steeved bowsprit pointing outward. The harbor was slaty, cold, and there was a continuous slapping of small waves on the shore. Darkening clouds hung low in the west, out of which the wind cut in flaws across the open. The town, so lately folded in lush greenery, showed a dun lift of roofs and stripping branches tossing against an ashy sky.

Close beside Roger stood Barzil Dunsack, his beard blowing, with Kate Vollar in a bright red shawl, her skirts whipping uneasily against her father's legs. Beyond were the Ammidons—William, and Rhoda in a deep-furred wrap, and their daughters. Rhoda waved for him to join them, but he declined with a gesture of acknowledgment.

The deck of the Nautilus was above his vision, but he could see most of the stir of departure. The peremptory voice of the mate rose from the bow, minor directions were issued by the second mate aft, a seaman was aloft on the main-royal yard and another stood at the stage rising sharply from the wharf. Gerrit and his wife had not yet arrived, and the pilot, making a leisurely appearance, stopped to exchange remarks with the Ammidons. He climbed on board the ship and Roger could see his head and shoulders moving toward the poop and mounting the ladder.

The wind grew higher, shriller every moment; it was thrashing among the stays and braces; the man aloft, a small movement against the clouds, swayed in its force. There was a faint clatter of hoofs from Derby Street, Brevard had a fleeting glimpse of an arriving carriage, and Gerrit, supporting Nettie Ammidon, advanced over the wharf. The shipmaster walked slowly, the woman clinging, almost dragging, at his erect strength. They went close by Roger; Nettie's pale face, her large shining dark eyes, were filled with peaceful surrender. Her companion spoke in a low grave tone and she looked up at him in a tired happy acquiescence.

The two families joined and there was a confused determined gayety of farewell and good wishes. Out of it finally emerged the captain of the Nautilus and the slight figure upon his arm. He wore a beaver hat, and as they mounted the stage he was forced to hold it on with his free hand. When the quarter-deck was reached they disappeared into the cabin.

"Mr. Broadrick," the pilot called, "you can get in those bow fasts. Send a hawser to the end of the wharf; I'm going to warp out."

There was a harsh answering clatter as the mooring chain that held the bow of the Nautilus was secured, and a group of sailors went smartly forward with a hemp cable to the end of the wharf's seaward thrust. The Nautilus lay on the eastern side, with the wind beating over the starboard quarter, and there was little difficulty in getting under way.

Strain was kept on the stern and breast fasts while the mate directed: "Ship your capstan bars."

The capstan turned and the Nautilus moved forward to the beat of song.

"Low lands, Low lands, Hurrah, my John,
I thought I heard the old man say.
Low lands, Low lands, Hurrah, my John,
We'll get some rum . . . . . Hurrah, my John.
Then shake her ——"

"Vast heaving," Mr. Broadrick shouted.

The intimate spectators on Phillips' Wharf moved out with the ship. Gerrit Ammidon was now visible on the quarter-deck with the pilot. He walked to the port railing aft and stood gazing somberly back at Salem.

The pilot approached him, there was a brief exchange of words, and the former sharply ordered:

"Stand by to run up your jib and foretopmast staysail, Mr. Broadrick. Put two good men at the sheets and see they don't let those sails slat to pieces.

"On the wharf there—take that stern fast out to the last ringbolt. Mister Second Mate, get your fenders aboard." The wind increased in a violence tipped with stinging rain. "Give her the jib and staysail."

She heeled slightly and gathered steerage way. Roger Brevard involuntarily waved a parting salutation. An extraordinary emotion swept over him; a ship bound to the East always stirred his imagination and sense of beauty, but the departure of the Nautilus had a special significance. It was the beginning, yes, and the end of almost the whole sweep of human suffering and despair, of longing and hope and passion, and a reward.

"Let go the stern fast. Steady your helm there."

"Steady, sir."

A mere gust of song was distinguishable against the blast of storm. Under the lee of the stone warehouse, on the solidity of the wharf, the land, Roger Brevard watched the Nautilus while one by one the topsails were sheeted home and the yards masthended.

"A gale by night," somebody said.

The ship, driving with surprising speed toward the open sea, was now apparently no more than a fragile shell on the immensity of the stark horizon.

The light faded—the days were growing shorter. Alone, Brevard followed the others moving away. Kate Vollar's red shawl suddenly streamed out and was secured by a wasted hand. Just that way, he thought, the color and vividness of his existence had been withdrawn.

(THE END)

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CALL UP THE BALLOON

(Continued from Page 22)

the groove. By an ingenious system of tapes this spring is pulled off when weight comes on the parachute. Thus when a man jumps out of the basket, as soon as the rope tightens off comes the bottom of the case, out falls the rope and most of the silk, and when the ropes and silk tighten again the thin cotton thread breaks—and there you are. All you have to do then is to wait for it to open.

When I first went to the balloon service I was quite anxious to know how to parachute in the most approved style. I'll never forget the instructions I received. The major gave them to me.

"See that you are fastened on all right. See that your harness has not fouled anything in the basket. Climb out of the basket and hang by your arms. Make sure that you are clear; and then—let go."

Very simple, isn't it? So simple indeed that it requires no practice. A chap performs perfectly the first time he tries it. Of course, if he doesn't he generally never has a second chance. Still, if a man keeps his head he ought not to be hurt.

There may have been cases where a parachute refused to open. I never saw one; nor have I ever heard of one in France—that is, with a man attached to the parachute. On two occasions while we were testing parachutes they failed to open; once because there was only one sandbag, about fifty pounds, on it. This was purely a case of insufficient weight. The other time the silk fouled the long handling guys of the balloon and hung there.

A Fatal Omission

When about to jump a balloonist must think fast, keep his head and not forget. One fatality I remember was due entirely to a slip of memory on the part of the officer jumping. He was a chap who had been in the public eye quite a bit before the war, and a truer gentleman or better friend I never knew. On this occasion he had been up observing with another chap. They were hauling down on account of a storm that was approaching. As they got within about one hundred feet of the ground they both released themselves from their parachutes preparatory to getting out of the basket. When the balloon was within several feet of the ground the storm broke. The wind suddenly striking the balloon wrenched it from its cable and the lift of the gas immediately caused the balloon to rise. The crew were helpless. One observer jumped as the balloon broke away and sustained only a severe shaking up. The wind was toward the boche lines, so my friend commenced getting rid of his instruments. He threw out his maps, glasses, barometer and telephones. It appeared as though he was very cool and collected about it all.

Though it was only the work of a second or two to fasten himself to the parachute again my friend forgot to do so. He climbed to the edge of the basket and dropped overboard without it, from five thousand feet.

That is one of the cases where a single slip of the memory means the difference between life and death. Thus died a most capable officer and a true-hearted friend—all through forgetting just once.

The shortest time in which I ever knew a parachute to open was two and three-fifths seconds; the longest—with one exception—three and two-fifths seconds. The one exception took five seconds.

From the ground one can judge the time only from when the first flutter of the white silk is seen. There is a drop of about forty feet of course before that is seen. One can expect to fall pretty close to three hundred feet before the parachute is properly open. They have a type of parachute in America—and in England, too, for that matter—with which one does not fall more than twenty-five to thirty feet before it opens, but I consider the long drop a distinct advantage in France. No one cares to parachute there from a much lower height than one thousand feet. If you are parachuting away from a Hun plane and he intends to follow you down it is much nicer to get as far away from him as possible in the shortest time with the long drop. It is a very plucky Hun who will follow you down under one thousand feet because of the machine guns on the ground.

When the parachute opens—which it does gradually—it does not bring you up with a jerk. Your downward motion gradually slows up until you are going down at the rate of about five hundred feet a minute, which means you hit the ground about as hard as if you jumped off a fence four feet high. Sometimes, however, one hits harder than at others.

After the April affair, when we were dragged by our parachutes, we learned to put a cord lanyard on our sheath knives so they would not be jerked out of our hands when we hit the ground. When one lands in a wind it is necessary sometimes to slash oneself free from the parachute just as one touches the ground. The parachute then falls flat to the ground.

The silk makes the most gorgeous handkerchiefs. I fully intended to have a suit of pyjamas made from one of my parachutes, but someone touched me for the silk. A parachute can be used repeatedly if it is not damaged, but after a chap has jumped, his parachute, when he has finished getting handkerchiefs and other souvenirs out of it, generally is a total loss.

Being attacked at this time was such a common thing that though it still raised a ripple of excitement it was not the event of the season as it had been a year before. Three or four attacks made against our balloons stick out in my memory, however, as being a bit out of the average. Each one of them had a touch of the comic or tragic about it.

One night it was almost dark before the balloons came down. There had been some sort of little show on over the lines. Perhaps that was why we were all later than usual. Most of our planes had gone home and the last ones to fly past us were our artillery machines. Slow, good-natured old busses they were. They would almost fly themselves, but glory, they were slow! They were generally the last home and it was a common sight to see them come limping in about the time we were hauling down.

A Short Sport

This night I had gone over to the next balloon on some intelligence job or other and I stayed there till the balloon came down. My own balloon was still up about twenty-five hundred feet. The section I was visiting was hauling down lazily and had got to within about three hundred feet of the ground when my own commenced to haul down.

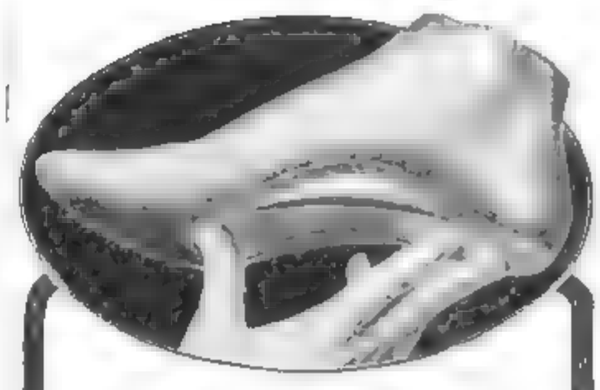
I noticed a slow old aëroplane approaching it. Suddenly I saw one of their signal lights fly out toward the balloon. I was just uttering some heartfelt language about fool pilots who knew no better than to shoot off their Very lights so close to a balloon, when I heard the rattle of a machine gun and saw unmistakable tracer bullets go flying past my balloon. It was a Hun; an old Aviatik, which looked a good deal like our slow artillery plane. It was so dark it was almost impossible to distinguish the crosses on its wings. Besides, it had come limping in just like one of our planes. Indeed, even our Archies had taken it for one of them. Frits had flown behind the balloon, turned toward home and then had shot his whole bag of tricks at the poor old sausage, ending up, as he passed over it, by heaving out a phosphorus bomb. He was a pretty cute Hun all right, but he had no luck. The balloon did not burst into flames.

Our pilot was just a youngster, and the observer was a chap who had come to France the day before. Some welcome! They both came out. As they had climbed to the edge of the basket just previous to jumping one of the bullets hit the pilot in the stomach. He fell back into the basket. The new chap—it was his first flight in France—slid back into the basket, picked up the pilot, dropped him over the edge and then jumped himself.

A man in a parachute is quite helpless and though it may be good strategy to kill him if possible it has generally been the policy of our flyers to leave him alone and let him make his landing, figuring, I suppose, that he has had enough to worry about.

Not so with this boche brute. He spiraled down after the parachutes, machine-gunning them, fortunately without effect. He did, however, hit one of our motorcyclists, putting a bullet in his arm. Our two chaps made a good landing and were at once taken care of.

(Continued on Page 105)



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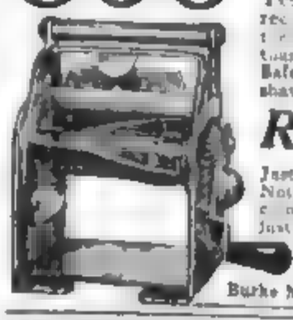

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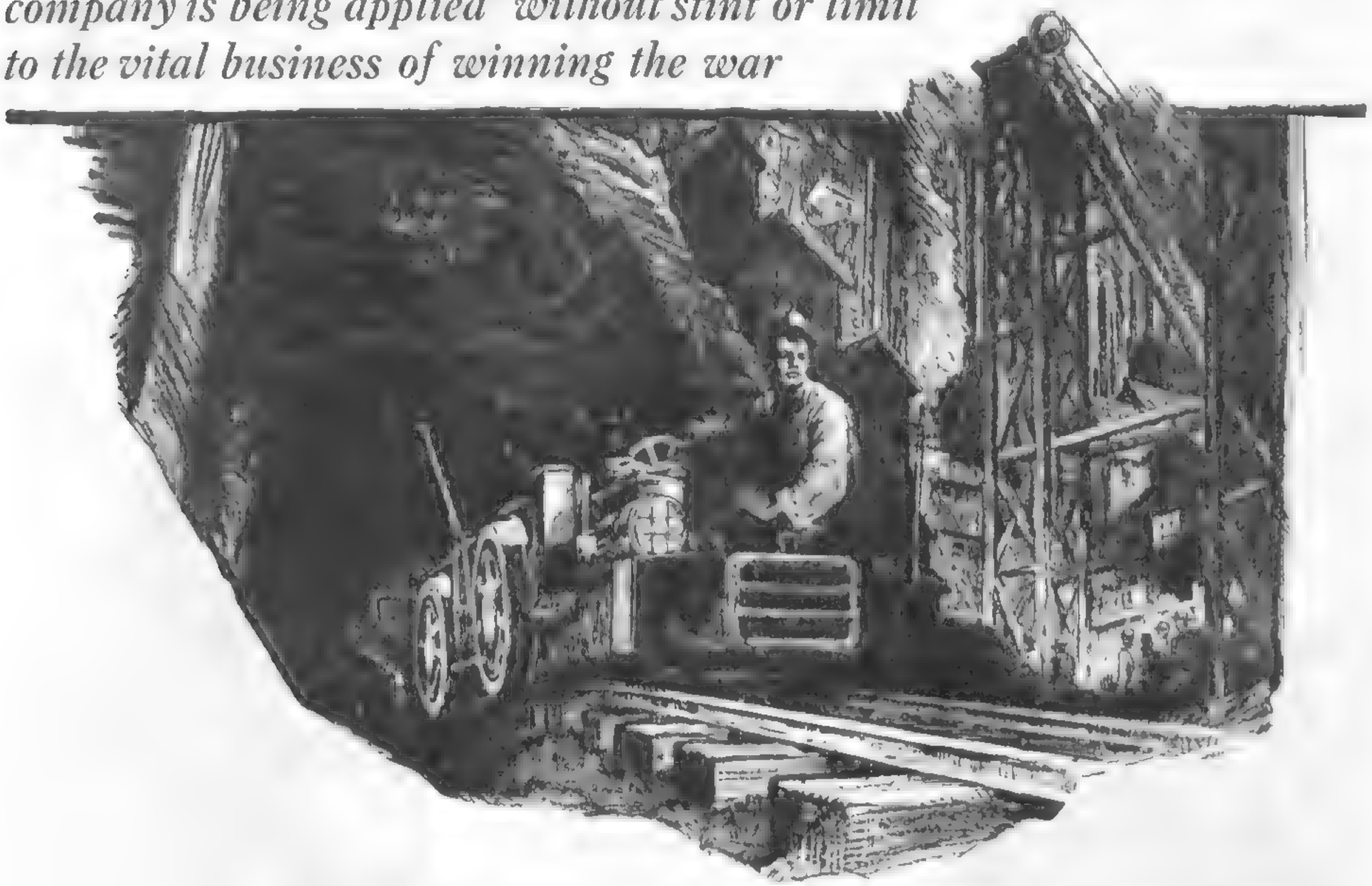

"Give us Coal!" And Mule Power gives way to Electric Power

The arms of victory are forged in the nation's industrial plants. The bridge to France is the line of ships that stretches across the Atlantic. These must have sufficient coal.

Our coal mining industry made a world's record last year, despite many handicaps. In the anthracite mines alone, the labor shortage was 16 per cent., and the Government drafted many of the mules for the army's needs. Yet production increased 14 per cent. over the previous year.

How was it done? By better methods. By electrification. The electric mine locomotive, operated by one man, hauls a half dozen or more cars. Electric hoisting makes deep mining possible. Electrically operated ventilating fans safeguard the health of those toiling beneath ground. Electric coal cutters and drills save time and labor.

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Many coal operators looked to the General Electric Company for this assistance. G-E Mining Specialists responded by giving their attention to the problems confronting each mine, and the great G-E manufacturing departments did their part by making prompt deliveries.

This year, the demands upon the mines and all industry are greater, and the labor supply scarcer, than ever before. The General Electric Company pledges its entire engineering and manufacturing facilities to every industry and individual manufacturer or operator engaged in essential war work.

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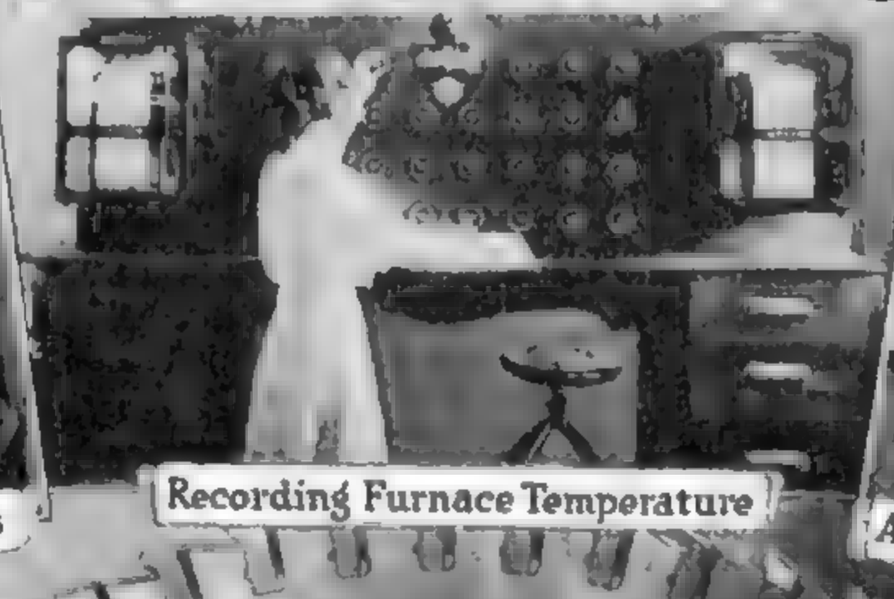
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Another Hardness Test

No "Guess Work"

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Your inquiries are invited for Saws or for Steel Plates.

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Memphis, Tenn.	St. John, N. B.	Portland, Ore.
New Orleans, La.	London, England	Seattle, Wash.

(Continued from Page 102)

Fritz had long since turned for home, but before he got well started three of our fighting planes were coming off the ground like avenging furies. Our machine guns had, as usual, jammed, and our Archies could not fire for fear of hitting the balloon. Fritzie's slow speed had been of use to him in coming across; on his way back it was his undoing.

Our three planes climbed after him in a line. When within about five hundred yards they opened fire. We could see the tracer bullets blaze through the dusk. They caught him just over his own trenches and pounced on him like so many hawks. Down, down they drove him in spirals; he could not escape. Each way he turned he was greeted with a rain of tracers.

At last about three hundred feet from the ground he burst into flames and went down in a cloud of smoke, amid the cheers of our men.

Then someone remembered and hauled down the balloon.

The whole thing had happened in five minutes and was all over before my motorcycle could get me back to the section.

The next night another Fritz flew over and tried the very same trick; only he added a neat little original touch by bombing our camp as well.

I never saw just what the end of that affair was, for while we were watching him go home bits of shell and shrapnel from the Archies as well as rifle and machine-gun bullets from the front line began to drop round us so fast that everyone ducked for cover. When it stopped half a minute later the Hun plane had disappeared. We heard that he had been brought down by the infantry but I rather doubt it. If he did escape possibly he deserved it. He had had a hot passage and he certainly showed more nerve than most boche airmen.

The German High Command must have been fairly well disgusted at the lack of success their aëroplanes had had in bringing down British balloons. Up till this time they had made several attacks which failed of their purpose. In each of these attacks only one hostile plane had participated. Now the chief of the baby killers decided on a *grand coup*. This was to be no small affair, but one calculated to put the everlasting wind-up on the British balloons. Getting the wind-up is the army expression for getting frightened. This time the Huns were going to bring down the balloons if they had to use the whole German air service. It was the first concerted attack made upon our sausages.

Strafing the Sausages

It happened on a hot afternoon toward the end of June, 1917. There was a bright sun and the upper air was filled with a fine haze, which was especially unfavorable for observing aëroplanes from the ground. All our balloons were up. They hung in a long undulating lazy-looking line, somewhere about three thousand feet in the air.

Very few Hun planes had made their appearance that afternoon and work was going along swimmingly. There was very little wind—hardly enough to keep the balloons facing in one direction. Simultaneously, like runners in a race suddenly rounding a bend into view, sixteen Hun aëroplanes dashed out of the haze about half a mile apart. Each made for one of our balloons. The attack came so suddenly and was so well executed that the Archies as well as ourselves were taken by surprise.

Instead of two hearts with but a single thought there were thirteen. The reason there weren't sixteen was that some of the balloons were up without an observer. Everybody in the balloons went overboard. The result was a sight which I don't think has ever been seen before or since. A long line of parachutes, thirteen in number, suddenly opened and drifted to earth. It sounds ghastly, but I remember thinking how funny it must have looked from the ground as I watched them all floating down—quite like Hyde Park on a hot Sunday afternoon.

Everyone made a good landing. No one was hurt. The net result of Fritzie's attack was that two balloons were sent down in flames. The rest were hauled down into safer altitudes.

To even things up a bit for the Hun his aëroplanes were overtaken by our fighters on their way back and three of his machines were shot down. It is true, thirteen balloonists were rendered extremely uncomfortable by having to parachute, but, as the Irishman said, "they were coming down for nails anyway." It was just time for tea.

Strafing balloons is more or less a senseless game anyway. The aëroplane men don't like it. They say it is dangerous occupation, but so far as I can see the balloons can't do them much damage. It does interrupt a balloon's observation for several hours, but other balloons take on their work. Unless all the balloons are put down at the same time the enemy does not profit very much thereby.

Even if a balloon is burned a new balloon will be looking down at the Hun from the same place the next morning. It never takes more than ten hours, and on one occasion we had a new balloon ready to ascend in four and a half hours after the previous one had been destroyed; so that in many respects balloon strafing is like trying to sink a rubber ball in water by throwing stones at it. It is hard to hit, and when one does hit it it simply bobs up again.

I read with a great deal of pleasure the German wireless communiqué which our wireless picked up that night. The squadron of planes that attacked the balloons that afternoon was not that of Baron von Richthofen, judging by the communiqué that the Hun wireless sent out. They more likely belonged to the squadron of the far-famed Baron Münchhausen. The wireless said: "Ten hostile balloons were shot down in flames by our aviators this afternoon. Several of the observers escaped in parachutes."

We used to pick up lots of humorous intelligence with our wireless. It was a source of never-failing interest to most of us and when life hung heavy on our hands we used to go to the wireless hut, clamp the extra pair of telephone receivers on our ears and listen to the many different conversations being sent through space. We could at intervals pick up the shrill buzz of the Eiffel Tower of Paris through the thin mosquito-like whine of our artillery machines carrying on observations for their batteries, and occasionally we could catch the deep growling, grouchy buzz of Nauen, whence the German official wireless was sent.

Wireless Chatter

Fritz had a stunt that he used to employ frequently. Somewhere back of his lines he had a powerful sending set. When our planes were busy talking to their batteries he used to butt in with his heavy set and jam the everlasting daylight out of their messages. At least that was his idea. To a great extent an expert operator could have received a message through the infernal racket the Hun kicked up. He used to run up and down the scale, and on one occasion it sounded so peculiar that we almost suspected Heinie of having a sense of humor—of trying to play a tune with his wireless. Our balloon wireless was chiefly used to take messages from our own planes. One of our planes would be over the lines on artillery patrol and would have registered a battery on some particular target. He would then want to register another battery on another target. So he would send a message to the first battery, which we would receive and note, informing us in four letters that he had registered the battery, that it was shooting well on to the target; that he proposed to work with another battery, and that the balloon would please keep an eye on the target and give general observation on the rest of the shoot. The battery would then call up the balloon and receive whatever information we had to give it.

Our wireless used to save us a lot of trouble in putting up the balloon unnecessarily. When the weather was not perfectly clear there used to be an aëroplane that flew over the lines at short intervals and sent back information as to the degree of visibility. As long as we were getting certain code letters we knew it was useless for us to put the balloon up for observation purposes. We used to get quite a bit of information as to the German artillery code by listening to his wireless working.

Perhaps we used the wireless to the greatest extent for foretelling the weather in the immediate future. The wireless receiver is particularly sensitive to atmospheric disturbances and by it we could foretell the approach of a thunderstorm hours before there were any visible signs of it. Indeed, I have heard the wireless receivers crackling so much that any message coming in would be almost undecipherable.

In those days the observation balloons were used by many people for many different

A Remedy for Short Help —The Dictaphone

IF the opinion of the many thousands of Dictaphone users could be woven into a single war-time message to the business men of America, it would read about like this:

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"It enables each operator to produce from 50 to 100 per cent more letters per day—at one-third less cost. Better letters, too."

The Dictaphone is as simple to use as the telephone. Simply slip the receiver off the hook, and *talk*. Convenient, too. Any hour of day or night is all right for Dictaphone dictation.

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purposes. While in the air they were a never-failing landmark and guidepost for the tired Tommy returning to his transport lines. The meteorological service used them as a sort of substation, and the artillery for several purposes. Did the divisional commander want to know in a general way how an attack was proceeding? He called up the balloon for the information. Did an engineer officer want to know whether the camouflage he was putting on some huts was sufficient? He called up the balloon to find out. Did an aëroplane squadron commander want corroborative evidence as to the bringing down of a Hun plane? He called up the balloon. When some locality was being shelled by the Germans and counter-battery office was notified, they said: "Call up the balloon and see who is doing it. Give them a battery and tell them to put a stop to it." In fact the balloons were so general a source of information that once when a very prominent politician from England got to France and was being conducted by an orderly to a certain place, and didn't arrive on time, they called up the balloon to see if we could locate him wandering over the landscape!

In spite of all this service the balloons were very unwelcome neighbors because it was believed they drew fire. People made nasty remarks about their ugly appearance in the air, and some erratic person even went so far as to say that ballooning was a safety-first job. In fact, in many ways when it came down to brass tacks the balloons were like Mr. Kipling's Tommy:

It's Tommy this an' Tommy that an' Tommy go away,
But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play.

Fritz always used to try out his new stunts on my section. So it seemed to us, anyway. As a matter of fact we did get quite a number of his ideas thrown at us first. Perhaps it was because we were the nearest balloon to the line. I might remark just here that the German balloons were always operated farther behind the lines than ours were. I do not think that I ever saw one of his balloons closer to the front line than eight or nine thousand yards. That is, however, by the way.

Balloons Under Shell-Fire

It was the British artillery that gave Fritz this idea that he tried out on us. It seems that the officer in charge of a battery of our six-inch guns found life very boring one afternoon, so he decided to lighten the tedium of existence by taking two or three potshots at the Hun balloons. Now a shell hitting a balloon will make a hole—in fact two holes—in it, but it will not set it afire. To accomplish that a shell must burst inside a balloon or within less than ten feet of it, so balloon shooting with a heavy gun must be mathematically accurate, aided by a good deal of luck. Otherwise it simply becomes a very expensive way of spending an afternoon, and all the satisfaction one gets out of it is in knowing that the balloon observer has been rendered very uncomfortable.

To burst a shell close enough to a balloon to set it afire is just about an impossibility with even the best modern guns. The six-inch gun I refer to is the very last thing in modernity and can shoot comfortably up to thirty thousand yards.

The old proverb about the "unexpected happening" proved itself again in this instance. The first round fired burst in a cloud of white smoke right on the Hun balloon, sending it down in flames. The artillery officer went on firing at other balloons, fearfully pleased with himself. He didn't get another, though he shot at them off and on for three weeks.

It was putting evil thoughts into Fritz's head, however. Indeed he believed it was such a good idea that he decided to try it. Accordingly, and without delay, he got up a 5.9 gun, probably a naval gun, and started in on us. He used a Universal shell, which was particularly beastly. This shell was a combination of shrapnel and high explosive—that is, it bursts and squirts shrapnel bullets all about, as any well-trained shrapnel shell ought; then it bursts itself into large shards, big pieces of jagged steel about two feet long, four inches wide and about an inch thick—distinctly unpleasant, I assure you. I saw one of these pieces come down, whirling like a saw, and cut a man diagonally across the chest into two pieces right before my eyes. Those shells certainly moved quickly. One heard them coming just about half a second before they burst. The first one burst behind the balloon about two thousand feet up. The shrapnel bullets descended in a torrent and hit the ground with a decidedly displeasing "phut." To haul down was out of the question, for Fritz would simply wait till the balloon got to the ground; then he would put over a couple of shells and get the entire crew.

We decided to put the balloon up as high as possible in hopes that Fritz couldn't elevate his gun enough to get a shell up there. The observer could have parachuted, but we all felt that jumping is like running away from the Hun, a thing that most of us object to doing.

Meanwhile the shells were bursting at ten-minute intervals. As I know from experience it is anything but pleasant to stay up in a balloon basket waiting for the next one to come over. Let us say that Fritz has a fairly good line on the balloon. A shell has burst in front of the balloon, and the last one has just burst about one hundred yards behind it. You know another one is due in ten minutes. The next five minutes go all right, then you begin to wonder where it will burst. Theoretically it ought to be between the last two, and that is where the balloon is. You look at your watch about every ten seconds. Will the time never pass? The suspense is the worst part of it! You wish the next would come and get it over with. You have a terrific curiosity. The chances are that Fritz doesn't know that he has bracketed the balloon with his last two rounds. It is impossible for him to know unless he has observers away at each side, miles away. The next one arrives on schedule, whistles over you and bursts away behind you. This goes on for an hour, two hours, maybe three hours. That is the kind of thing which gets one's nerve quicker than anything else.

Friday the Thirteenth

While he was being shot at the observer tried to locate the gun by the flashes. We were unsuccessful for quite a while. Fritz kept moving that gun all round his back areas; seemingly it was never two days in the same place.

The shelling started Friday morning. It lasted for a little more than an hour. On Saturday we got two hours of it. Meanwhile the major had arranged for a flock of aëroplanes to bomb the gun when it had been located. On Sunday he decided to break the Huns' hearts by letting them shoot at the balloon all day. They hadn't got very near it in the two days, and the major's idea was to put the balloon up in ballast with a dummy figure in it, leave it up all Sunday and let the Hun shoot at it to his heart's content, so that when he failed to hit it he would see it was a waste of ammunition and give up strafing balloons as a bad job. All the other officers went off for a day's vacation while I stayed in camp. I put the balloon up as ordered, but the whole day passed without Fritz shooting at it once.

He resumed his hate the next week and continued it at intervals, but while I remained in France he never succeeded in bringing down a balloon by gunfire.

I had never been a superstitious person. For months there were thirteen members of our mess and we sat down to table quite undisturbed. I was even content to light three cigarettes from one match on occasion.

Friday, the thirteenth of July, dawned cloudy and threatening. It was my day for the long and worst session in the basket. At breakfast that morning many comforting remarks were passed.

"Looks like a good day for Huns," one said.

"It's about time something happened to you," said another.

I paid very little serious attention to their remarks, as we were generally quite candid in our talk to one another.

During the morning the weather was bad; overcast, with occasional showers. After lunch it cleared a bit and we put the balloon up. There was to be some sort of raid that night, and we had quite a few registrations to make in preparation for it.

As I climbed into the basket the wireless operator reported very strong atmospherics. This indicated the presence of thunderstorms not far away.

I ascended to about three thousand feet and started to work. The crackling of the atmospherics made telephonic communication almost impossible, so I came down to

(Continued on Page 109)

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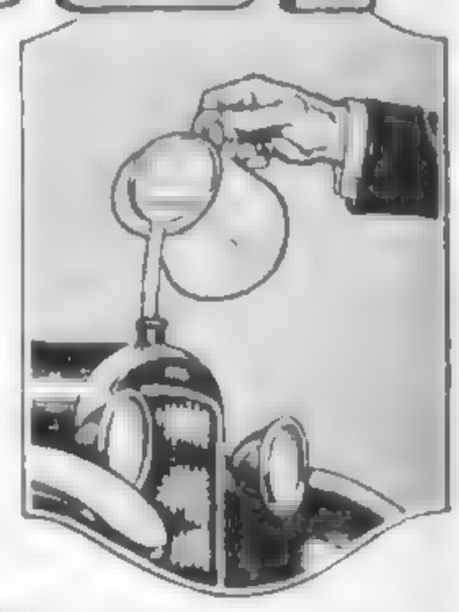

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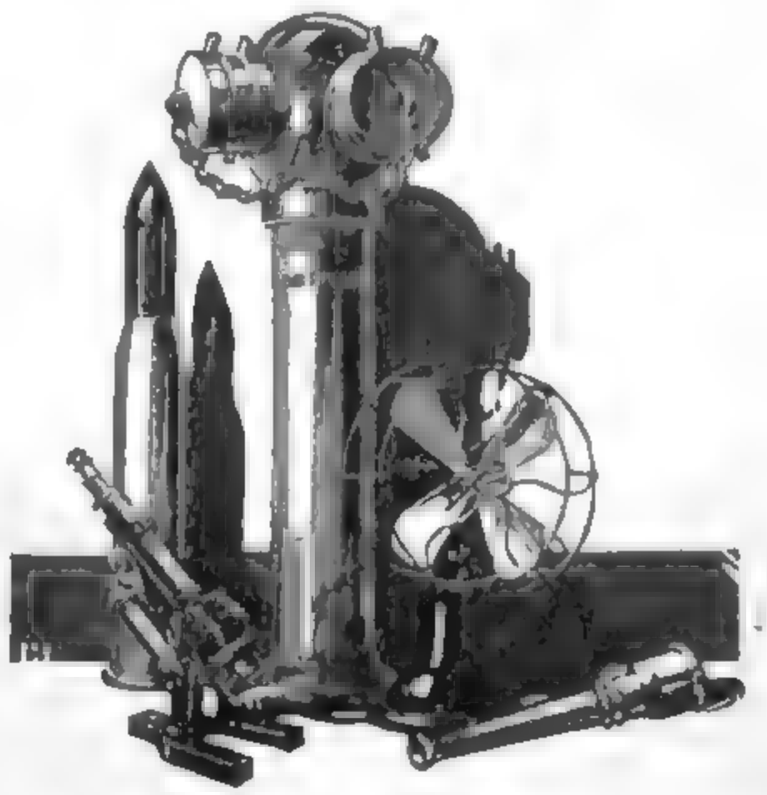

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(Continued from Page 106)

twenty-five hundred. I had soon to come to two thousand feet, and there I stayed.

The ground officer told me that the atmospheric disturbances were getting stronger. Behind me I could see a big bank of black clouds coming up. They didn't look inviting. My batteries knew that our time to work was short and they were working very fast. We started on our last shoot—a registration on a trench junction—for gas shell. The people on the ground kept warning me of the thunderstorm behind and suggesting that I haul down. The clouds were coming up fast and it looked as though we couldn't finish before they were on top of us. However, as the guns had to use this registration that same night it must be finished if possible.

I was just hanging on from round to round. Two more rounds would finish the job. The clouds were over me, about twenty-five feet above the balloon. I remember I was standing with my glasses to my eyes to watch the fall of a shell, when there was a brilliant green flash and I ceased to participate actively in the war.

My first conscious impression was that some kind person was pouring gallons of Scotch whisky down my throat; my next was that I must not show signs of returning to consciousness too soon or this would stop. There were five doctors there, a colonel, two majors and two captains; a field ambulance was situated within about thirty yards of our winch. I was in my own tent, had a splitting headache, my jaws were sore, I was as deaf as a post and my knees wouldn't work.

Seemingly I had miles of bandages twisted round my head.

The headache left me in about an hour and I felt better. Then I got an account of what had happened from the ground officer.

It seems the same flash of lightning that laid me out had also got the telephonist on the other end of the balloon wire. It had knocked him off his chair into the corner, but as he got up swearing, they knew that he wasn't much hurt. The ground officer had grabbed the phone and tried to call me in the basket. When I didn't answer he had ordered the balloon hauled down. By some miracle it hadn't caught fire.

They found me sleeping peacefully in a corner of the basket, all tied up in the telephone apparatus; this had been twisted, burned and altogether ruined by the shock. I had remained unconscious for nearly four hours.

The next day I got about again, though I felt pretty well shocked. My left ear was almost quite deaf and the skin round it had been burned fairly well. I spent a couple of days of idleness, though I felt fairly all right again. I was able to do ground officer's work, and as we were very shorthanded I more or less had to.

Work in the Haze

There were only three of us to do the work, and those days the balloon was up almost from daylight till dark. That meant that each of us must do about six hours in the air and six hours in the chart room every day. It is generally recognized, I think, that four hours' ballooning every other day is about all an observer can do and not go to pieces. We were doing much more than that. We had to. The work was there to be done, and seemingly we could get no more officers. It was only a question of time therefore until we would all crack up. We had been at this for about ten days after the lightning episode when another thing happened.

It was another of those hazy days, when observation was impossible and when Hun planes were well-nigh invisible from the ground. For some unknown reason orders came along that all balloons were to ascend in ballast except one. That was to take up an observer to watch for a shooting view. Naturally, as we were the duty balloon for the day we went up. The Hun's back country was a mass of haze, while even the front lines were but faintly visible. I was sitting up at two thousand feet, waiting for a view. I had been there about an hour, when, about two P. M., one of our batteries phoned in to say they wanted to register a certain point and could the balloon see it? The balloon looked up the point and decided that maybe it could. The point was a very prominent one, being the junction of a big black railway embankment with a white-chalk trench. I ascended to thirty-two hundred feet to see if I could see it better.

The battery was to fire fifty rounds on it and pretty soon it commenced to fire. There was nothing at all extraordinary about the shoot. The battery got on to its target and registered its four guns very well. They finished their shoot and thanked us for our assistance. As the view of the back country was still "dud" and as it was very hazy about me I decided to haul down to two thousand again.

My Archie battery had been notified as to my height when I ascended to thirty-two hundred feet. The Archie battery, when it is notified at what height the balloon is flying, lays its guns so that their shells will form a barrage about one thousand to twelve hundred feet over the balloon.

The balloon on my left was up in ballast and was trying for an altitude test—that is, they were seeing how high they could make the bag go. It was away above me. Later I found out it had reached fifty-three hundred feet. Because it was so hazy up above it was simply asking for trouble to go that high unnecessarily.

I had just given the order to the winch to haul down, when out of the haze above me and to my left I saw a plane suddenly appear. I happened to be looking at the exact spot when it burst into sight. It seemed to materialize out of nothing in a fraction of a second. Its close-coupled squatty fuselage looked very suspicious, so I put my glasses on it. There were the black crosses of a Hun. It was making for the balloon on my left, which was up so high. No sooner had the Hun appeared than out of the mist behind it came one of our slow artillery machines, diving to get on the Hun's tail and with its machine gun roaring. Of course, the poor old game artillery bus did not have a chance and was left behind as though standing still.

A Surprise Attack

As soon as I recognized the Hun plane I shouted the information down the telephone. I had spotted the plane before our own spotter. We had one man whose sole duty was to watch for hostile planes. The information I howled down the phone seemed utterly to demoralize the telephonist, for from then on I could not get any information about anything. It all happened so quickly that up till this time our Archie had not fired a shot. The machine guns were chattering now, however, and as the balloon swung round I caught a glimpse of the balloon on my left enveloped in smoke. Fritz had fired one or two incendiary bullets into it, and it was burning. A balloon when it commences to burn does not explode, as a great many people seem to think. An incendiary or tracer bullet, when it hits the balloon, goes through it, making two holes, of course. As the bullet is flaming, being filled with a magnesium compound, it ignites the hydrogen where it escapes at these two holes. Hydrogen, or in fact anything, can burn only when it combines with oxygen, and as the hydrogen escapes at the bullet holes it combines with the oxygen in the air, and burns like two gas jets. The holes enlarge as the fabric is burned away and the flames grow larger until the whole balloon becomes one mass of flame. As soon as enough hydrogen has escaped to make the weight of the balloon greater than the weight of an equal volume of air the balloon starts to drop to the ground.

So, as I say, as the balloon swung round I caught a glimpse of the other balloon enveloped in black smoke, slowly dropping to the ground. Then my balloon swung the other way and persistently kept itself between the Hun plane and myself, so I did not know whether he was going home or was going to have a crack at me. My telephonist was so excited that he couldn't tell me anything about it. I soon found out that Fritz was after my balloon as well as the other one, for I heard machine-gun bullets humming by me; and a tracer bullet or two went past, leaving a trail of white smoke. They were not very close, however, for the Hun was some distance above me. Long before this I had cleared my parachute harness and was sitting on the edge of the basket with the telephone in my hand.

So many things happened at once that it is impossible to describe them as they happened. I do not think the whole thing occupied more than a minute at the most. Before the Hun turned his attention to me I heard our Archie fire with a ripping crash, and immediately after that the two

How to End Film On Your Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

It Must Be Done

Brushing teeth without ending the film is pretty nearly useless. Millions of people know that. They find that brushed teeth still discolor, still decay. And statistics show that tooth troubles are constantly increasing.

A slimy film which you feel on your teeth is the cause of most tooth troubles. It gets into crevices and stays, resisting the tooth brush.

That film is what discolors, not your teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So it is that film which wrecks the teeth.

Science has now found a way to daily combat that film. Able authorities have proved it by clinical tests. It is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent, which countless dentists are now urging. It is bound to supersede old methods with everyone who knows it.

A Test Will Show

The results of Pepsodent are so evident, so quick, that even a week's use is convincing.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

Ordinary pepsin will not serve this purpose. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth.

But science has discovered a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. It is that method—used only in Pepsodent—which makes possible this efficient application.

After a great many tests made by dental authorities, Pepsodent is recognized as the way to fight this film. And now we urge everyone to prove it in their homes.

Send the coupon with 10 cents for a special tube. Use it like any tooth paste and watch results. Note how clean your teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of that slimy film. See how your teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Stop your inefficient methods for a little while. See how much more Pepsodent accomplishes. Then judge for yourself what to do in the future.

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Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station.

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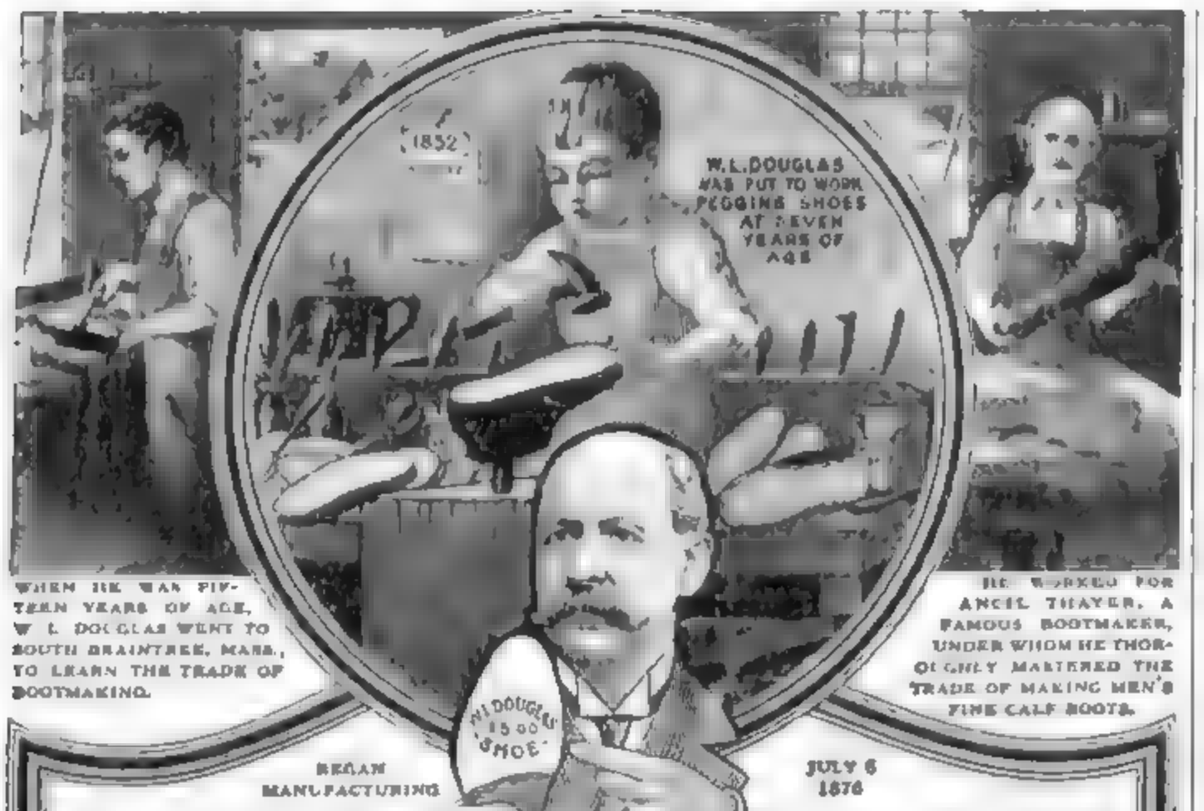
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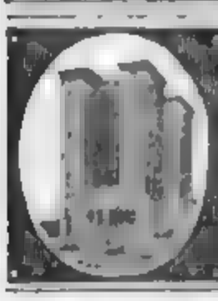

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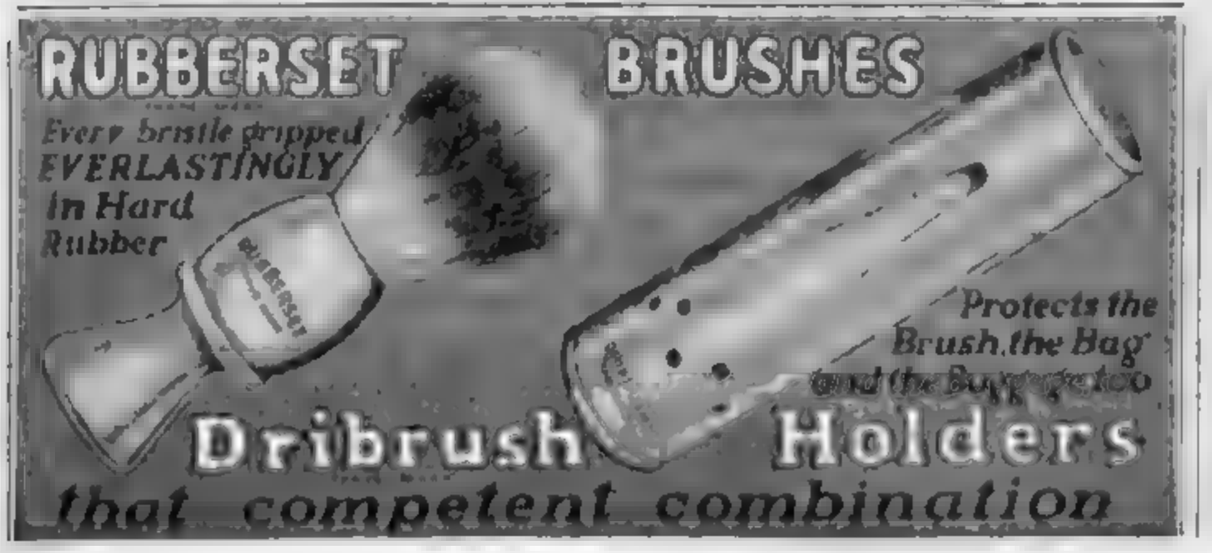

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shells burst. Instead of bursting a thousand feet above me they both burst about twenty-five feet to the left of my balloon and on a level with it.

They were firing two guns, and as a barrage is dependent upon volume of fire they fired their second pair of shells before the first two had burst. The third shell burst on a level with the balloon and about ten feet short of it. The shrapnel bullets shot forward in a cone, biting out circles of about a foot in diameter, and the whole bag of tricks went through the balloon. The fourth shell passed through the balloon and burst about ten feet the other side.

When the first two had burst so close to me I decided that, with a Hun shooting red-hot bullets at me from in front and with my own Archies plastering shrapnel at me from behind, the basket was no place for me, so as I dropped the telephone I shouted "Look out below!" and dropped overboard.

I heard a "wumph" when the parachute pulled out of its case as I dropped like a rock for about three hundred feet. I remember seeing the balloon a bit saggy in the middle; then my view was blotted out as the parachute, like a large white umbrella, suddenly opened over my head.

One cannot maneuver a parachute so as to steer it or accelerate one's descent. I've heard some people say it can be done. I never wished harder than then to know how, for, with the holes that balloon had in her, it was dollars to doughnuts that she was following me down. If the balloon fell on top of the parachute I should hit the ground a good deal harder than was healthy. Ordinarily a parachute drifts with the wind, and by hauling in the cable at the winch the balloon can be prevented from falling on the parachute. This day, however, there was not a breath of wind. The old balloon had swung round like a teetotum. All these things I thought of as I came down. However, I got down all right and landed within about seventy-five feet of the winch. The balloon reached the ground about a minute afterward.

The adjutant of the Archies came up that night to explain matters. I do not remember what he said, but there was no explanation to be made. My own opinion is that they had laid their guns for a barrage while I had been at two thousand feet, which would bring the bursts somewhere about three thousand or thirty-two hundred feet. When they were told that the balloon had gone to thirty-two hundred feet I imagine they said, "Oh, he'll come down again in a minute"; and they hadn't laid a new barrage. As a matter of fact the balloons were rather in the habit of bobbing up and down like a cork, at different altitudes. Then, when the Hun had come over, they forgot that they had not changed their barrage, and so it was lucky that the shells hadn't blown me to bits.

A couple of days after this I felt poorly, so I went to the field ambulance to get something. The doctor took my temperature, asked me how long I had been feeling that way, and told me to come back the next day. The next day he took my temperature again and told me I had better go back to the hospital. I told him not to make jokes, that I couldn't leave my section, that we were too short-handed as it was, that I wasn't sick, and numerous other things. He said nothing further but went and saw the major. The major sent for me and told me that I had been granted the balloon wing, and ordered me to go to the hospital. I protested, but the next day I was sent out.

From one hospital I was transferred to another, then to a third and finally to England. I spent three months in an English hospital, most of the time a good deal sicker than I wanted to be. Then a medical board sent me to Canada.

As the steamer I was sailing on pulled out from an English seaport I realized that I was going back home after years—it seemed like ten—away from it. The world was a pleasant place, the sun was bright and the breeze bracing. Some people were talking of a war that was going on somewhere. I had forgotten about it. What did it matter if the sea was rough? Anyone who had lived in an observation balloon couldn't get sick on an ocean liner. What did it matter if there were submarines about? One did show its periscope, only to be run down by one of our destroyers. Bully chaps—those destroyers. I was going home! The boat seemed fearfully slow. What would I do when I landed? Go fishing? No, one can't fish in November. There were oceans of things I would do, but the main thing was I was going to do absolutely nothing for a while, just to see what it felt like. No one can know who hasn't experienced it what coming home meant to one who had been in France for some years. It is quite indescribable. No joy ever equaled it.

Then early one morning everyone rushed forward to see the little cloud on the horizon where they "keep the home fires burning till the boys come home." It was

. . . one land of all the rest,
Where Freedom flows from east to west;
The land of all I love the best
Is Canada, my home.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Lieutenant Black

The Ballad of English John, the Buccaneer

I DIDN'T think that I'd be caught;
But midway in the fight
A score of Spaniards bore me down
And covered me from sight.
Then, on my feet, I found my arms
Drawn backward, bound and tight.

They dragged me down below in chains;
They feared to set me free.
I lay there in the drip and slime
And listened to the sea.
They gave me bread I couldn't eat,
And rats ran over me.

I dreamed, to wake—and dream again
Of wild free ocean ways.
My life grew big before me like
A spark that makes a blaze. . . .
We seemed to sail for endless nights
And weary endless days.

At last, "Get up, you Englishman!"
I heard. A torch flared red.
One booted at my rattling ribs,
One bashed me in the head.
"My friends, I hope we meet in hell!"
Were all the words I said.

They rode me inland to Madrid,
A-rolling in a cart;
They threw me out and broke my arm.
That couldn't break my heart;
And I sat up and cursed all Spain
In bower and hall and mart.

They dragged me to a scaffold next.
Though ended now my play,
Yet in my final scene of life
I stood up in the day;
I kicked the hangman, laughed at death—
Which made the ladies gay.

The ladies whispered: "It's a shame!"
[Each fluttering her fan.]
"Aye, it's a shame his life must fall
Beneath the hangman's ban!"
And each one thought, within her heart,
I was a proper man!

—*Harry Kemp.*

Fifteen Thousand Miles of Dynamite

THE length of the average stick of dynamite is eight inches. Small as they are, these eight inch sticks of concentrated force play an important part in the industrial work of the Nation. Every year the Hercules Powder Co. is called upon to furnish enough of them to form a dynamite chain fifteen thousand miles long.

Such a chain, the sticks laid end to end, would extend two-thirds of the way around the globe. It could be laid along the ocean routes from New York to Pernambuco; from the latter to Cape Town; then to London via Madeira—with a few hundred miles to spare.

This yearly chain of Hercules Dynamite is of more importance to you personally than perhaps you realize. It is linked with a majority of your daily activities, both work and play.

Suppose metals were today mined laboriously by hand. Unless you are a millionaire you would have in your home no electric light or gas, no telephone, no kitchen range. Steam or hot water heat would probably be out of the question. You would not own an automobile. Why, one hundred years ago even a brass door-knob was a sign of wealth.

It is largely to the power of dynamite that we owe the abundance of most of our modern conveniences. So the next time you see one of these eight inch sticks in its yellow wrapper look upon it with respect—not only on account of its power but also because of the service it renders you.

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Business that Stays

The business that stays is the business that pays. Business that has to be turned away is no more profitable than business which never presented itself.

When the sales manager goes to the production manager and knows that the factory will take care of him on every order, it makes a big hit with him, the production manager himself, and the others in the front office.

It all gets down to a matter of adequate production, of keeping every machine operating at top speed through efficient driving equipment—a consideration particularly worth while in these days of unusual demand.

Hence the great and growing demand for Robbins & Myers Motors in a thousand industries. These are the motors that keep wheels turning, speed the work, increase output, make workers contented, insure profits.

Robbins & Myers Motors have been doing this for twenty-one years. In this time the name has come to be a guarantee of motor dependability, whether the size of the motor be 1-40 or 30 horsepower.

For the same reason, makers of the better motor-driven devices equip their product with R&M Motors. To be Robbins & Myers equipped is a sign of the best, whether the device be a washing machine or vacuum cleaner for the home, an addressing or mailing machine for the office, or a coffee grinder or meat chopper for the store.

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Speed up in the active man's underwear!

Working or warring, plugging or playing, you'll find the going a heap easier in Superior, men. Sit in it, stoop in it, walk, jump or run—*every* action is wonderfully free and easy. There's no gripping, binding, wrinkling, bunching. And truly, men, Superior is your best bet in these war times—it's the Perfect Union Suit, rip, wear and tub-proof, built for action, built to stand the strains.

Go today to a Superior Service Store and be fitted the Superior Comfort Way—by *tape measure*, not by "guess measure." Whether you are stout, slim, tall or short, whether your calling keeps you indoors or out, from bank doors to waxed floors, you'll find just the garment that gives you that snug, warm, fit-as-a-fiddle feeling you want—for there's a Superior for every purse, purpose and person.

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Popular Sizes, Beautiful Patterns

Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Art-Rugs are made in popular rug-sizes in a variety of artistic designs in beautiful color-combinations. The patterns are originated for us by recognized experts in rug-design.

Wherever you would have use for a low-priced floor-covering, in dining-room, living-room, bedroom, bathroom, or kitchen, you will find Congoleum Art-Rugs superior to low-priced fabric rugs and carpets.

They are easier to clean, sanitary, durable, and *wonderfully bright and cheerful.*

No need to beat or sweep Congoleum Art-Rugs. Instead of a dust-collecting, hard-to-keep-clean texture, the surface of Congoleum is firm and water-proof and can be cleaned in a jiffy with a damp mop.

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2. Because they lie flat on the floor without fastening; they do not curl or "kick up" at the edges.

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